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THE NEW YORKER

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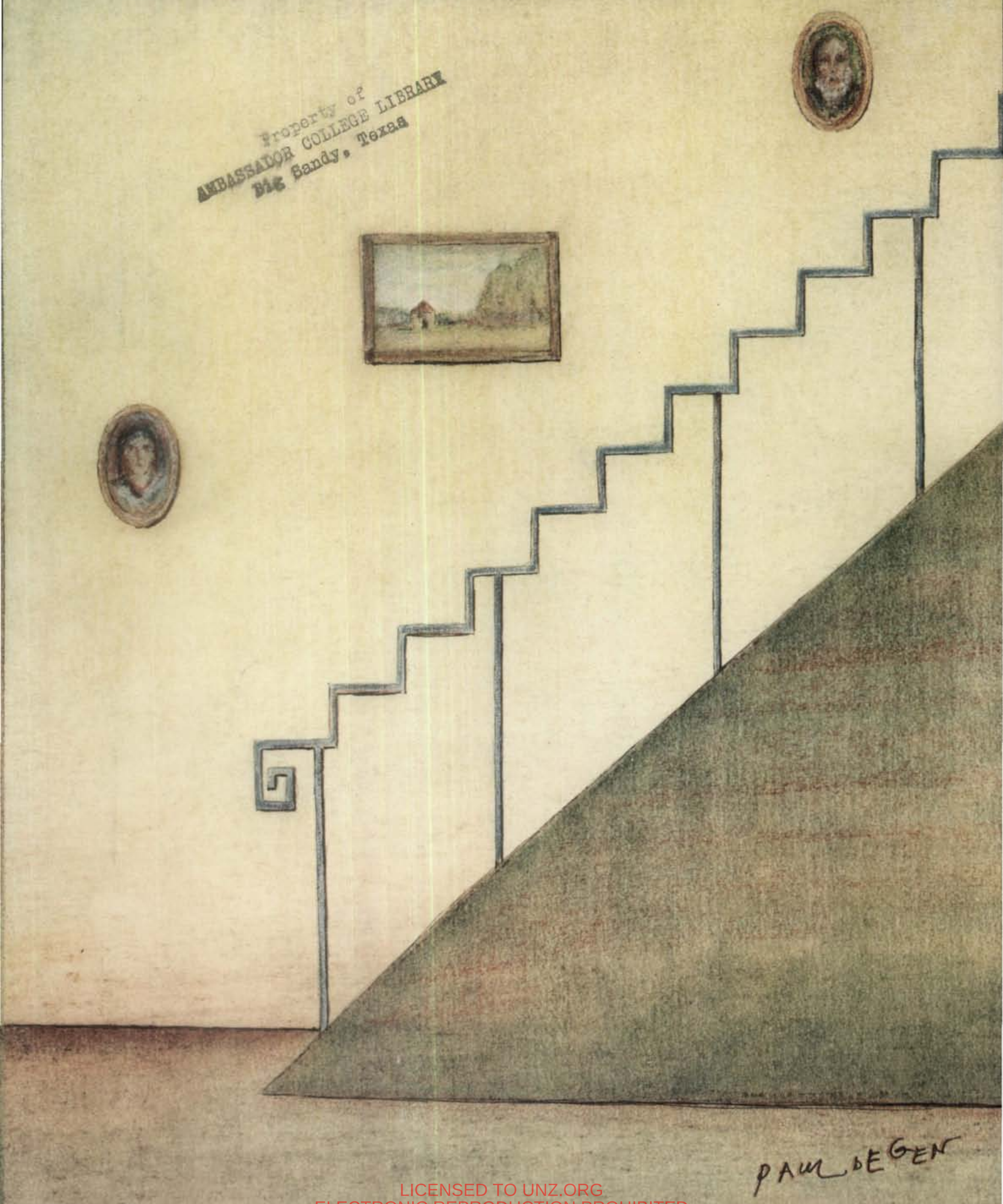

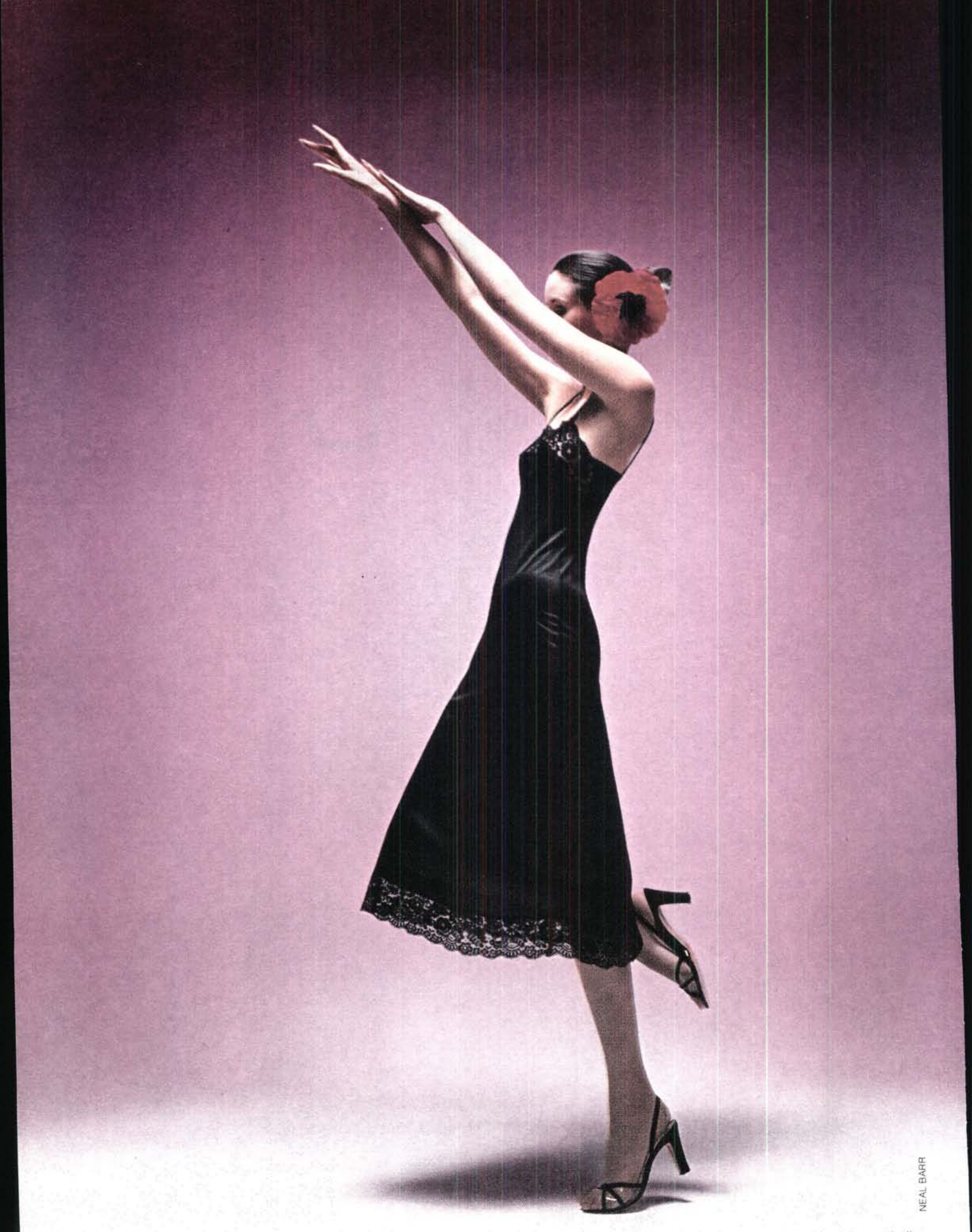

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ein Bericht Fuer Eine Akademie—Two performances, in German, of Franz Kafka's play, presented by the Hessische Staatstheater Wiesbaden. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 5-6, at 8.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Children—A. R. Gurney, Jr., whose "Scenes from American Life" was one of the delights of the 1971 season, again casts his ironic and sympathetic eye on the old-fashioned Protestant gentry as it deals with the social stresses of the turbulent present. This play, loosely based on John Cheever's story "Goodbye, My Brother," is set in the summer house of a well-to-do widow, who invites her adult sons and daughter (and various in-laws) there to announce that she plans to remarry and turn over the property to them. The results of that announcement are highly dramatic, the climax being precipitated by a couple of family members who remain offstage. The production, under Melvin Bernhardt's direction, is first-rate, and the four actors—Nancy Marchand, Swoosie Kurtz, Holland Taylor, and Dennis Howard—prove entirely worthy of the fine parts that Mr. Gurney has provided them. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Days in the Trees—Mildred Dunnock and Joseph Maher as a mother and son who rake over old family coals still capable of burning. Marguerite Duras is the author. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21.)

Don't Step on My Olive Branch—An Israeli musical with a book by Harvey Jacobs and music and lyrics by Ron Eliran. Directed by Jonathan Karmon. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Farm—David Storey's play about the disappointments, resilience, and gallantry of a Yorkshire farmer and his family in present-day England is as strong and witty and mysteriously fascinating as this same dramatist's "Home" or "The Contractor," and it is very well acted under Marshall W. Mason's direction. Jack Gwillim is splendid in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Debra Mooney, Ruby Holbrook, and Jeff Daniels, among others. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)

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For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gavella Theatre of Zagreb—Three performances, in Croatian, by this company, appearing here for the first time. Simultaneous-translation sets will be available. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 6:45, and Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "The Kermess." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 3: "A Badger in Court" and "A Kajkavian Garden." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Guys and Dolls—A fairy tale out of Damon Runyon, with wonderful songs by Frank Loesser. The show works just as well with an all-black cast as it works with any other color, but in 1976 all-black seems a very old-fashioned stunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Have a Dream—The words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., but very little of his spirit. The star is Billy Dee Williams. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

National Theatre of Greece—Two plays in modern Greek (no translations): Sophocles' OEDIPUS AT COLONUS: Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 6:45; Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8; and Sunday,

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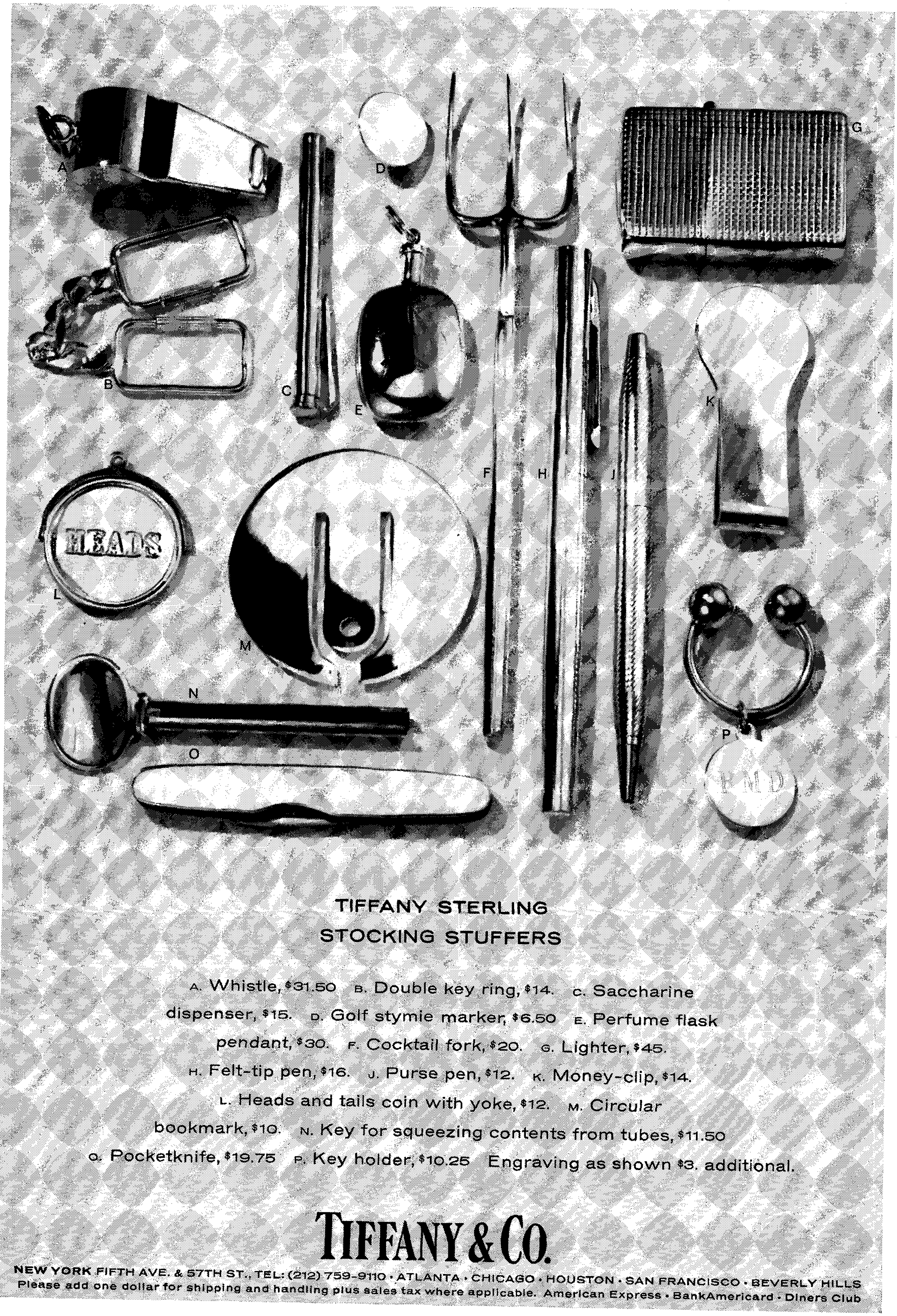

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 14, at 7:30. . . .¶ Aristophanes' **THE KNIGHTS**: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 13-14, at 2. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NO MAN'S LAND—Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud in a limited engagement of a new play by Harold Pinter, imported from London. Directed by Peter Hall. Preview Monday, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 9, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7166. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

POOR MURDERER—Laurence Luckinbill, Maria Schell, Kevin McCarthy, and half a dozen others in a scintillating cast make the most of a Pirandello-like inquiry into madness and make-believe. The author is a Czech playwright, Pavel Kohout, and the director is Herbert Berghof. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PORGY AND BESS—A superb and, for once, complete operatic version of Gershwin's masterpiece. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE PRINCE OF HOMBURG—A play by Heinrich von Kleist, written in 1811. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, Nov. 6, and Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 2.)

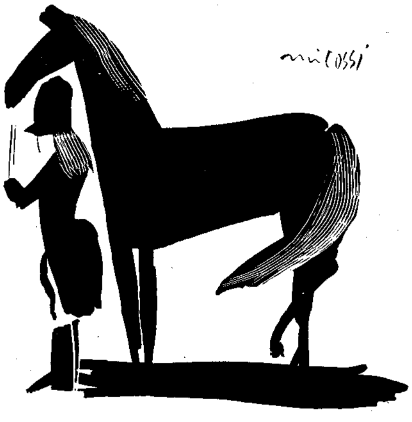
THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM—A musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty. The scene is a Southland that never was, and the characters, whether good or evil, are relentlessly endearing, but the underlying moral of the show is that women are an inferior species and must be dealt with harshly. This cannot be what Miss Welty had in mind. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO and **DUCK VARIATIONS**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

STREAMERS—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Philip Bosco is Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

2 BY 5—The theatre songs of John Kander (music) and Fred Ebb (lyrics), as sung by five personable and able young performers. The evening, which opens and closes with that indelible winner "Cabaret," has several agreeable moments, but, for a number of reasons, they don't add up to a show. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5.)



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VANITIES—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

WOMEN BEHIND BARS—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Friday's at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BOY MEETS BOY**: As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Thursday, Nov. 11.). . . **CHICAGO**: An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS**: A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, Marian Seldes, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,881 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.). . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **ME AND BESSIE**: Linda Hopkins is not Bessie Smith, by a good margin, but now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN**: A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SHENANDOAH**: Hokum, but with a lot of songs. William Chapman sings many of them. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!**: This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE WIZ**: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

TRIBUTE TO JOSEPHINE BAKER—Among those taking part in this benefit will be the Alvin Ailey Repertory Company, Muhammad Ali, Jacques d'Amboise, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Ingrid Bergman, Eubie Blake, Ossie Davis, Myrna Loy, Jeanne Moreau, and Peter Nero. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 247-5588.)

DANCE

JOFFREY BALLET—Final performances of the engagement Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Moves," "Happily Ever After" (première), "Orpheus Times Light," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Happily Ever After," "The Relativity of Icarus," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Trinity," "Weewis," and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2: "Kettentanz," "The Moor's Pavane," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Square Dance," "The Relativity of Icarus," "Happily Ever After," and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2: "Interplay," "Sea Shadow," "Opus 65," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7:30 "Happily Ever After," "Orpheus Times Light," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

ELIOT FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, Nov. 3: "Waves," "Impromptu," "Cortège Parisien," and "A Soldier's Tale.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "Tzaddik," and "Excursions.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5: "Waves," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 6: "The Real McCoy," "Impromptu," "Cortège Parisien," and "Excursions.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: "Harbinger," "At Midnight," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 7: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "Tzaddik," and "Excursions." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 7: "Waves," "Impromptu," "At Midnight," and "A Soldier's Tale." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 9: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "The Consort," and "Excursions.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 10: "The Real McCoy," "A Soldier's Tale," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11: "Waves," "The Gods Amused," "A Poem Forgotten,"

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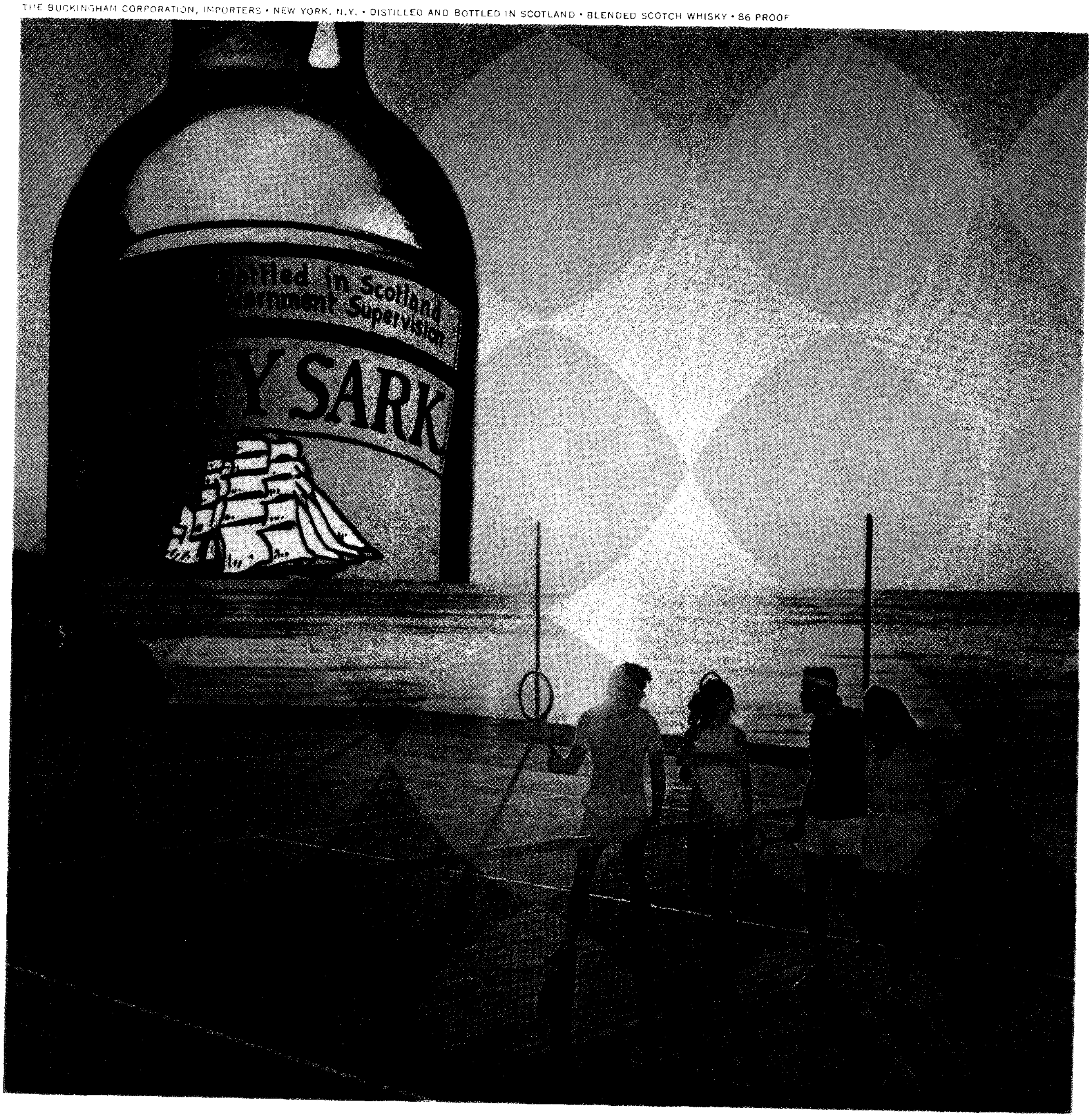

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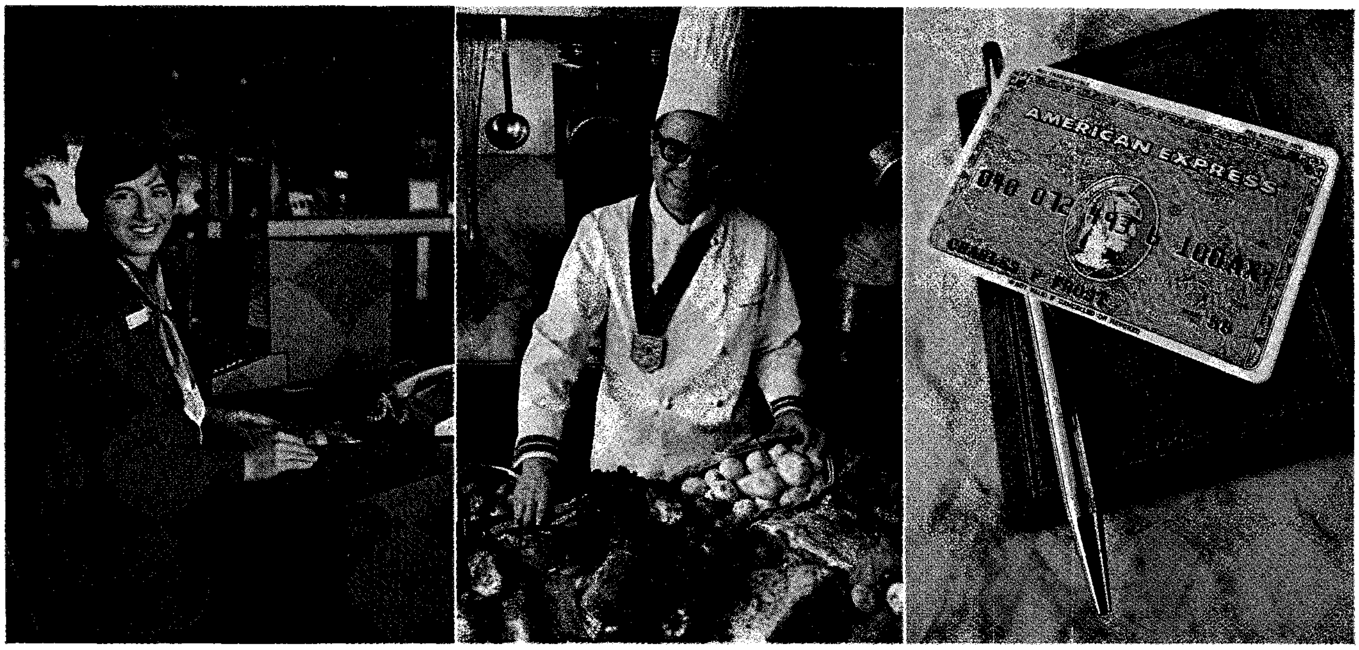

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "Harbinger," "The Consort," and "Excursions."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "Tzaddik," and "The Consort."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "Waves," "The Gods Amused," "Cortège Parisien," and "Intermezzo." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 20.)

Dutch National Ballet—A one-week engagement by a company appearing here for the first time. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30; Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8; and Sunday, Nov 14, at 2:30 and 7:30: "Metaphors," "Twilight," "Epitaph," and "First Aerial Station."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 7:30; Friday, Nov. 12, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2 and 8: "Ginastera," "Adagio Hammerklavier," and "Before, During and After the Party." (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550.)

Dance Umbrella—A five-week season by eight contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 28. **JAMES CUNNINGHAM AND THE ACME DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 7; Friday, Nov. 5, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2; and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8.... **KEI TAKEI'S MOVING EARTH:** Thursday, Nov. 4, and Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2. ... **PHYLLIS LAMHUT DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 7; Thursday, Nov. 11, and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2.... **ROD ROGERS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 7; Friday, Nov. 12, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2; and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

Margalit Dance Theatre Company—In a program consisting of "Landscape," "Bessamin—The Beauty Without Shoes," "Family of Man," and "The Prophetess." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 5, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BUCK CLAYTON** has been kept from playing trumpet in recent years by tenacious embouchure problems, but he has set aside his fears and come out again with a fine sextet, which includes **HAROLD ASHBY** on tenor saxophone, **EARLE WARREN** on reeds, **RED RICHARDS** on piano, **MILT HINTON** on bass, and **PANAMA FRANCIS** on drums. His famous style—the generous tone, the questing vibrato, the handsomely paraded emotions—reminds us that certain of his recorded solos (the longing, muted utterance on Count Basie's 1941 "Goin' to Chicago") are permanent American lyrical furniture. His associates do well by him. Ashby illuminated the Ellington band's last decade, and his sandy, urgent tone and Ben Webster billowiness are special delights. Warren, a pillar of the old Basie band, is a Benny Carter man and a buttonholing soloist. And Richards is the sort of sensible pianist that great bands were built on. Hinton and Francis, as is their wont, do metronomic things. Go and listen to Clayton; we need his eloquence, and so does he. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one.... ¶ On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

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Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The neat rows of red-clothed tables, the purely functional carpeting (which takes the edge off the room's formerly harsh acoustics), the simple bar—in fact, everything in this unpretentious night club—were designed and constructed by the proprietor, drummer **RASHIED ALI,** and his wife, Patricia. The Philadelphia Art Ensemble, a quartet, performs through Thursday, Nov. 4. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 5-7, Rashied Ali will direct a quintet. Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 9-11, drummer Harold Smith will bring in his band. And on Friday, Nov. 12, pianist Hal Galper will arrive with his quintet. On Mondays, composer, arranger, and tenor and soprano saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY,** a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive (Foster announced on a recent evening that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read, I want people who can *play*"), and drummer **CHARLIE PERSIP,** the energy backbone of the band, is particularly striking, whether he's soloing or not. Music from about ten. Soul food.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Flutist and saxophonist **FRANK WESS,** pianist **ROLAND HANNA** (who plays as if he were in Marlboro Country), bassist **VICTOR GASKIN,** and drummer **RICHIE PRATT**—the present incarnation of the New York Jazz Quartet—perform here through Saturday, Nov. 6. Music from nine-forty-five to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: On Wednesday, Nov. 3, singer and guitarist Don McLean is onstage; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 4-7, pop singer and songwriter Melanie will perform; on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 8-9, British folksinger Al Stewart will trade sets with Diana Marcovitz, an eccentrically witty singer and pianist; the Cate Brothers—Ernie and Earl—will come in on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 10-11, to play some rock; and on Friday, Nov. 12, the **PERSUASIONS** will begin alternating with rural-blues revivalist **JOHN HAMMOND.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians. Wonderful musicians, in fact. Pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** work through the din until Saturday, Nov. 6; on Monday, Nov. 8, pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and bassist **STAFFORD JAMES** will take over. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides. Music from ten weeknights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Gershwin, Porter, Coward, et al. are here in spirit; **BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, are in the Café Carlyle in the flesh Tuesdays through Saturdays. Their first set begins at ten. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE,** the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers—presents mostly local, primitive rock bands, with names like Orchestra Luna, City Lights, Talking Heads, Milk 'n' Cookies, Custer's Last Band, and Susan. Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER,** now seventy-six, is working in a lamplit alcove looking out on high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**MARY LOU WILLIAMS,** a Kansas City legend for more than forty years and still a rolling and tumbling pianist, works out with her bassist, Ronnie Boykins, weeknights. Monday, Nov. 8, marks the arrival of authoritative blues singer **JOE TURNER,** who, at sixty-five, is another K.C. legend. Turner, who hasn't appeared in New York in nearly thirty years, first attracted attention in the early thirties, when he was a singing bartender in the famous K.C. club the Sunset. He went on to work with such diverse figures as Pete Johnson, Count Basie, and Elmore James. In the early fifties, Turner, changing with the times, became a successful R. & B. singer with Atlantic Records; his recordings of "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" and "Honey Hush" influenced the development of rock and roll. He's been living in California for some time and recording, lately, for Pablo Records. Lloyd Glenn, a pianist who preceded Mary Lou Williams in the K.C. band the Clouds of Joy, and guitarist Wayne Wright will back Turner up. Followers of revivalist groups such as Roomful of Blues are advised to come and hear the real thing. Sundays are given over to pianist, musical historian, and sprinter (see Sweet Basil, below) **DICK HYMAN.** Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Nov. 9 alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will sit in with them. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 7, beginning at eight, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON,** who usually spend Monday and Tuesday nights and Sunday evenings at Gregory's, will perform here. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a bassist. On Sunday, Nov. 7, Chiasson will collaborate with bassist Nabil Totah and pianist Hod O'Brian from five until it comes time for him to leave for his gig at Eddie Condon's (see above). Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR,** a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **SONNY GREER,** the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; and **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And weeknights from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club, and it's a crowded one. **STAN GETZ** is leading his quartet through Saturday, Nov. 6; on Monday, Nov. 8, trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** will bring along his quartet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** aided by resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Lynn Kellogg, a cheerful folksinger, works opposite drummer Howie Wyeth, bassist Rob Stoner, and saxophonist Michael Brecker through Sunday, Nov. 7. On Wednesday, Nov. 10, the Mission Mountain Wood Band, a bluegrass band with its roots in Montana, will come in to swap sets with Jake and the Family Jewels, a Lovin' Spoonful-inspired band with roots right under this stage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra that plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Judith Cohen, a short and wiry, frenetically emoting singer-comedienne—she looks like someone you might grapple with at a department-store-basement bargain table—will perform on Monday, Nov. 8. She has a large following, which happily approves of everything she does, and no doubt will be present that night. On Tuesday, Nov. 9, the great and altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI** will begin sharing a bill with Raun MacKinnon, an eclectic, talented singer, and her backing crew. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—The revised music policy here goes like this: Monday is Dixieland night (presented by the New Jersey Jazz Society), Tuesday's offering is contemporary jazz, Wednesday focusses on American song, Thursday is jazz-classics night, and Friday and Saturday nights are reserved for miscellaneous groups. Different musicians and ensembles are scheduled each night; some of them are the **BARRY HARRIS** trio, playing the music of Thelonious Monk, on Thursday, Nov. 4; trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** and a quintet on Friday, Nov. 5; saxophonist **ERNIE WILKINS** and his quintet on Saturday, Nov. 6; guitarist **ROLAND PRINCE'S** quintet on Tuesday, Nov. 9; singer **JOE CARROLL** (who contributed his recordings of "Oo-Sho-Be-Do-Be" and "Jump-Did-Le-Ba" to the cause of American song some twenty-five years ago) on Wednesday, Nov. 10; pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and a quintet on Thursday, Nov. 11; and pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and his quartet on Friday, Nov. 12. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels fronts a wonderful rhythm section that usually includes Michael Moore on bass and Gene Bertoncini on guitar; and pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth listening to, heads a quartet on Wednesdays and a nine-piece band on Thursdays. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** is present the rest of the time: On Friday, Nov. 5, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** joins Puma's trio; on Saturday, Nov. 6, singer Joe Sardaro receives backing from the Puma trio; and on Sunday, Nov. 7, Puma teams up with guest guitarists. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN** winds up five nights here on Sunday, Nov. 7. Sunday also happens to be Hyman's night at the Cookery (see above), and, according to advance reports, he intends to commute between the two clubs all night. On Wednesday, Nov. 10, electronic-keyboard player Mike Nock will begin working with bassist Cecil McBee and saxophonist Joe Farrell. Mondays and Tuesdays are given over to **JACK WILKINS**, probably the most exciting young guitarist in town. Wilkins, who is accompanied by bassist Wayne Dockery, never seems to let up; he can play clearly, cleanly, and, most important, musically, at a breakneck pace. The hours are from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY**, a broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young quintet that usually plays a South Boston bar, is back at this small, *inoffensive* cabaret. The group is under the wily musical guidance of pianist and composer Norman Zamcheck and is dominated onstage by Suzy Williams, a funky, twenty-two-year-old version of Sophie Tucker, who wiggles, bounces, flails her arms and legs and head, and makes very strange faces. Miss Williams and her co-workers bring much-needed life, humor, and originality to the New York cabaret scene. Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 5-6, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, a musical humanist-explorer who has been there and back, will lead his quintet. On Thursday, Nov. 11, singer and pianist Donny Hathaway will take charge of the stage with his group. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Saxophonist Joe Farrell is here with his latest band through Sunday, Nov. 7. On Tuesday, Nov. 9, trumpeter **TED CURSON** will bring in his wonderful septet. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams heads a quartet that includes Eddie Durham, an electric-guitar pioneer from about fifty years ago; Wednesdays, **JO JONES** shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; and Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are set aside for a quintet usually led by ex-Basie-ite **BUDDY TATE**. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 5:45: **ALLAN JONES**. . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 5:45: **CHARLES MINGUS**.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 3-4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

LABELLE—Palladium. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8 and at midnight.

LEO KOTTKE—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.

RALPH MACDONALD AND FRIENDS—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8.

JOHN DENVER and **THE STARLAND VOCAL BAND**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 11-12, at 8.

KENNY RANKIN and **FRANKLYN AJAYE**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.

HARRY CHAPIN—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.

LOU REED—Palladium. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CHARLES ADDAMS—Cartoons, illustrations for book jackets, and other drawings. Through Dec. 4. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ED BAYNARD—Large paintings of groups of bowls seen directly head-on on a shelf (sometimes there are two shelves), so that they appear almost as silhouettes, except that they are colored with a curious sort of stain concocted by the artist. Through Nov. 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

JAKE BERTHOT—Large abstract paintings, in most of which two contiguous vertical shafts of different colors are superimposed on a rich, dark background. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

ARIK BRAUER—Richly colored gouaches, teeming with surrealist figures in surrealist settings, some of them illustrating ancient Hebrew songs, some of them based on "The Magic Flute," and three of them designs for Austrian postage stamps. The artist lives in Vienna. Through Dec. 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Three exhibitions that are running concurrently with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum: Works on paper, including watercolors, gouaches, and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ Mobiles and graphics. Through Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.) . . . ¶ Tapestries and graphics. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CORNEILLE—Bright-colored gouaches of birds and bees and story-book settings by one of the founders of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

DAVID COX (1783-1859)—Drawings and paintings by a British watercolorist. Through Nov. 20. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—His latest crop of Abstract Expressionist canvases, which work on the onlooker's imagination the way shifting cloud formations do, inviting us to scale new heights, plumb new depths, and ride with new waves of color. Through Nov. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

JUDITH DOLNICK—Abstract and not-so-abstract motifs taken from various sources—fine chinaware and Oriental rugs, for example—and reassembled in a random pattern on canvas. The colors are mostly pale, and the paint is acrylic; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

FRANK FAULKNER—Rich, tapestry-like wall hangings in which layers of acrylic colors are piled up on a nylon backing, with strips of paper or canvas worked into the surface, and an overall dotting of Rhoplex applied with an eyedropper, giving the effect of opalesque sequins. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

ANNE HELIOFF—Abstract paintings based on the sea. Through Nov. 19. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

ADDIE HERDER—Collage constructions. Through Dec. 18. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

JOHN WILLIAM HILL (1812-79) and **JOHN HENRY HILL** (1839-1922)—Watercolors and drawings, all of them landscapes, by a father and son. Through Nov. 27. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

ROBERT JORDAN—Missouri and New Hampshire landscapes. Through Nov. 20. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

BEN KAMIHIRA—Realist paintings in the school of Eakins by a Philadelphia artist who specializes in mysterious settings where nude or partially nude women loll about in senuous, not to say erotic, poses on huge, overstuffed sofas. Through Friday, Nov. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

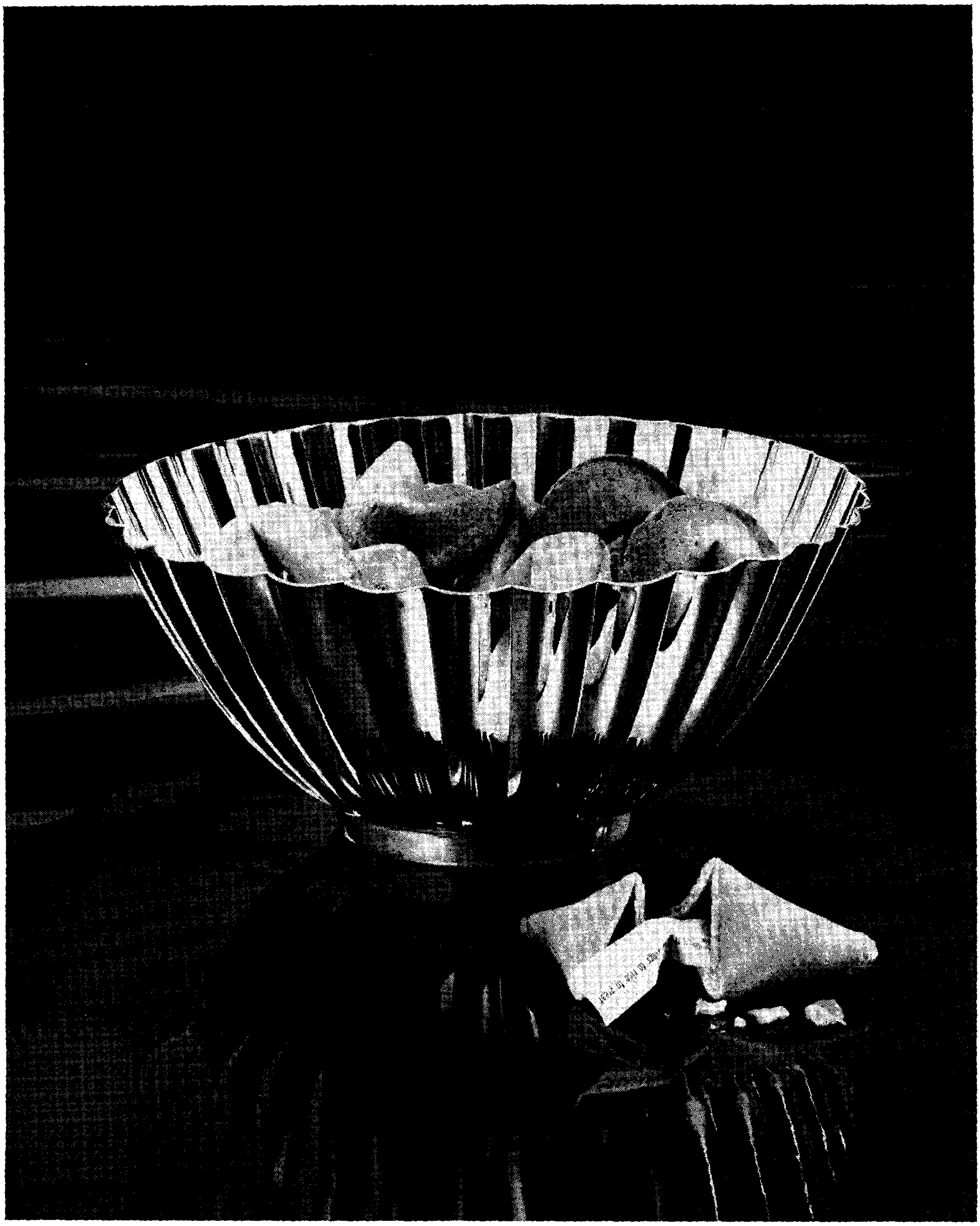
JACOB LANDAU—Watercolors and drawings, some of them incorporating Biblical figures. Through Nov. 20. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ANDRÉ LHOTE (1885-1962)—Small, appealing canvases of village scenes, landscapes, and waterfront vignettes, all done in pure, bright colors, with the individual compositions locked together in the mosaic-like arrangements that this pioneer Cubist is well known for. Through Dec. 18. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Six paintings dating from 1964 to 1975. Through Nov. 20. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

DAVID LUND—The rockbound coast of Maine is presented as a pattern of colorful jumbled boulders by this artist, who works in oils and pastels and also does charcoal drawings of the gnarled pines on Deer Isle. Through Thursday, Nov. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926)—A benefit loan exhibition of sixty-eight paintings covering six decades in the life of this indefatigable outdoor painter, who roamed France (and later



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England) depicting harbors, wharves, haystacks, village landscapes, windmills, steamy railroad yards, and so on, before settling down to the studies of water lilies on which his declining years were spent. Through Nov. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Roger Mühl—Semi-abstract paintings in pastel colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Big new polygonal, shaped canvases traversed by bold, irregular stripes that divide the painting into large areas of contrasting solid colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Jeanne Owens—Paintings of birds and animals. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

George Parrino—Paintings in which the more provocative elements of the female figure are shown in semi-abstract arrangements done in flat, high-keyed colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

William Perehudoff—New color-field paintings. Through Dec. 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Joseph Piccillo—A series of five sets of strange pencil drawings, each group done on treated canvas and made up of what appear to be snapshots posted on a bulletin board, depicting highlights in the career of an anonymous and not very distinguished man, apparently an Italian. Each set records childhood, military service, romance, clashes with authority, and increasing age. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Larry Poons—New acrylic paintings. Through Nov. 18. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Karen Shaw / Bernice Halpern—Ms. Shaw finds hidden messages in the numbers on the backs of football players, on ticket stubs, on grocery ads, and the like, by figuring that No. 1 equals A, No. 2 equals B, and so on, and manipulating the numbers until they form words. Charts illustrating the process make up this show. / Works on paper, some made with graph paper and some with paper and thread. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

May Stevens—Realist paintings and drawings, many of them of her artist friends done during a stay at the MacDowell Colony, and some of them continuing her anti-Big Daddy series. Through Thursday, Nov. 11. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Patricia Sutton—Arrangements of checkerboard color, done on shaped canvases—triangular, diamond-shaped, circular, rectangular—and arrangements of stratified layers of color, by an artist who used to go by the name of Pat Lipsky. Through Wednesday, Nov. 10. (Deitcher-O'Reilly, 35 E. 67th St.)

Endre Szasz—There is a strong flavor of the Middle Ages in these imaginative, often surrealist oils and temperas, painted with technical skill by a Transylvania-born artist, now resident in California, who has illustrated more than six hundred books. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (ML Gallery, 58 E. 79th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Arresting soft-pencil drawings by an artist who has been keeping tabs on the passing scene at the corner of Eleventh Street and Avenue A—stylized floozies in platform shoes and not much else, leading giant attack dogs past abandoned, stripped cars along littered streets. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Henry Wo Yue-kee / John Held, Jr. (1889-1958)—Still lifes, goldfish, carp, tigers, and owls are all subjects for the skilled brush of this Chinese artist, who works on rice paper and mounts his paintings on silk. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. / Drawings, watercolors, and linoleum-block prints of archetypes of the twenties and thirties by the cartoonist-illustrator who gave identity to the hip-flask, flapper generation. Through Nov. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Modern Portraits—When artists are painting themselves or their close friends, they let go in a way that seldom occurs when the subject matter is more formal, and a sense of this free, unfettered atmosphere brightens this benefit show of twentieth-century portraiture put together by the Department of Art History of Columbia University. The survey includes paintings, drawings, and photographs by Matisse, Chagall, Mondrian, Rauschenberg, Warhol, Cartier-Bresson, and others. Through Nov. 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **Babcock**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings by a group that includes Marsden Hartley, Everett Shinn, and Sol Wilson. Through Nov. 27.... **La Boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Drawings by André Masson, Egon Schiele, Yves Tanguy, and others. Through Nov. 27.... **Carus**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and graphics by German Expressionists Nolde, Kirchner, and others. Also works by Russian artists. Through Nov. 20.... **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: A show of paintings by Americans. The earliest work is a portrait by John Smibert dated 1729 and the latest is a 1961 Andrew Wyeth; in between are paintings by Homer, Sully, Trumbull, Hassam, and others. Through Nov. 27.... **Knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Portraits and landscapes by folk artists Joseph Pickett, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Nov. 20.... **Stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings and collages from the forties and fifties by, among others, John D. Graham, Arshile Gorky, and Franz Kline. Through Nov. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—A stylish-looking collection of wood, plaster, terracotta, and bronze sculptures, completed between 1915 and 1958 and often painted in arresting earth colors. Some of the smaller pieces are little gems of Cubistry, and there are also drawings. Through Nov. 20. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Interspersed among the helter-skelter watercolors of rutted snow and skull-like houses and haunted swamps for which the painter is famous are some gentle, precise, detailed pencil studies of old farm buildings that show us a new dimension of this many-sided artist. Through Nov. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Chryssa—Plaster-relief sculptures and neon works, all of them shown in boxlike frames, and nearly all of them based on the letter "N" seen from every which way. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—A comprehensive showing of his lithographs and serigraphs. Through Nov. 24. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Friedel Dzubas—Six sculptures, some of them table-size, some of them meant for the floor, and all made of fragments of fired ceramics (in a few cases painted) by a well-known color-field painter. Through Thursday, Nov. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kosso Eloul / Rita Letendre—Large rectangular polished-steel boxes leaning against one another in pairs or in groups. / Paintings of horizontal bands of color. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier / Isabel Bishop—A late-afternoon quality seems to pervade Mr. Etnier's seaside paintings, whether they are done in Maine, where he lives, or in the tropics (Nassau and Hawaii), where he sometimes spends the winter months. / A set of thirty-one illustrations for a newly published edition of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," drawn in pen-and-ink and wash by an artist who appears to be ideally cast for the job. Through Nov. 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lawrence Fane—Abstract welded-steel sculptures made from such found objects as car bumpers and sewer pipes. Through Nov. 27. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Janet Fish—Paintings and pastels of vastly enlarged drinking glasses—tumblers, goblets, colored beakers, and so on, usually arranged on a glass surface—in which reflected and refracted light bounces from one facet to another. Through Thursday, Nov. 11. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Relatively small abstract areas of such energy that they seem to be trying to free themselves from the larger, solid-color backgrounds they are painted on. The works are all reminiscent of ancient Chinese calligraphy. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Gwathmey—Paintings and drawings dating from 1944 to the present. Through Nov. 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Five large sculptures, each consisting of two curvilinear ribbons of heavy plate steel nested together (some of the members are made of a dark steel exterior lined with contrasting stainless steel) and six smaller, tabletop works made of highly polished stainless steel and brass. Through Friday, Nov. 12. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Willard Midgette—Mural-size realist paintings. One series shows Indian life out West (Sitting Bull and his warriors loom enormously on a drive-in movie screen while his real-life descendants loaf around the parked cars; four young Indian women stand shyly on a stage in some sort of beauty contest while behind them, but on a scrim, majestic mesas rise in the distance. Another series shows big-city folk pouring into and out of the buildings that imprison them. Through Nov. 18. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Henry Moore—Small sculptures and a series of lithographs, plus an original colored drawing, make up this pleasant exhibit. Through Dec. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Natkin—Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Greg Otto—Abstract pencil drawings. Through Nov. 20. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Pavlos—This artist, working in what may be the ultimate refinement of the technique used in making those Christmas bells that come folded flat but open up into a third dimension, has created arrangements of handsomely colored bottles, peaches, mushrooms, bunches of grapes, a breakfast tray, and so on. These are shown in glass cases; on the wall he has hung a row of men's jackets that seem to be drawn in charcoal but are really made of steel wool. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Arnaldo Pomodoro—Large abstract metal sculptures. Through Nov. 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

James Reineking—A single piece of abstract sculpture that might have been inspired by a child's pinwheel except that it is ten feet across, three feet four inches high at its highest, and made of heavy-duty rolled steel plate. Related drawings are also shown. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67)—Instead of the big black paintings this artist was most noted for, here is a collection of cartoon collages in which he lampoons both himself and the art scene of his day, plus a number of more formal collages, done with cheerful, bright-colored paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Tommy Simpson—Odd constructions handsomely turned out in raw, unfinished wood—for example, a procession entitled "The Emperor's New Clothes," consisting of a regal-looking pillar (there's a crown on top), riding in a small cart and followed by four naked coat hangers, also set on wheels; or a slingshot nearly four feet tall, with a bird's nest and a piece of pumpkin pie in the crotch, the whole mounted on a sort of juggernaut. There are also a couple of large, dangling, loose-jointed figures, and all the pieces incorporate apposite found objects. Through Nov. 27. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

Alma Thomas—Large, romantic abstract paintings, usually of two colors—red on white, black on yellow, blue on white—that sometimes suggest a whirlwind of flower petals and sometimes suggest a nice pattern for a curtain material. Through Nov. 17. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Huge, dramatic scenes of wetlands in Maine, where flooded streams come gushing down the mountainsides through snow-covered boulders into stump-ridden flats full of beaver dams and lodges. The scale is heroic, and the visitor is surprised at the small size of the oil sketches, also on view, from which they derived. Through Dec. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Still-lifes by thirty-three women artists include a meticulous colored-ink drawing of a torn-open mailing carton by Dalia Ramanauskas; a summery abstract involving birds and flowers by Edith Schloss; and a sinkful of sudsy dishes by Joyce Stillman Myers. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sculpture—The thirty-ninth annual of the Sculptors Guild, composed of sixty pieces (one by each artist) in a wide range of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 18. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Cynthia Carlson—Wall pieces built up of thick pastel squiggles of acrylic paint laid on a heavy, neutral ground, sometimes straight out of the tube and sometimes from a pastry bag. The light-gray walls of the gallery's basement room are covered with a pattern of these lively decorations in dark gray and yellow. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Michael Chelminski—Landscapes and seascapes. Through Nov. 18. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Dominick DiMeo—Graphite-on-paper drawings and wall reliefs in mixed mediums. Through Nov. 18. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Buckminster Fuller—A kinetic octahedron made of stainless steel, copper, and aluminum. Through Nov. 20. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Jack Lembeck—Large paintings of the abstract-illusionist school by an artist who creates what appear to be three or four backgrounds *behind* what the onlooker's eyes tell him is the real picture plane, and then establishes contrasting textures on them—combing deep, concentric furrows into one, for instance, and doing childlike drawings of airplanes, trains, autos, and clouds on another. Through Thursday, Nov. 11. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Bernhard Lüthi—A luminous mist occupies the center of these huge paintings, obscuring the towering walls of dimly seen architectural forms that rise on either side of the canvas. The artist, a Swiss, who painted them in this country, is also represented by some large watercolors done in Australia, in which the same sort of luminosity blots out a distant horizon that shimmers in the heat. First one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, Nov. 10. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Elizabeth Murray—Abstract oils; first solo show in New York. Through Nov. 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Bruce Nauman—Three large metal sculptures, one of them being a walk-in steel cage. Through Nov. 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Elijah Pierce—Bas-reliefs of a strong religious bent by an eighty-four-year-old Columbus, Ohio, barber whose father grew up in slavery. The works, which are deeply carved in wood and painted in bright colors straight out of the can, practically all depict holy personages and blunt Biblical warnings (the Devil is shown fishing for souls, his line baited with money, cards, dice, liquor, and a woman), but now and again a mildly earthy secular rendering crops up. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—Oil paintings on folded and glued linen, and works on paper. Through Nov. 27. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Anne Schlanger—Raw, distorted, and often bloodstained figures, reminiscent of Francis Bacon, in settings that evoke hospital emergency rooms and tough bars, by a woman artist who sometimes reverses her field and devotes a whole big canvas to a study of irises. Through Wednesday, Nov. 10. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Kendall Shaw—Abstract paintings based on a grid. Through Wednesday, Nov. 10. (Alessandra, 489 Broome St.)

Michelle Stuart—Strips of paper (which have impressions of rocks and earth imbedded in their surface) are affixed to the gallery walls. Through Nov. 20. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Group Show—Eighteen large realist (in some ways) paintings, by an Icelander named Erró, who has lived in Thailand and later in Paris. They show happy Chinese revolutionaries (all wearing fixed Pepsodent smiles) taking over the world—Mao is seen in an office overlooking the Guggenheim Museum and again on a terrace facing the Empire State; a Red Guard ballerina with a machine pistol strikes a defiant pose in front of Big Ben's tower in London; and Chinese workers commandeer a corral full of Herefords in Texas. . . . ¶ Graceful sculptured floor pieces by Roger Sorcio. They are made of poured cement, some coupled with wood, some with metal. . . . ¶ Miniature oil paintings, indistinguishable from photographs, many of them depicting art-world figures, by Richard Pettibone. . . . ¶ A detailed street map of Manhattan by Howard Gross, with tiny flags pinpointing the exact spot and colored threads leading to captions describing cracks the artist has discovered around town, in sidewalks, streets, windows, walls, pots, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Norman Lewis—A retrospective of his abstract paintings. Through Nov. 19. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Anemones: An Air Aquarium—An undersea environment in which enormous lobsters, carp, blowfish, sea anemones, and the like, made of clear, soft polyethylene and red sailcloth, swell up to their full size—as much as forty feet long—when computer-set air blowers turn on, and subside, as if exhausted, when the blowers turn off. Spectators are free to walk around in this pulsating world, and marvel at the whole operation, which was created by the artist Otto Piene and his assistants Mira Cantor, Ragnhild Karlstrom, and Ken Leslie, and occupies the glass-enclosed ground floor of 88 Pine St. (a block north of Wall St.). Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

Young American Printmakers—An excellent exhibit of fifty graphic works—lithographs, etchings, silk screens, photo etchings, collagraphs, and so on—in styles ranging from pure abstraction to Photo-Realism, by students from sixteen universities across the country. The quality is far above what one expects at the usual students' show. Through Wednesday, Nov. 10. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at 1; closed Sundays.)

Group Show—A single painting or sculpture by a group of women artists that includes Alice Baber, Gillian Jagger, and Gabriele Roos. Through Dec. 2. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George Alpert—A two-gallery exhibit of black-and-white photographs. Both shows through Nov. 30. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M. . . . ¶ SoHo-at-Portogallo, 72 W. 45th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Lee Boltin—Color photographs of art objects in museums here and abroad. Through Nov. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jerome Flax—Color photographs. Through Nov. 19. (Kulicke, 636 Broadway, at Bleecker St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Robert Frank and Gotthard Schuh (1897-1969)—City scenes and landscapes taken in Europe. Through Nov. 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Micha Kirschner—Manipulated photographs of nudes. Through Nov. 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Jay Maisel—Dye-transfer prints. Through Dec. 4. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Duane Michals—A selection of a hundred and thirty prints made during the last eighteen years. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ron Morris / Mottke Weissman—Suburban landscapes, plus portraits. / Portraits of James Baldwin, Henry Miller, Franz Kline, and other personalities from the arts. Through Sunday, Nov. 7. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Timothy H. O'Sullivan (1840-82)—Photographs of the Civil War, along with pictures taken on his several expeditions in the West and in Central America. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Rinhart, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Opens at noon.)

Stephen Shore—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—A selection of photographs from his entire career, including thirty vintage prints. Also work by Emmet Gowin. Through Nov. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.). . . ¶ Photographs and gravures. Also work by photographer John J. Gruen. Through Dec. 4. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Pioneer Photographers of Brazil: 1840-1920," a show (admission $1) of more than a hundred and fifty pictures, half of them taken by Marc Ferrez, and the rest by fourteen other indigenous photographers. Through Nov. 14. A smaller group of pictures of Brazil by the same photographers is on view at the Neikrug Gallery (see below). (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of photographs by Andreas Feininger; a group of still photos by cinematographer Karl Struss (he filmed the 1932 version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"); and photographs of French decorative arts taken between 1925 and 1939 by Thérèse Bonney. Through Sunday, Nov. 7. . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.). . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: A group of prints by Caroline Vaughan and Vincent Vallarino. / Pictures of Brazil, these taken from the larger collection on exhibit at the Center for Inter-American Relations. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs documenting American life during the Depression and the years leading up to the Second World War, taken by eleven Farm Security Administration photographers, among them Ben Shahn, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and John Vachon. Through Dec. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting; for example, the original jotting that ultimately resulted in the perhaps overexposed "Christina's World" is here, together with intervening studies and then the real thing. Through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ The museum is in the process of laying out new quarters for its Egyptian collection (which is so tremendous that a lot of it has not been seen practically since the time of Queen Tiy), and thirteen galleries have now been opened to view. There will just be time to see it all before the next segment is opened, in the fall of 1978. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings, prints, and illustrated books by artists who worked in seventeenth-century Rome, among them Poussin, Rubens, and Bernini. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ A show of the works (chiefly models and statuettes for public monuments) of American sculptor Daniel Chester French (1850-1931). Starts Thursday, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ To commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of Titian's death, the museum has regrouped and spruced up its six Titians and hung them on the second floor. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Natural Paradise" examines the romantic element as found in the works of American painters from the early eighteen-hundreds to 1950. Thomas Cole, Edward Hopper, Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, and Georgia O'Keeffe are a few of the artists included. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani among them) covering the years 1919 to 1939. Through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Eleven bronze studies (exhibited indoors) for Rodin's "Monument to Balzac," which is permanently located in the museum's sculp-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ture garden. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition that examines American painting since 1945. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is also being shown. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Works in many mediums by participants in the museum's arts program for inner-city children. Through Nov. 14. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe" is a retrospective paying homage to one of our major national resources, from whom an incredible number of blessings flow, and it includes samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). The setting is superb, and one of the high spots is a videotape of the Master putting on his celebrated circus, at one point roaring like a lion. Through Feb. 6. Complementary shows are at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; and the Brewster Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings and sculptures from the John D. Rockefeller 3rd collection of American art. The dates of the works range from the Colonial period to the present, but the nineteenth century (Hicks, Chase, Bingham, Johnson, etc.) claims the largest share. Through Sunday, Nov. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A selection of thirty-two paintings, drawings, sculptures, and other works by members of the American Abstract Artists, a group that was founded in 1936 and held annual exhibits until the early forties. Among the prominent members whose works are included are Ilya Bolotowsky, David Smith, and Gertrude and Balcolm Greene. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, Nov. 11, from 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A documentation of the Lubavitcher Hasidic Jewish community of Crown Heights by photographer Mal Warshaw. Through Nov. 28. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A selection of natural-history books (on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum), along with examples of the Chelsea china and contemporary wallpapers whose motifs were derived from the books' illustrations. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Southeast Asian ceramics (jars, bowls, vases, bottles, covered boxes), some of them of Khmer manufacture, dating from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Through Dec. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design is the product of ten designers and architects and consists of a host of separate exhibits (your everyday hammer, birdcage, piece of cloth, bread, etc.) whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the work of Ben Shahn, including paintings, prints, posters, drawings, and photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 10.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Chaucer of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Jan. 23. (Daily, except Mondays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixty-third annual exhibit of paintings and sculptures by members of the Allied Artists of America, as well as by nonmembers. Through Nov. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Samples of American advertising (promotional objects, posters, catalogues, etc.) dating from the eighteen-forties to the beginning of this century. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of materials recently acquired by the Berg Collection includes correspondence, workbooks, diaries, and manuscripts by such writers as May Sarton, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Joseph Conrad. Through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Drawings and prints in mixed mediums by Freida High. Through Nov. 21. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 7: "Die Meistersinger," with Eva Marton, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Norman Bailey; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 7:30: A new production of Wagner's "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Leona Mitchell, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Elena Obraztsova, Ruggero Orofino, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; Kazimierz Kord. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 8, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, James Morris, and Richard Stilwell; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 7: "Die Meistersinger," with Eva Marton, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Norman Bailey; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Leona Mitchell, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Morley Meredith, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, William Harness, Donald Gramm, Samuel Ramey, and William Ledbetter; conducted by Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Faye Robinson, Pablo Elvira, Lando Bartolini, and Howard Hensel; Michael Charry. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8: A new production of Menotti's "The Saint of Bleecker Street," with Catherine Malfitano, Jane Shaulis, Diana Soviero, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Howard Hensel; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Richard Fredricks, William Harness, Spiro Malas, and Samuel Ramey; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Ilona Simon, Elizabeth Haley, David Holloway, Richard McKee, and Jerold Siena; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 7, at 1: "The Saint of Bleecker Street," with Catherine Malfitano, Jane Shaulis, Diana Soviero, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Gianna Rolandi, Henry Price, Charles Roe, David Holloway, Spiro Malas, and Jerold Siena; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, Spiro Malas, and Samuel Ramey; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "The Saint of Bleecker Street," with Catherine Malfitano, Diana Soviero, Jeanne Piland, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Diane Curry, Glenys Fowles, Gaetano Scano, John Darrenkamp, and James Billings; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Sandra Walker, Richard Fredricks, John Sandor, and Howard Hensel; Michael Charry. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Phyllis Curtin, Glenys Fowles, Samuel Ramey, and Richard McKee; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Schauler, Jeanne Piland, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; George Branson Gray. (A benefit performance; for tickets call 255-5820.) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

American Opera Repertory Company—Glen Clugston directing an orchestra and a chorus in a performance of Elie Halevy's "La Juive," with Kate Hurney, soprano; David Montefiore, tenor; and others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 5, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8:30 (all with Pierre Fournier, cello). . . . ¶ Rafael Kubelik conducting on Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 12, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30 (all with Sol Greitzer, viola).

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Herbert von Karajan conducting the first two in a series of five concerts—Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8: A Schoenberg-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: A performance of Brahms' "Ein Deutsches Requiem," with Leontyne Price, soprano; José van Dam, baritone; and the Vienna Singverein.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Georg Solti conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8, with David Ward, baritone, and the Chicago Symphony Chorus; and Wednesday, Nov. 10, and Friday, Nov. 12, at 8, no soloists.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Riccardo Muti conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

FIRES OF LONDON—Peter Maxwell Davies conducting his chamber orchestra in the second of two programs mainly of his own music, with Mary Thomas, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—The second in a series of five all-Mozart programs, this one three piano concertos, with Menahem Pressler. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

"MISSA SOLEMNIS"—Charlotte Bergen directing a symphony orchestra and a chorus in a performance of Beethoven's Mass, with Christine Weidinger, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; Monte Jaffe, bass; Robert Rudié, violin; and Frederick Swann, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 5:30, both with Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola. All seats have been sold for the second and third concerts, and only standing room is left.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Victoria Bond and Joyce Keshner conducting, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano, and Karen Phillips, viola. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

SYMPHONY OF THE NEW WORLD—Everett Lee conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 3.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Thomas Palmer, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Anton Coppola conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with John McCollum, tenor; Frederick Swann, organ; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

LAZAR BERMAN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

GROUP FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—A program consisting of the Richard Morse Mime Theatre in Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat" and a multimedia work by Roger Reynolds. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Felix Galimir and Yuuko Shiokawa, violin; Paul Tobias, cello; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

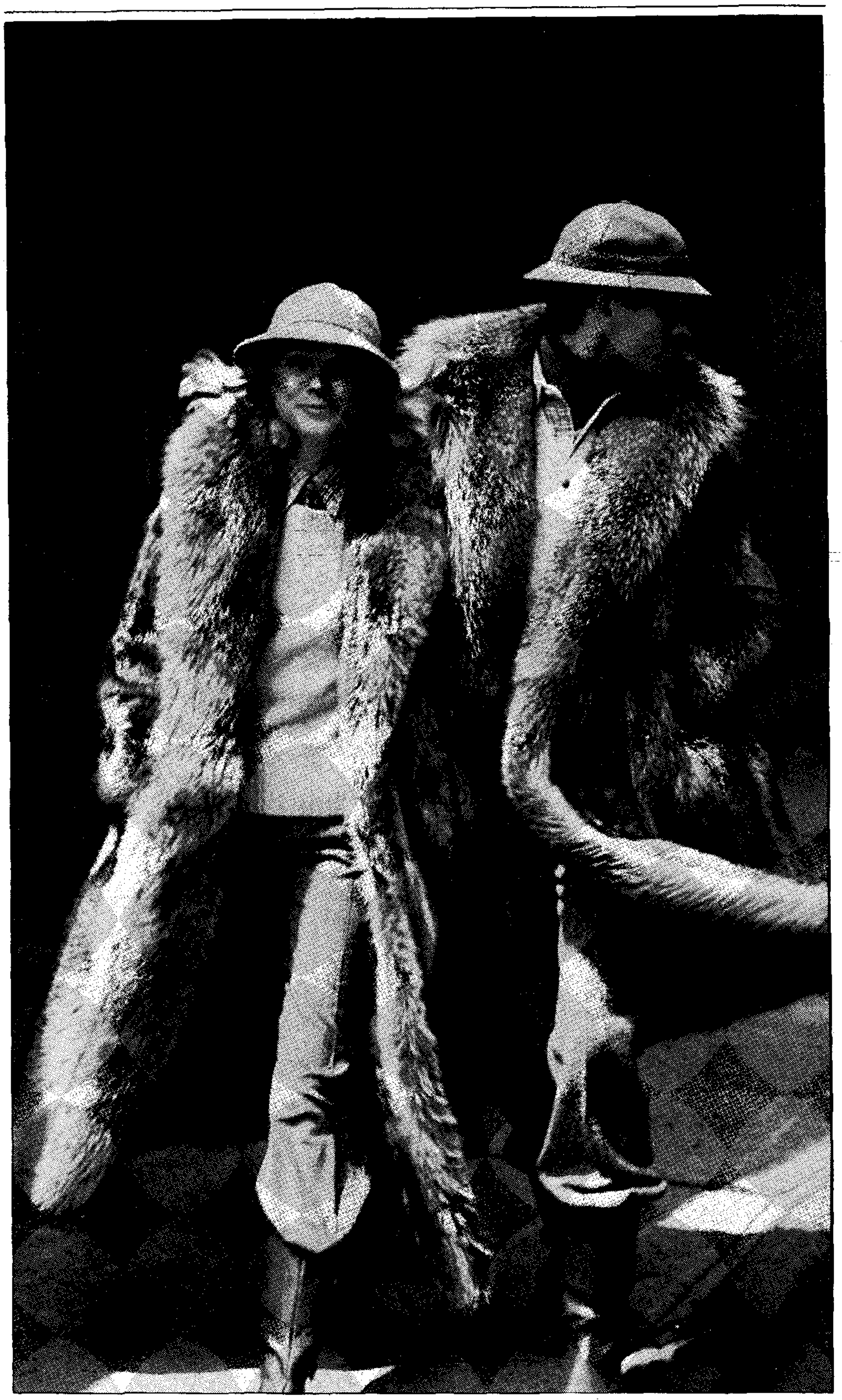
JOYCE MATHIS—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

GABRIEL BANAT—Violin, with assisting artists. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU AND JÖRG DEMUS—Baritone and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8, presenting Brahms' "Die Schoene Magelone;" and Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8, presenting lieder set by Wolf to poems by Goethe.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Barry Tuckwell, horn; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 5.)

Misha Raitzin—Tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Emanuel Ax, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 3, the first in a series of three concerts entitled "Sundays in Vienna."...¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8, a varied program. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Yuval Trio—With Raphael Hillyer, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7.)

Vladimir Spivakov—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Elena Obraztsova—Mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano, with the American String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Schubert program, performed by Claude Frank, piano; Jaime Laredo, viola; Julius Levine and Alexander Schneider, violin; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman and Joseph Kalichstein—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Gervase De Peyer, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Bösendorfer Festival—A benefit consisting of five concerts (in a blend of jazz, classical, and avant-garde music) played on a new Bösendorfer Imperial concert grand, a piano distinguished by its rarity, its ninety-seven keys, and its price tag of around thirty-three thousand dollars. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30: Richard Goode and Muhal Richard Abrams....¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30: Ursula Oppens and Frederic Rzewski....¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30: Paul Bley and Paul Jacobs....¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30: Cecil Taylor....¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 11: Charlemagne Palestine. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Washington, Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30....¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.... **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Buffalo, Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:05. ...¶ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:05.

College Football—**saturday, nov. 6** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence....¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field....¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia....¶ Rutgers vs. Louisville, at New Brunswick....¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse....¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford....¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown....¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.... **saturday, nov. 13** (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. ...¶ Army vs. Colgate, at West Point.... ¶ Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Chestnut Hill....¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field....¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca....¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge....¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton....¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 7: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, at 1. ...¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 7:35....¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:35.... **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:05....¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8:05.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Sunday, Nov. 7. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 6; the Sport Page Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 10; and the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 13.... **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Thursday, Nov. 4, at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13.... **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 6.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 11. ... **meadowlands racetrack,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—William Meredith and Muriel Rukeyser reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8.)...¶ Tony Towle and David Rosenberg reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

Architectural Tour—"Birthday Party for Stanford White," a tour focussing on some Stanford White designs in the Lower Fifth Avenue area. Sunday, Nov. 7, starting at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St., at 2. For information about tickets, call 279-9863.

Flower Show—Seventy-two varieties of mums are featured in the annual Chrysanthemum Show of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.

Auctions—At the **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 5.) Saturday, Nov. 6, at 10:15 and 2: English furniture, from several collectors....¶ Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 10:15 and 2: Photographs and books of photography, including prints by Alfred Stieglitz and Imogen Cunningham, two sets of photogravures by Robert Flaherty, and a bound volume of fifty-eight photographs and articles from the *Galerie Contemporaine;* from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 4....¶ Wednesday, Nov. 10, and Friday, Nov. 12, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and modern prints, from various sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 5.... **hotel st. moritz,** 50 Central Park South. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 9:30 and 2: Photographs, including works by George N. Barnard, Frederick H. Evans, Eugène Atget, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, Man Ray, and Walker Evans; from many owners.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 1: Print and photography reference books and illustrated books, from the estate of Richard Cole and from other sources....¶ Monday, Nov. 15, at 9:30 and 2: Prints by such artists as Winslow Homer, Charles Sheeler, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Edvard Munch; from various owners. (Exhibition hours: Tuesday through Friday, Nov. 9-12, from 9:30 to 5.)

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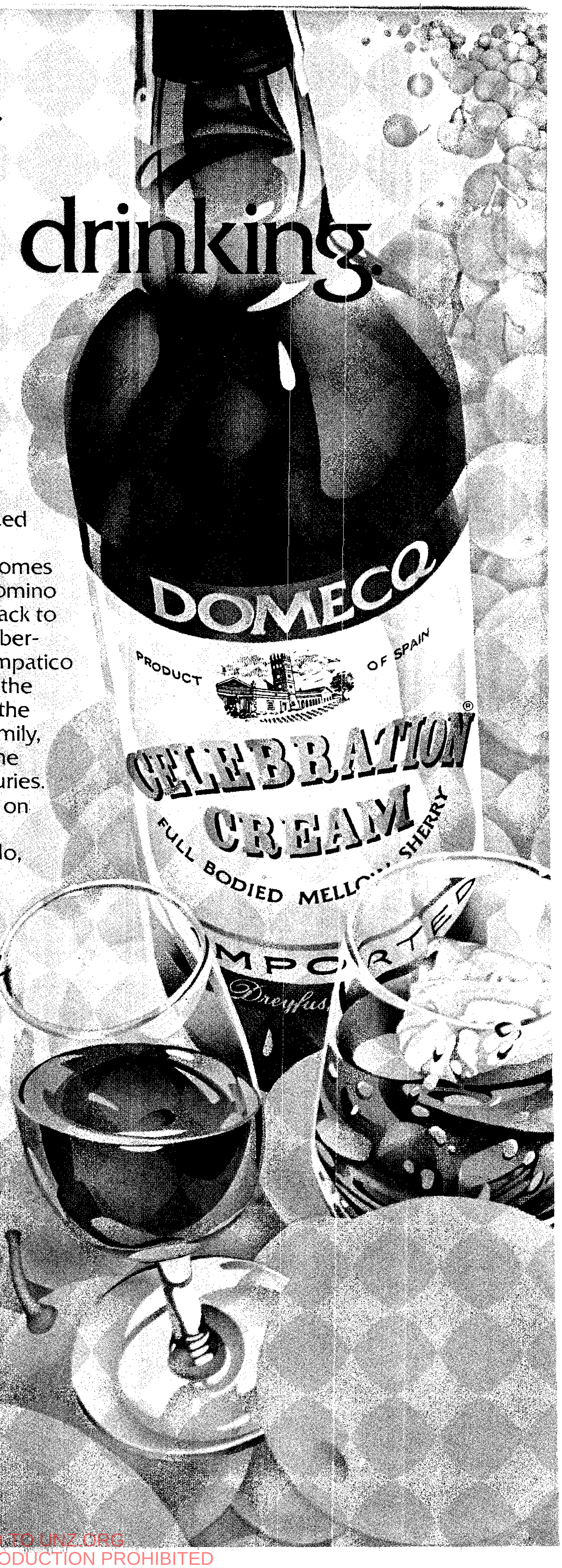

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 9: "The Story of Adèle H." and "The Magic Flute."
From Nov. 10: "Sleuth" and "Klute."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 9: "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Westworld."
From Nov. 10: To be announced.

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Nov. 4: "Phantom of the Paradise" and "Let's Scare Jessica to Death."
From Nov. 5: "House of Exorcism" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 9: "Swept Away" and "Seven Beauties."
From Nov. 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 9: "Three Days of the Condor" and "Downhill Racer."
From Nov. 10: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "Midnight Cowboy."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Logan's Run" and "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 9: "Dirty Hands."
From Nov. 10: "The Next Man."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Barry Lyndon."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A group of Sidney Lumet films (not described in our "In Brief" section):
Nov. 3: "The Anderson Tapes."
Nov. 4: "12 Angry Men."
Nov. 5: "The Deadly Affair."
Nov. 6: "Dog Day Afternoon."
Nov. 7: "Murder on the Orient Express."
Nov. 8: Theatre closed.
Nov. 9: "The Offence."
Nov. 10: "Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots."
Nov. 11: "Long Day's Journey Into Night."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Nov. 3: "Bugsy Malone."
From Nov. 4: "Maitresse."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Story of Sin."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"People of the Wind."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Song Remains the Same."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Small Change."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Car Wash."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Russ Meyer's "Up" (X-rated).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Memory of Justice."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Marathon Man."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 9: "The Bad News Bears."
Through Nov. 10: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 9: "All the President's Men."
From Nov. 10: "Loving Cousins."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dirty Hands."

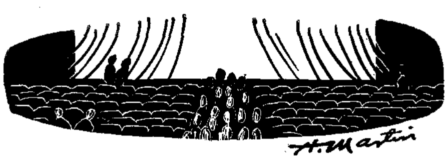
Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Outer Space Connection."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 9: "Car Wash."
From Nov. 10: "The Next Man."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 9: "Norman . . . Is That You?"
From Nov. 10: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Nov. 4: "Death Collector" and "Violent Professional."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

From Nov. 5: "House of Exorcism" and "Prime Cut."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Incredible Torture Show."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Ritz."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Car Wash."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 9: "Norman . . . Is That You?"
From Nov. 10: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "All the President's Men." Nov. 7-10: "Anna Christie" and "Flesh and the Devil." From Nov. 11: "Conquest" and "The Painted Veil."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 9: "Obsession" and "Taxi Driver." From Nov. 10: "Barry Lyndon."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 9: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Where's Poppa?" From Nov. 10: "A Piece of Pleasure" and "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."
Theatre 4: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Silent Movie."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Nov. 3: "A Matter of Time."
From Nov. 4: "The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Solaris."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Nov. 4: "Edvard Munch."
From Nov. 5: "The Incredible Sarah."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 9: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "Barbarella."
From Nov. 10: "Midway" and "Rooster Cogburn."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Front."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Nov. 3: "The Graduate."
Nov. 4: "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"
Nov. 5: "Lenny."
Nov. 6: "Midnight Cowboy."
From Nov. 7: A program of films by François Truffaut.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 9: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Nov. 10: "Barry Lyndon."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Hands."
Theatre 2: "Norman . . . Is That You?"
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 4: "Outer Space Connection." From Nov. 5: "Assault on Precinct 13" and "Adios Amigo."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 4: "Rush to Judgment" and "Millhouse: A White Comedy."
Nov. 5-6: "The Parallax View" and "The Man."
Nov. 7-9: "Dr. Strangelove" and "Wild in the Streets."
From Nov. 10: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 9: "A Piece of Pleasure" and "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."
From Nov. 10: "Peter Pan" and "Gus."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 3: "Two Women" (1961), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Miracle" (1948), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini.
Nov. 4: "Spartacus" (1960), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier, Jean Simmons, and Woody Strode.
Nov. 5: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956), directed by Don Siegel, with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still." (†)
Nov. 6: "Les Violins du Bal" (†); and "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise.
Nov. 7: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (†); and "Duck, You Sucker" (1972), directed by Sergio Leone, with Rod Steiger and James Coburn.
Nov. 8: "Mother" (†) and "The End of St. Petersburg." (†)
Nov. 9: "Ride in the Whirlwind" (†) and "The Shooting." (†)
Nov. 10: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Bandits of Orgosolo." (†)
Nov. 11: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophuls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 3: "The Black Pirate" (1926), directed by Albert Parker, with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Billie Dove, Sam de Grasse, and Donald Crisp; and "Adventures of Don Juan" (1948), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Errol Flynn, Viveca Lindfors, Romney Brent, Ann Rutherford, and Alan Hale.
Nov. 4: "Laura" (1944), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, and Dana Andrews; and "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.
Nov. 5: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "The New Land" (1973), in Swedish, directed by Jan Troell, with Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Eddie Axberg, and Monica Zetterlund.
Nov. 6: "Family Plot" (1976), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Karen Black, Bruce Dern, Barbara Harris, and William Devane; and "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen.
Nov. 7: "War and Peace, Part I." (†)
Nov. 8: "The Beast with Five Fingers" (†); and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962) in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal.
Nov. 9: "A Free Woman" (†) and "Every Man for Himself and God Against All." (†)
Nov. 10: "To Die in Madrid" (†); and "The Battle of Algiers" (1965), in French and Arabic, directed by Gillo Pontecorvo.
Nov. 11: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1945), directed by Jean Renoir, with Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Hurd Hatfield, and Judith Anderson; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Nov. 3: "Chushingura" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
Nov. 4: "Scent of a Woman" (1976), in Italian, directed by Dino Risi, with Vittorio Gassman; and "Malizia" (1973), in Italian, directed by Salvatore Samperi, with Laura Antonelli.
Nov. 5: "Dr. No" (1963), "You Only Live Twice" (1967), and "Diamonds Are For-

ever" (1971), three of the James Bond series, all with Sean Connery.

Nov. 6: "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox.

Nov. 7: "The Bridge on the River Kwai." (†)

Nov. 8: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975), directed by John Huston, with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "The Wilby Conspiracy." (†)

Nov. 9: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (1976), directed by Lewis John Carlino, with Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson; and "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

Nov. 10: "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Fort of Ezo" (1971), in Japanese.

Nov. 11: "Pal Joey" (1957), directed by George Sidney, with Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, and Kim Novak; and "You'll Never Get Rich." (†)

Regency, *B'way at 67th. (724-3700)*

Through Nov. 6: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant; and "Without Love" (1945), directed by Harold S. Bucquet, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Keenan Wynn, and Lucille Ball.

Nov. 7-9: "The African Queen" (1951), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.

From Nov. 10: "Pat and Mike" (†) and "Woman of the Year." (†)

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Nov. 3: "Swept Away" (†) and "Seven Beauties." (†)

Nov. 4-6: "Fritz the Cat" (1972; X-rated) and "Heavy Traffic" (1973; R-rated), both films animated cartoons, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

Nov. 7-8: "Modern Times" (1936) and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Nov. 9-10: "Bananas" (1971) and "Sleeper" (1973), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

From Nov. 11: "Horsefeathers" (1932) and "Monkey Business" (1931), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 3: "Private Lives" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Noël Coward.

Nov. 4-6: "The Barkleys of Broadway" (1949), directed by Charles Walters, with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Oscar Levant; and "Words and Music" (1948), directed by Norman Taurog, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney.

Nov. 7-9: "Five Over England" (1937), directed by William K. Howard, with Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and Raymond Massey; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.

Nov. 10-11: "Stage Door" (†) and "Desk Set." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Portrait of a Woman" (1946), in French, directed by Jacques Feyder, with Françoise Rosay and Henry Guisol; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 6: "The Disorderly Orderly" (1964), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Jerry Lewis, Glenda Farrell, and Susan Oliver. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 8:30: "Gone Are the Days" (1963), directed by Nicholas Webster, with Ruby Dee, Alan Alda, Ossie Davis, Sorrell Booke, and Godfrey Cambridge. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30: "The Thrill of It All" (1963), directed by Norman Jewison, with Doris Day, James Garner, Arlene Francis, and Edward Andrews. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 6: "Portrait of a Woman.". . . ¶ Nov. 6 at noon: "The Disorderly Orderly." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 2:30: "The Thrill of It All." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 5: "Hallelujah the Hills" (1963), directed by Adolfas Mekas, with Peter H. Beard, Sheila Finn, and Jerome Hill. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at noon: A program of comedy shorts—"Free Rent" (1937), "Home Movies" (1940), "Things We Can Do Without" (1953), and "So You Want to Be Your Own Boss" (1954). . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30: "Cat Ballou" (1965), directed by Elliott Silverstein, with Jane Fonda, Lee Marvin, Michael Callan, and Dwayne Hickman. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 5: Two French silent films—"El Dorado (1921), directed by Marcel L'Herbier, flash inter-titles; and "Fièvre" (1921), directed by Louis Delluc, French inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at noon: "Hallelujah the Hills." . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Cat Ballou.". . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 6: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1965), in French, directed by Chantal Akerman, with Delphine Seyrig; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at noon: "Harvey Middleman, Fireman" (1965), directed by Ernest Pintoff, with Gene Troobnick and Hermione Gingold. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 2:30: "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming" (1966), directed by Norman Jewison, with Carl Reiner, Alan Arkin, Eva Marie Saint, Brian Keith, and Jonathan Winters. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2:30: "A Girl Must Live" (1939), directed by Carol Reed, with Margaret Lockwood, Renee Houston, and Lilli Palmer. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 6: "Harvey Middleman, Fireman.". . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 8:30: "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1964), directed by Billy Wilder, with Kim Novak, Dean Martin, and Ray Walston. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 7: "Kristina Talking Pictures," directed by Yvonne Rainer. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 9: "Independence Day," directed by Bobby Roth, with Mel Rosier, Grammy Burdett, Michelle Davison, and Henry Gayle Sanders. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Jennings, Mekas, Smith, Peterson, Broughton, Mann, Méliès, Vertov, Ozu, Vigo, and others. Showings Nov. 3-4 at 7 and 9; Nov. 5 at 7 and 8:30; Nov. 6 at 2:30, 7, and 8:30; Nov. 7 at 8; Nov. 9 at 7 and 8:30; and Nov. 10-11 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Nov. 4-7: "The Last of the Cuiva" (1971), directed by Brian Moser; and "A Clearing in the Jungle" (1970), directed by Charles Nairn. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 11: "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Werner Schroeter, Eddie Constantine, and Lou Castel; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 9.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 7-10.)

The Bad News Bears—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (72nd Street East; through Nov. 9.)

Bandits of Orgosolo (1961)—The story is about a young shepherd wrongly suspected of being a bandit and of having killed a policeman; terrified of the police, he attempts to escape and is forced to become a bandit. It's a good, basic neo-realist subject, and the young director-cinematographer Vittorio De Seta, who shot the film in the mountains of Sardinia, has an eye for harsh beauty. The film has a distinctive look and mood that stay with one. De Seta spent nearly two years among the Sardinian peasants who play the roles, and he communicates their impassive suspiciousness toward authority; this is one of the rare films in which hard, taciturn people reveal themselves to us, and they do it without sentimentality. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Playboy; through Nov. 9.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (10/29/75) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 10.)

The Beast with Five Fingers (1946)—Deadpan melodrama, pretty good, with Peter Lorre being chased by a severed but very living hand that plays the piano, gets out of a drawer, and refuses to be nailed down or locked in a safe. The hand (a left one) is a pianist's, and it performs Bach's Chaconne (for the left hand). Directed by Robert Florey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 8.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)—David Lean's big and engrossing Academy Award winner, adapted by Pierre Boulle from his own novel about prisoners of war held in Burma by the Japanese. The film is rather misshapen, particularly in the sections featuring William Holden, and it's difficult to know how we're meant to interpret some of the action. However, Alec Guinness is compelling as the English Colonel Nicholson, a stickler for rules who courageously defies the Japanese by legalistic means, and then goes haywire and restores morale among the men in the prison camp by putting them to work building a bridge for their captors. With Sessue Hayakawa, Jack Hawkins, and James Donald. Filmed in Ceylon. (Elgin; Nov. 7.)

Bugsy Malone—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villain Dandy Dan, and among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue Blousey. (9/27/76) (Baronet; Nov. 3.)

Car Wash—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. The film's specialty is yanking laughs by having adult blacks do dirtier versions of the standard pranks that naughty kids used to do in comedies. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (10/25/76) (Columbia I, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Nov. 9.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 9.)

Conquest (1937)—Charles Boyer as Napoleon, and Garbo as Countess Marie Walewska of Poland. They had an illegitimate son. The censors of the time caused a two-year wrangle that resulted in four versions of the film; the moral Cerberuses wanted a final meeting of the parents and child that would represent "a forceful illustration of the tragedy of having been born out of wedlock." Pretty high on the Garbo list. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 11.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings. Full of Rabelaisian cheer and finely acted. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951)—Robert Wise, who edited "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Citizen Kane," directed this hasty sci-fi about a peace-giving flying saucer, manned by Michael Rennie, that alights on the Washington Ellipse. Quite wry and alarmingly smooth. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 5.)

Desk Set (1957)—One of the bummers in the Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn comedy series. He's an electronics wizard. She's in charge of a TV-network research department, and he replaces her with a machine called Emmy. Gig Young and Joan Blondell help out, but it's a dispirited, straining-for-laughs sit com. Walter Lang directed; Henry and Phoebe Ephron adapted William Marchant's 1955 Broadway play (in which Shirley Booth starred). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10-11.)

Dirty Hands—With Rod Steiger and Romy Schneider, directed by Claude Chabrol. (U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Nov. 9.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (New Yorker; Nov. 7-9.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—The ski footage is exciting, and the movie is fast and relatively unassuming. Robert Redford is a poor boy determined to be an Olympic champion; unfortunately, the movie doesn't provide many clues to *why*, or to what the championship in this particular event means. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Gramercy; through Nov. 9.)

Edvard Munch—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. Munch is played by Geir Westby, and the love of Munch's life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (Festival; through Nov. 4.)

The End of St. Petersburg (1927)—The Russian Revolution, from the point of view of a peasant. Pudovkin made this melodramatic celebration film for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution; it's hectic, romantic, and full of beautiful imagery. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 8.)

Every Man for Himself and God Against All (1975)—The story of Kasper Hauser, chained in a dungeon from infancy and fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. When he is an adult, the man carries him to a town square and abandons him. The townspeople train him in human habits and educate him, while he tries to retain his newfound pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, the caped figure returns and murders him. This Werner Herzog film, set in early-nineteenth-century Germany and based on an actual case, is a double fable, intermingling the deadening effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of the universe. Herzog has a visionary, estranged style: everyone is alone, immobilized, slightly stiff, and the film is a succession of unbalanced, slanted images. But this style is undramatic; it's numbingly pure. You fight to keep your eyes open. In German. (10/20/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 9.)

Flesh and the Devil (1927)—Greta Garbo, with pencil-line eyebrows above sex-drugged lids, plays a bored, sensual, wicked woman in a story about sacred and profane love, derived from a novel by Hermann Sudermann. It's far from a work of art, but Garbo was a blissfully beautiful twenty-one at the time, and no other actress went at the bodies of her leading men the way she did. This time John Gilbert and Lars Hanson each go a round with her. Clarence Brown directed; with Barbara Kent as the good girl. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 7-10.)

A Free Woman (1974)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 9.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Graduate (1967)—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Paramount; Nov. 3.)

Gus—From the Disney studios, with Edward Asner, Don Knotts, and Gary Grimes, directed by Vincent McEveety. (Olympia; starting Nov. 10.)

House of Exorcism—With Telly Savalas, Sylva Koscina, Elke Sommer, Alida Valli, and Robert Alda. (12th St. Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Nov. 5.)

How Funny Can Sex Be?—With Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Incredible Sarah—With Glenda Jackson as Sarah Bernhardt, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Festival; starting Nov. 5.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Fine Arts.)

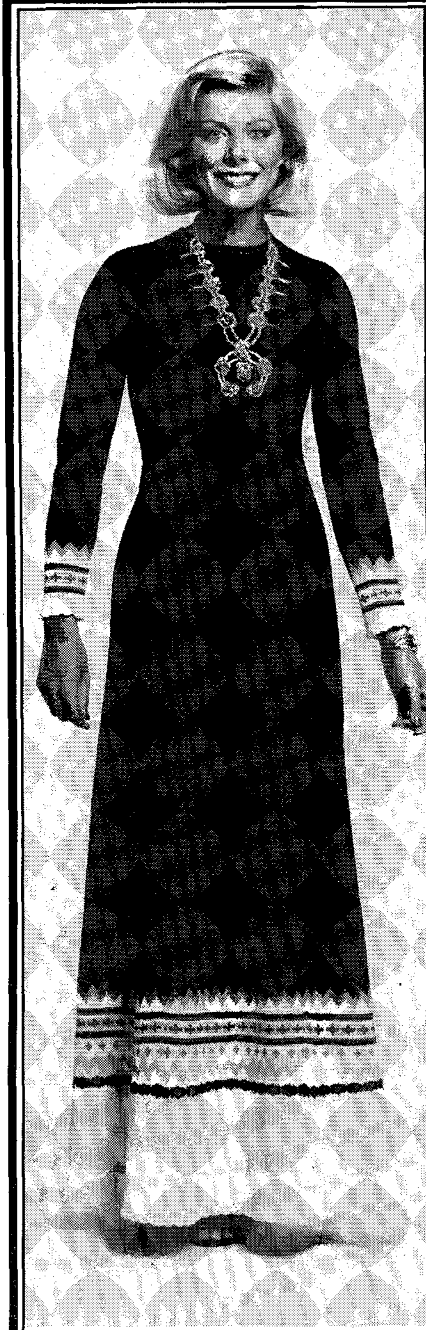
Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder-melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Art; starting Nov. 10.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Paramount; Nov. 5.)

Let's Scare Jessica to Death (1971)—Poor thriller, heightened by the performance of Zohra Lampert. Directed by John Hancock. (12th St. Cinema; through Nov. 4.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Murray Hill.)

Loving Cousins—With Susan Player and Hugh



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No, people flee here for other reasons. Like the fact that we might have just about the happiest people-mix on earth. Come here and you'll delight in the enchanting differences offered by the Pacific's cultural heritage — from Oriental to Polynesian and all the in-betweens.

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Also alive and well, each and every Island. Look them over a minute. One at a time. Right here.

Hawaii. Hawaii is the name of the whole State but just one of the Islands. That's why local people call it the Big Island. Believe it or not, the Goddess of Fire lives here — in a bubbling volcano. Yes, you can see lava. You can also ski on the Big Island — snow skiing way up high on Mauna Kea. Colorful, too, the beaches. They're not just sand-white, there are black ones and green ones besides! The Big Island rounds off its diversity with field after field of lovely orchids. It's the favorite island of many a visitor.

Maui. Maui sprang forth from volcanic eruptions sometime during the dim, dim past. It was probably settled from Tahiti — about 750 A.D. At one time it was a Kingdom. All by itself. Back in the 1800's it was the whaling capital of the Pacific. Today the town of Lahaina has been restored in honor of the rough and ready whaler and his ships. Maui is indeed many things. Like the Seven Pools of Kipahulu. Or Hana, a remote coastal town that makes going back in time a true delight. Maui is also famous for Kaanapali Beach with its fabulous hotels, golf courses, and beaches — making it one of the world's finest resort areas.

Kauai. For lush natural greenery, visit this, the Garden Isle. They say it has more beauty than the eye can behold. One thing you can't miss is the tropical version of the Grand Canyon. And you've neve heard the Hawaiian Weddin Song until you've heard it at th unforgettable Fern Grotto.

Molokai. They call it the Friendl Isle—and that it is. You'll discove a quiet island, one with lots o room and lots of scenery. No there will not be a lot of peopl between you and the view.

Lanai. Three things make thi island outstanding: pineapples, hunting and fishing. It's a beachcombers' paradise — especially with its Shipwreck Beach, where many a good and brave craft came to grief.

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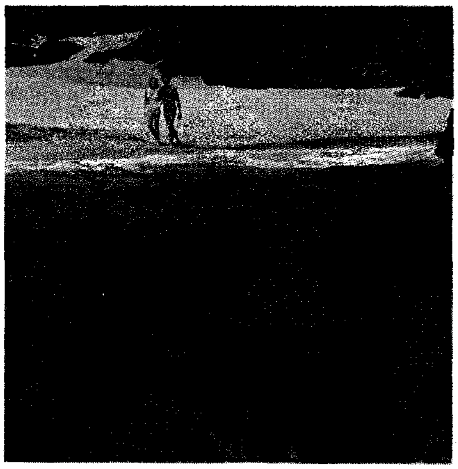
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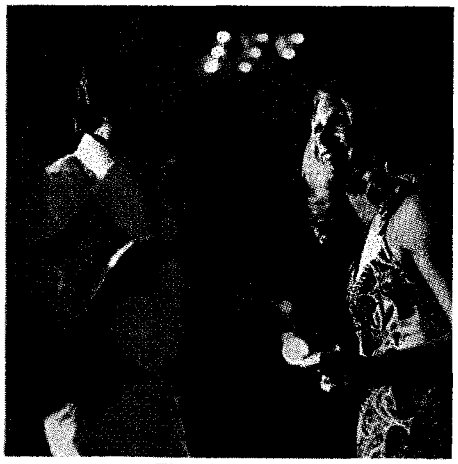
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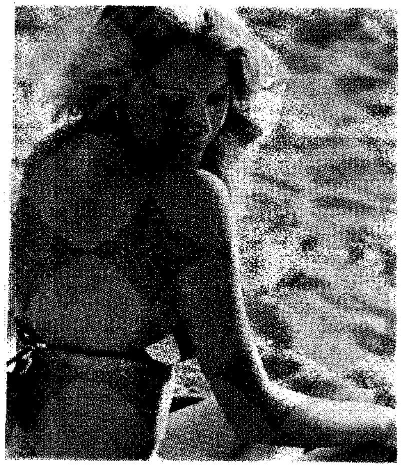
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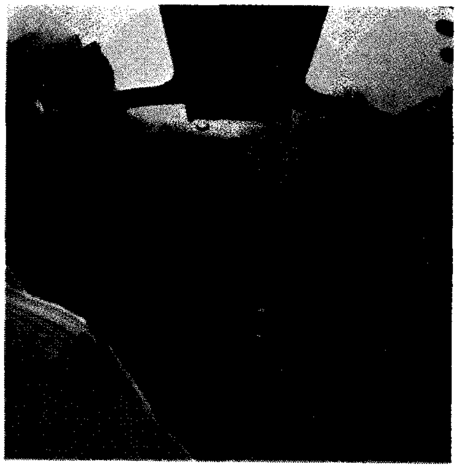
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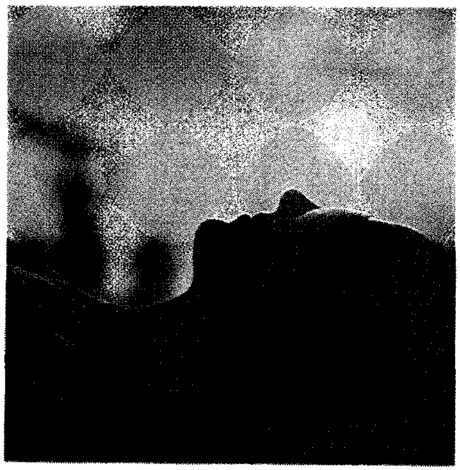
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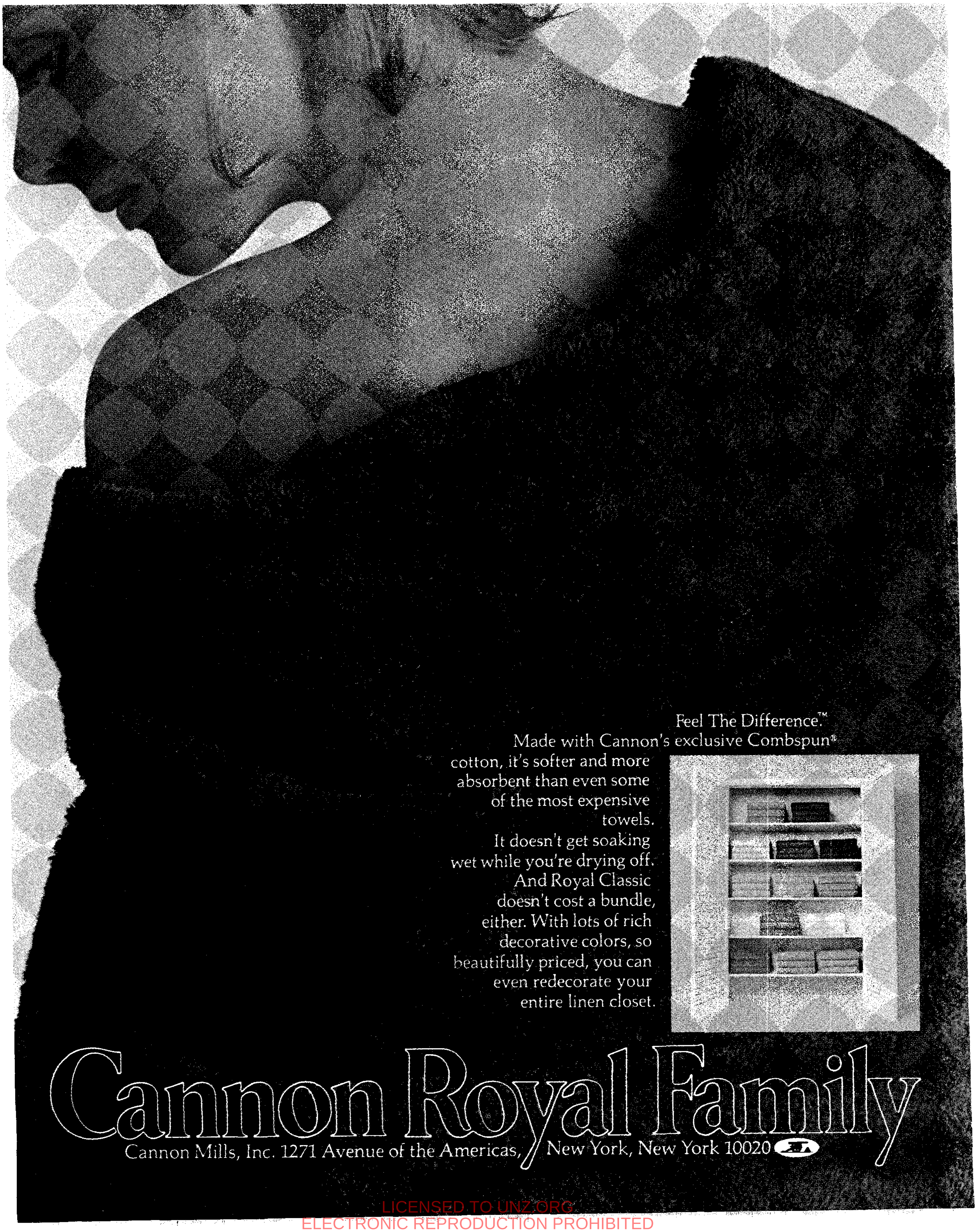

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Griffith, directed by Sergio Martino. An Italian film, dubbed in English. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Nov. 10.)

THE MAGIC FLUTE (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Art; through Nov. 9.)

MAITRESSE—With Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Baronet; starting Nov. 4.)

THE MAN (1972)—James Earl Jones plays a pained-looking black who gets unexpectedly jumped up into the Presidency and the White House. The James Earl Jones character flounders helplessly as a caretaker Chief Executive who needs to be needed and who can't get on with these hardhearted politicians. Directed by Joseph Sargent from the Irving Wallace book; story and screenplay, both dire, by Rod Serling. (New Yorker; Nov. 5-6.)

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Nov. 9.)

MARATHON MAN—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Loews Tower East.)

THE MARQUISE OF O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work recreated for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

A MATTER OF TIME—The romantic story, taken from Maurice Druon's novel "Film of Memory," is about a peasant girl (Liza Minnelli) who gets a job as a maid in a Roman hotel. A contessa (Ingrid Bergman) who lives there was once a great demimondaine; she talks about her romantic adventures, and the maid visualizes herself living through the events. But the film has been mangled: the producers took it away from the director, Vincente Minnelli, shifted scenes around, cut others, and even added stock footage. The result exposes Liza Minnelli, in particular, to ridicule; however, though Ingrid Bergman's performance has no rhythm left, Bergman herself is assured enough to do much of the role in statuesque repose, and she has a glamour beyond anything she's had before onscreen. With Charles Boyer and Isabella Rossellini. (11/1/76) (Music Hall; Nov. 3.)

THE MEMORY OF JUSTICE—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (10/11/76) (Beekman.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo—two lost, lonely men who find friendship. The John Schlesinger film is a brutal, superficial satire of America, but the actors take hold of one's emotions and one's imagination. From James Leo Herlihy's novel. (Paramount; Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Nov. 10.)

MIDWAY—Henry Fonda, Charlton Heston, and Robert Mitchum in a noisy, flag-waving film, directed by Jack Smight, about a key Pacific maneuver of the Second World War. (Playboy; starting Nov. 10.)

MILLHOUSE: A WHITE COMEDY (1971)—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (New Yorker; through Nov. 4.)

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MOTHER (1926)—Frequently selected by critics as one of the greatest films of all time. Pudovkin's masterpiece, based on Maxim Gorky's novel, which is set during the 1905 revolution, is not overtly political; it gives an epic sense of that revolution through the emotions of the participants, and sweeps one along by its fervor and a brilliant and varied use of the medium. Vera Baranovskaya plays the mother who is tricked by the police into betraying her son (Nikolai Batalov). Pudovkin (unusual among the great Russian directors for his interest in acting) himself plays the officer who interrogates her. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 8.)

THE NEXT MAN—With Sean Connery and Cornelia Sharpe, directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné; starting Nov. 10.)

NORMAN . . . IS THAT YOU?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Greenwich; through Nov. 9.)

OBSESSION—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 9.)

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST (1969)—A horribly dubbed and peculiarly constructed Western that can be understood best by seeing the second half first. With Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards, directed by Sergio Leone. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 7.)

THE PAINTED VEIL (1934)—Richard Boleslawsky directs Garbo. The story is Maugham's, set in his own fantasized East-of-Suez; the script is pretty fearful, but Garbo works as well as ever, dispensing immortal strength to Herbert Marshall as her husband and George Brent as her lover. She deserves as many men as she wants, you always feel, and could carry the male half of mankind on her yoke-shaped collarbone. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 11.)

THE PARALLAX VIEW (1974)—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about the political assassination of a Presidential aspirant. The film skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were organized political murders or the madness of lone men. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (New Yorker; Nov. 5-6.)

PAT AND MIKE (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warmups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer. George Cukor directed—beautifully. (Regency; starting Nov. 10.)

PEOPLE OF THE WIND—The yearly migration from winter to summer pastures by the Bakhtiaris of Southern Iran. James Mason is narrator. Directed by Anthony Howarth. (D. W. Griffith.)

PETER PAN (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (Olympia; starting Nov. 10.)

PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and it has a kinetic, breakneck wit. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (11/11/74) (12th St. Cinema; through Nov. 4.)

A PIECE OF PLEASURE—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous life together, apparently. Country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (6/21/76) (Olympia; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 10.)

PRIME CUT (1972)—A man gets turned into a rather short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited, nasty work. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Nov. 5.)

RIDE IN THE WHIRLWIND (1965)—Monte Hellman directed this film and "The Shooting" in Utah during a seven-week period on a budget of a hundred and sixty thousand dollars (from Roger Corman) for both. Jack Nicholson, who acts in both, was also Hellman's co-producer, and wrote the script for this one. The cast includes Millie Perkins and Cameron Mitchell, and the story has something to do with three cowboys on the run—a metaphysical run. The picture was a critical success in Paris, but Hellman (he later made "Two-Lane Blacktop") bakes the Western in the sun too long for most Americans. Maybe the person who wrote the subtitles in the French version added something to the austerity and the bleak riddles. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 9.)

THE RITZ—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Waverly.)

ROOSTER COGBURN (1975)—Just about the worst. A Western shoot-'em-up, with John Wayne wallowing in the role of the one-eyed U.S. marshall carried over from "True Grit." Katharine Hepburn—her role lifted bodily from "The African Queen"—plays the schoolteacher-daughter of a missionary to the Indians. When Wayne and Hepburn spar, it's mortifyingly blunt vaudeville, and their inevitable mutual admiration comes all too coyly soon. Stuart Millar directed, from a script written by the producer Hal Wallis, his wife, Martha Hyer, and others; they all hid—as well they should have—under the pseudonym Martin Julien. (11/3/75) (Playboy; starting Nov. 10.)

RUSH TO JUDGMENT (1967)—A deliberately rough-looking brief-on-film for the posthumous defense of Lee Harvey Oswald, with many eloquent and convincing witnesses making points that cannot be ignored. Directed by Emile de Antonio, who made "Point of Order!," the McCarthy feature. (New Yorker; through Nov. 4.)

SEVEN BEAUTIES—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through Nov. 9.)

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). The film is somewhere between the genial "little" English comedies of the fifties, with their nifty

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plots and overqualified performers, and the splashy, stylized James Bond pictures. Chief among the overqualified performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Plaza.)

The Shooting (1965)—The Monte Hellman film shot in Utah at the same time as "Ride in the Whirlwind." Carol Eastman, who later wrote "Five Easy Pieces," did the enigmatic script. Millie Perkins, on horseback, is searching for something unspecified in the desert; she has a gunman riding behind her, on a leash. The cast includes Jack Nicholson, Warren Oates, and Will Hutchins. They use a dialect that may be authentic to something but is largely indecipherable. To lift from Henry James, Monte Hellman asks a lot for the little he gives. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 9.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—*this is 1976.* Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Guild.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Art; starting Nov. 10.)

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella—With Richard Chamberlain, Gemma Craven, Annette Crosbie, Dame Edith Evans, Margaret Lockwood, and Kenneth More; directed by Bryan Forbes. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 4.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Cinema II.)

Solaris—A sci-fi film, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. In Russian. (Ziegfeld.)

The Song Remains the Same—The Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off. (Cinema I.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching. Gregory La Cava directed this adaptation of the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10-11.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Art; through Nov. 9.)

Story of Sin—Directed by Walerian Borowczyk. In Polish. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

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Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Gramercy; starting Nov. 10.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through Nov. 9.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 9.)

Three Days of the Condor (1975)—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Gramercy; through Nov. 9.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 10.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 9.)

Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in an undeservedly neglected movie about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (3/15/76) (Olympia; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 10.)

Les Violons du Bal (1974)—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation, and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 6.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in a dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer (Ludmila Savelyeva), not an actress, is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Part I: Nov. 7; Part II: Nov. 14.)

Westworld (1973)—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the West of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoids satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 9.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 9.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me? (1971)—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Paramount; Nov. 4.)

The Wilby Conspiracy (1975)—A tale set in South Africa, ostensibly a thriller, but really a moral tale that—because of the casting of Nicol Williamson as a poison-tongued jester supporting apartheid—sets out to provide an argument for the wrong side, in Shaw's brilliant way. Michael Caine plays an Englishman somehow very unversed in apartheid. By the copiousness of great acting—Williamson's—the energy that flares from the character's nearly fuelless historical case is made to seem both pitiful and splendid. Directed by Ralph Nelson. (9/15/75) (Elgin; Nov. 8.)

Wild in the Streets (1968)—This blatant, insensitive, crummy-looking American International Pictures movie is entertaining in a lot of ways that more tasteful movies aren't; it has wit without any grace at all, and is enjoyable at a pop, comic-strip level. The story (by Robert Thom) is a satirical fantasy about the freaked-out young as a new breed of Fascist; it's treated with lunatic relish and enough mockery to make it funny. Barry Shear's direction isn't up to the playful paranoia of the script, but the cast is good—Christopher Jones, Shelley Winters, Millie Perkins, Diane Varsi rattling a tambourine, Hal Holbrook as a congressman who has a faint twitch when he smells trouble, and a very young Richard Pryor in his first screen appearance. (New Yorker; Nov. 7-9.)

Woman of the Year (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great but the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Regency; starting Nov. 10.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth, and it doesn't work out too well, partly because she's too physical—too radiantly, youthfully overpowering for him (she works better with Gene Kelly in "Cover Girl")—and partly because the mixture of the backstage-musical plot and the Second World War enlistment-in-the-Army theme weighs down the songs and dances. Cole Porter did the lyrics and music (which don't stick in the mind); Robert Alton was dance director; Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano did the script; Sidney Lanfield directed. The cast includes Robert Benchley, John Hubbard, Osa Massen, Donald MacBride, Frieda Inescourt, Gwinn Williams, the singer Martha Tilton, and, among the guardhouse inmates, the Delta Rhythm Boys and a jazz group that contains Chico Hamilton. (Elgin; Nov. 11.)

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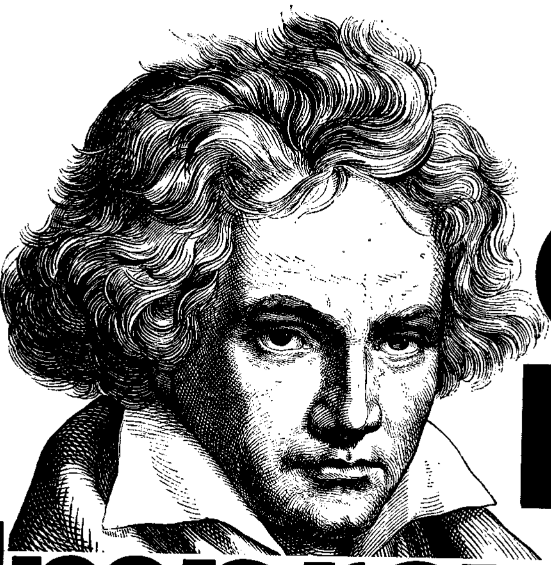

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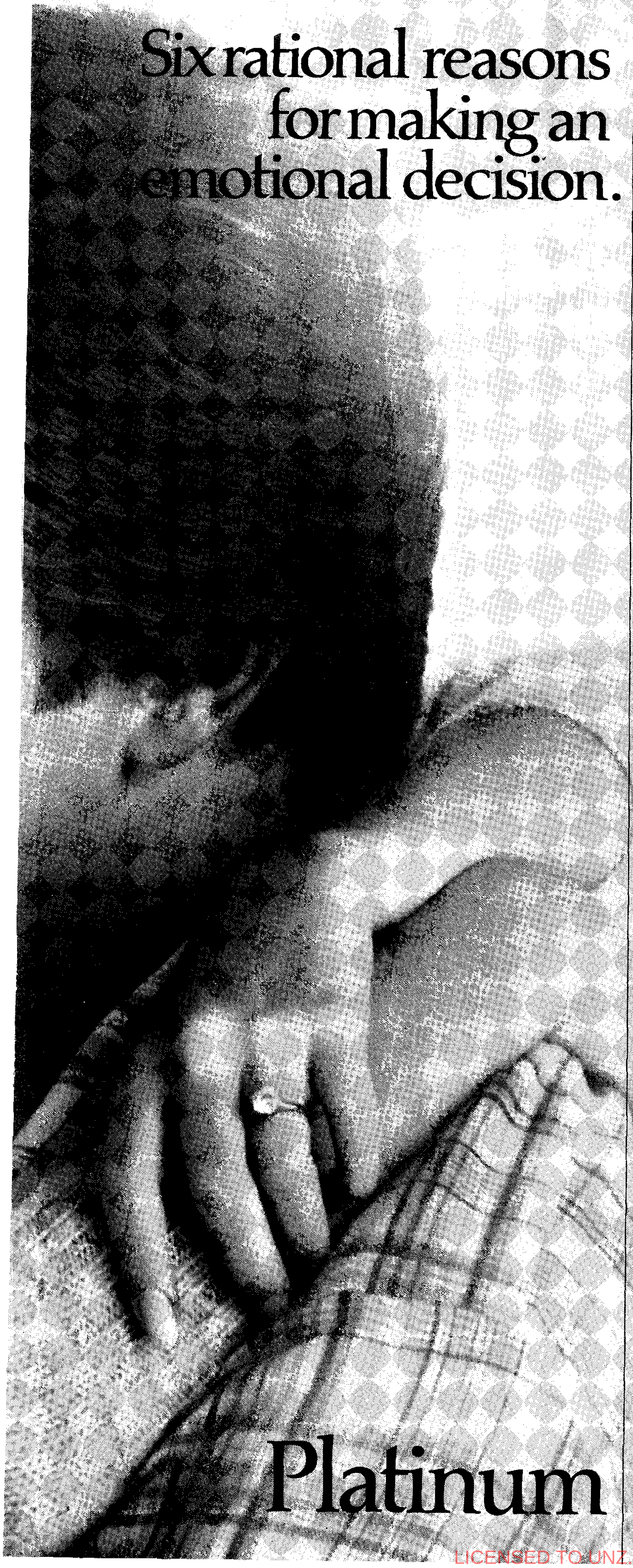

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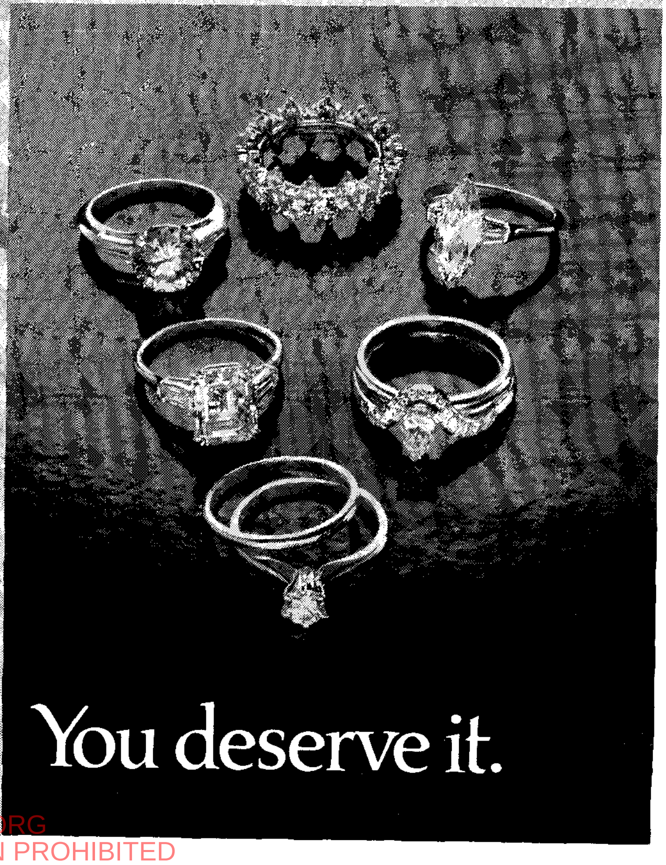

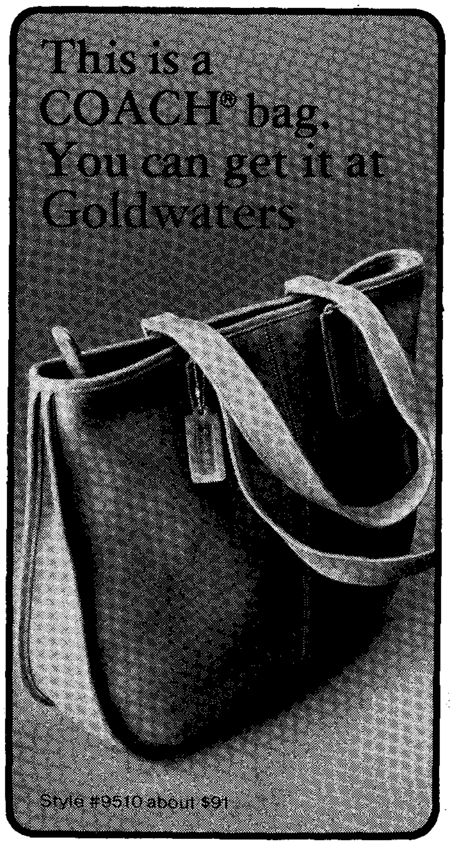
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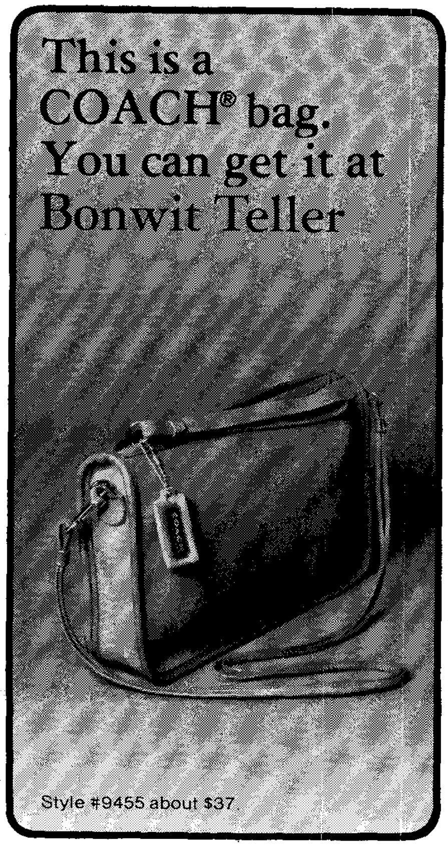
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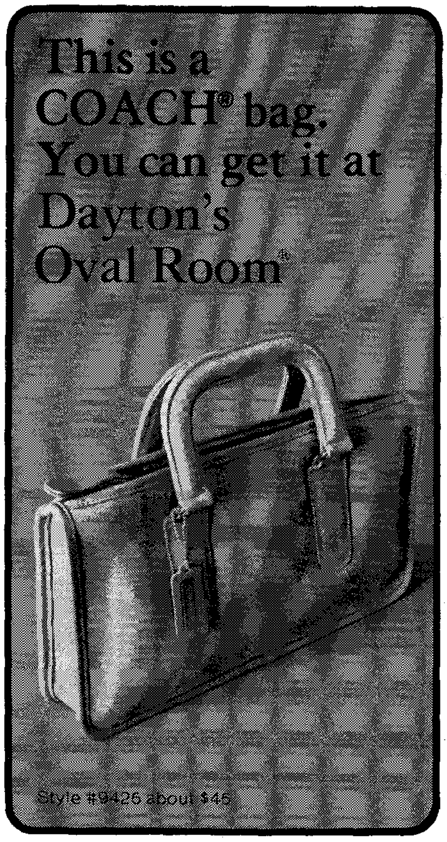
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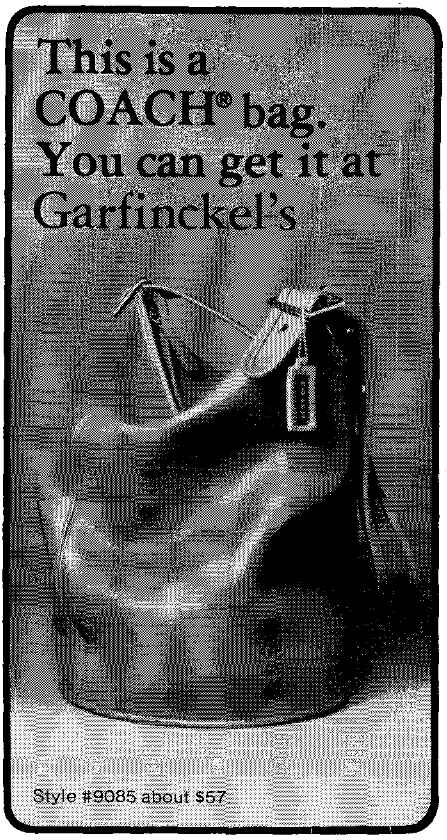
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN both the United States and China last week, people were busy thinking about the political future of their country. Here, after a dispiriting Presidential contest, in which both candidates seemed to decline in the public's estimation, voters were going to the polls to make their choice. In China, the public had no choice, and the leaders of one political faction were consolidating themselves in power after purging the leaders of a rival faction, including Chiang Ch'ing, the widow of Mao Tse-tung. In the American campaign, the remarks of the candidates were bland and boring; in China, the rhetoric was running to extremes. At a Shanghai rally held in support of the victorious faction, one sign read "CUT CHIANG CH'ING INTO TEN THOUSAND PIECES," and a second sign, making reference to Wang Hung-wen, Deputy Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party and another of the arrested leaders, read "BLAST HIM WITH THE GUN."

The problem of orderly political succession, which no totalitarian regime has ever solved, is one aspect of the larger problem of how a political system can be changed and renewed. Mao, for one, was very much aware of this larger problem, although, as the purge of his widow a few weeks after his death makes plain, he, too, failed to solve it. In fact, the history of his years in power can be read as the story of a leader trying to keep his revolution alive by launching a series of rebellions against the very bureaucracy that he placed in power. Mao may well have been the first leader of a great nation who, in a manner of speaking, sponsored repeated revolts against himself. The first of these revolts from the top was the Hundred Flowers movement of the mid-nineteen-fifties, in which Mao invited intellectuals, scientists, and the general public to ventilate any grievances they might have against the regime. This they did, with an intensity that apparently caught the regime by surprise, and the experiment was soon brought to an end. The second revolt was the Great Leap Forward of the late nineteen-fifties, in which Mao encouraged his people to broadly disregard the doctrine of centralized planning and to take production into their own hands at the local level. The result was a drastic dislocation of the economy, and this experiment, too, was brought to an end after several years. The third, and largest, revolt to be launched by Mao against his own regime was the Cultural Revolution of the late nineteen-sixties, in which he unleashed the youth of China in a fierce and chaotic attack on the Communist Party bureaucracy. This campaign, with which the recently purged leaders were associated, led to the most severe disruption of Chinese society to date, and also had to be ended. These abortive attempts by a revolutionary in power to prevent his revolution from freezing into a monolithic, unchallengeable bureaucracy may seem remote from the experience of the United States, yet the framers of our Constitution also thought deeply about the problem of entrenched political power. To combat it, they came up with the idea of periodic elections, and with the idea of the separation of governmental powers. They built contending forces into the system, so that change, when it had to come, could come without violence, from within. This system, although it has come close to collapse in recent years, still endures. If Americans were displeased with the choice they were offered in this election, they can at least take some satisfaction from the relatively orderly way in which, for the forty-eighth time in our history, the choice was made. Here, the leaders of the losing party had not been purged, and no one was trying to blast anyone else with the gun.

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Two Gatherings

SEVEN Scottish clan chiefs—the Marquis of Graham, Chief-Designate of Clan Graham; Commander Iain Alexander Gunn of Banniskirk, Chief of Clan Gunn; Dr. Iain M. Morrison of Ruchdi, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.P., Chief of Clan Morrison; "The Chisholm," Chief of Clan Chisholm; the Rt. Hon. Lord Strathspey, Chief of Clan Grant; David Ross of Ross, Chief of Clan Ross; and Kenneth Trist Urquhart of That Ilk, Chief of Clan Urquhart—and their ladies came in ceremonial dress to the dedication of Scotland House, the new cultural, hospitality, and information center sponsored by the American-Scottish Foundation, the other day. Several of the chiefs were wearing the three eagle feathers of their rank in their bonnets, and although a Highland chief in the eighteenth century carried two claw-handled steel pistols, a silver-studded bullhide shield, a yard-long basket-hilted double-edged broadsword on one hip, a silver-scrolled dirk on the other, and a small black knife in the hose on one calf, at the dedication the chiefs carried only the small knife on the calf. Mayor Abraham Beame came right on time to the ribbon-cutting on East Thirty-ninth Street in front of Scotland House, and he made a speech thanking Scotland for many fine products: Bobby Burns, the sport of curling, and Scotch whiskey. He recited a few lines of poetry in a Scottish burr that was kind of rusty. Then everyone went inside for drinks.

An Englishwoman next to us was

complaining about the traffic on Thirty-ninth Street.

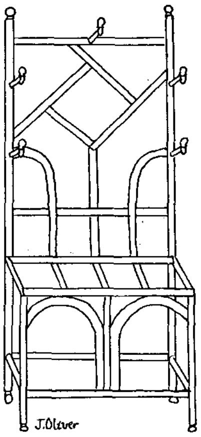
"Oh, that's just traffic from the Queens Midtown Tunnel," said her American companion.

"Which queen would that be?" she asked.

•

LATER, Outward Bound, the educational organization that pursues self-discovery, concern for others, and confidence through strenuous group and individual physical interaction with the teaching medium of the wilderness (not Upward Bound—that's something else), held a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar-a-plate benefit dinner dance at the Plaza Hotel. Guests were advised that black tie or bluejeans would be O.K., but only a few of the five hundred guests wore bluejeans, although one man did wear a T-shirt with a picture of a dinner jacket on it. Instead of the paper drink chits customary at such affairs, guests were given small polished black stones to exchange for beer or cocktails. In the Terrace Room, beneath the Grand Ballroom, instructors at Project Urban Suburban Environments, a New Jersey-based Outward Bound offshoot, helped men in dinner jackets and stocking feet cross the three-rope Burma bridge that had been strung from wall to column (with heavy blankets protecting the column from rope burn) earlier in the day. Women took off their high heels and tried to climb the inclined log in their evening gowns. Also, a rappelling line and a belaying line (mountaineer's rigging used to descend sheer cliffs) were rigged in the stairwell of the Grand Staircase, and many people lowered themselves down it.

Tom DeLoach, a blond, blue-eyed North Carolinian Outward Bound instructor, said to us, "Try the rappel. It's completely safe. Those ropes are five-thousand-pound test. Try the Burma bridge. Think you can walk up the inclined log? Try it. At Outward Bound, we used to concentrate on wilderness survival, but now we're much more interested in self-knowledge and contemplation. Sure you don't want to try the Australian trolley? We've changed our outlook on the solo, which is a very important part of the O.B. course, where the student spends three days completely by himself in the wilderness. We used to leave people out in the woods with nothing but the clothes on their backs, but they spent so much time foraging for raspberries or frogs to eat that they weren't really able to contemplate or have an adequate appreciation of the experience. Now we give them a sleeping bag, a tarp, and a small amount of food. C'mon—try the Burma bridge. Anybody can do it."



More Brains

YOU can keep your astrological charts, tarot cards, and mystical pyramids. For really far-out insights into the nature of things, we'll take a good scientific meeting anytime—especially one devoted to the brain sciences. We recently attended such a meeting (sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences and held at the Hotel Roosevelt), where serious consideration was given to the possibility that every person's skull is inhabited by not one but two conscious beings. This suggestion came from Dr. Roland Puccetti, of Dalhousie University, in Halifax. Dr. Puccetti is a philosopher who has been trying to make sense out of the results of the so-called split-brain operations. A series of these operations was performed, beginning in 1961, by neurosurgeons in California who were treating people suffering from certain kinds of severe epilepsy. The operation involved severing a bit of brain tissue, known as the corpus callosum, that serves as the principal direct link between the left and the right cerebral hemispheres. After this radical surgery, the patients had fewer epileptic seizures; indeed, to most observers, including family and friends, they appeared perfectly normal in every way. But when a team of researchers under Dr. Roger Sperry, of the California Institute of Technology, examined these patients a little more closely, it became clear that the operation had the most profound consequences. Virtually everyone attending the conference at the Hotel Roosevelt was familiar with Dr. Sperry's initial report, published in 1962, and with the subsequent flood of studies on what has come to be known as the split-brain syndrome. (To date, the operation has been performed on about sixty people.) Dr. Puccetti pointed out, however, that the scientific community has not yet begun to come to grips with the implications of this work. The facts, as recapitulated by Dr. Puccetti and several other speakers, are these:

The human body is bilaterally symmetrical in its basic design, with many structures arranged in matching pairs along a central axis: two legs, two arms, two lungs, two eyes, two ears—and two cerebral hemispheres. Given this anatomical organization, one would not expect to find any great difference between the two halves of the brain, and, as a general rule, each hemisphere functions as a mirror image of the other: the left side of the brain controls the muscles on the right side of the body, and vice versa. But there is a major exception to this neat division of labor: in most people, speech is controlled exclusively by one hemisphere. No one knows why, but, barring dislocations caused by childhood injury, it is usually the left side of the brain that does all the talking. (Human beings also show a more apparent form of cerebral specialization: for most tasks requiring skill or strength, the great majority of people use their right hand, which is the exclusive servant of the left hemisphere.) The corpus callosum is an inch long, about as thick in places as a pencil, and contains some two hundred million nerve fibres, which are constantly transmitting messages from one hemisphere of the brain to the other. Unfortunately, the neural disturbances that result in epileptic seizures can also jump across this bridge; by cutting the corpus callosum in epileptic patients, neurosurgeons can prevent future seizures from disturbing the entire brain. In studying patients who had undergone this operation, Dr. Sperry and his colleagues had a unique opportunity to learn just how different the hemispheres of the human brain are—if they could devise ways of addressing questions to, and getting answers from, only one hemisphere at a time. To do this, they took advantage of the design of the neural "wiring" that connects the eye to the brain. The retina of each eye normally reports on what it sees to both cerebral hemispheres, and the nerve tracts over which this information travels were not severed in the split-brain operation. But there is a division of labor within the retina itself; half of each retina reports to the left hemisphere and half reports to the right. By positioning an image so that only one half of each eye could see it, the researchers were able to communicate with each hemisphere separately. For example, pictures were flashed on a screen in such a way that they were visible only to the left hemisphere of the split-brain patient. Asked to identi-

Larry's
PAINTED DESERT
SCHLOCK SHOP
FAKE HANDICRAFTS
TASTELESS SOUVENIRS
OVERPRICED GIFTS
PHONEY JUNK
Larry's

• •

fy a picture of a woman, the patient had no trouble saying, "That's a woman." But when the same picture was flashed only to the right hemisphere, the patient reported seeing nothing at all—because the right hemisphere cannot talk, and because, with the corpus callosum cut, the mute half of the brain could not supply information about the image to the speech hemisphere. At first, the researchers assumed that the right hemisphere was dull-witted—an underdeveloped cerebral territory. But then someone suggested that what had been done so far was the equivalent of giving an oral I.Q. test to a mute. So a new test was devised: a picture of a toothbrush was shown to the right hemisphere, and the patient was asked to touch some objects behind a screen and indicate which one matched the picture. The patient's left hand, controlled by the right hemisphere, rejected a comb, a pipe, and a pencil, and triumphantly held up a toothbrush. Experiments like these proved that the right hemisphere could understand simple instructions and act on them. As the testing grew more sophisticated, the researchers gained more and more respect for the abilities of the right hemisphere. Although the left hemisphere excelled on tests requiring language and mathematical skills, the right hemisphere was superior on tests involving visual comprehension—such as recognizing faces and reading maps. The researchers then devised an ingenious series of experiments that pitted the two hemispheres against each other. So-called "chimeric stimuli" were projected on a divided screen so that each hemisphere of the split-brain patient saw a different image; for instance, while the left hemisphere was looking at half a woman's face the right hemisphere was looking at half a man's face. Asked to describe what he sees in this situation, the typical patient says, "A woman," because that is what the left hemisphere sees. But if he is told to point with his left hand to a picture similar to the one he has just seen, the same patient points to a picture of a man. If he is asked why his left hand is doing that, the split-brain patient will usually invent some feeble excuse ("I must have been thinking about something else"). If pressed for an explanation, he will express bewilderment. The bewilderment is genuine: as far as researchers can tell, split-brain patients are not aware of seeing fragmented images; each hemisphere of the brain apparently completes the half faces in the chimeric image, so that the right hemisphere "sees" a whole man's face and the left hemisphere "sees" a whole woman's face.

Several speakers at the conference cautioned against building up elaborate theories about normal brain function on the basis of the split-brain research; they pointed out that all the patients chosen for the operation have abnormal brains to begin with, and that the precise role of the corpus callosum in the intact, healthy brain is still a mystery. But Dr. Puccetti, who read the final paper, insisted that some conclusions could be drawn from the indisputable fact that split-brain patients exhibit a "duplex consciousness." It is inconceivable, Dr. Puccetti said, that cutting the corpus callosum can instantaneously create two conscious entities out of one, the way cutting a flatworm in half creates two smaller but still wriggling flatworms. It is easier to believe that *every person is born with two conscious* minds that share "perceptions from and control of the same body." Although information is exchanged across the corpus callosum, there is not necessarily any difference in quality between information coming from the adjacent hemisphere and information coming from nerves in the foot or the hand. The verbally skilled hemisphere has no reason to be aware of what the mute hemisphere is "thinking," any more than it is aware of what the hemispheres in other brains are thinking.

In what may well be a "first" for a scientific meeting, Dr. Puccetti tried to clear up any confusion about what part of *his* brain was speaking to the brains of the listeners. "I, a firm right-hander and author of this paper," he said, "am based in the left hemisphere."

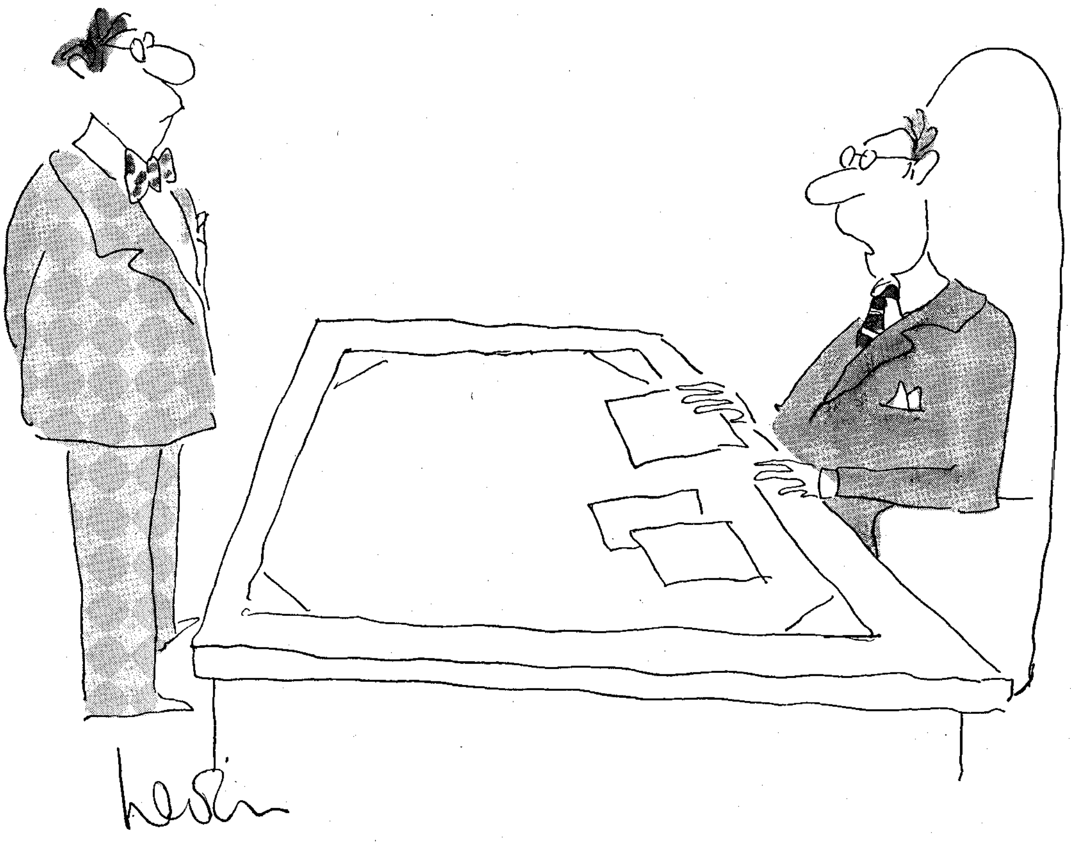
Words and Music

George Gershwin has been dead thirty-nine years, and his brother Ira, whose words went with so many of George's songs, is, at the age of nearly eighty, living in retirement out near what Cole Porter called, in one of his lyrics, "far Hollywood." But a couple of weeks ago the Graduate School of the City University of New York, which some time ago absorbed City College, held an in-absentia ceremony for Ira, who dropped out of City College after fumbling vector analysis sixty years ago, and awarded him its President's Medal for being "one of the truly authentic geniuses of American popular music in the 20th century." The medal was accepted by Ira's sister, Frances Gershwin Godowsky, who was in the chorus of one or two Broadway musicals. Ira, who has written only an occasional lyric since the fifties, did not want to make the long trip back East; he may have had in mind the fact that Jerome Kern, when well along in years, was told by his doctors never again to risk the New York climate. Ira lives with his wife and a cat, Tinker Bell, in a house with a tennis court. He walks every day on the tennis court, and his doctors play on it. After the ceremony, there was a little gathering in a room at the City University Graduate Center, on West Forty-second Street (a building that got its start as Aeolian Hall, a small but worthy rival of Carnegie Hall), where there assembled a group of famous émigrés who had made the transition from Broadway to the Coast at about the time movies learned to talk and sing. The advent of sound in the Hollywood studios brought about a second Gold Rush. Anyone who could act, or sing, or dance, or write, or compose, or play an instrument was pinned down by the studio agents and carried captive to the Coast. Some of these talents never came back, but of those who did there were quite a few in that little room that afternoon: Harold Arlen (whose first big hit was "Get Happy"), Yip Harburg ("How Are Things in Glocca Morra?" and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"), Burton Lane (the music for "Finian's Rainbow"), Kay Swift ("Fine and Dandy"), and such. There were others, too: Irving Howe, Distinguished Professor of English at the Graduate School and author of "World of Our Fathers;" Bud Greenspan, producer of the vivid TV series "The Olympiad;" Alfred Simon, one of the Simon & Schuster Simons, who was a rehearsal pianist for "Of Thee I Sing."

The old curmudgeon, who had been a rehearsal pianist himself—"girl singers, *pretty* girl singers"—was naturally drawn to Al Simon. Sipping a delectable punch in which dozens of marinated strawberries were bobbing, they began discussing the Goodspeed Opera House, in East Haddam, Connecticut, where Simon has been active since his retirement as director of light music for WQXR. The past two years have been years of revivals, and the Goodspeed has helped out with two of them, both of which have come to Broadway. "I was particularly happy," said the curmudgeon to Simon, "that you brought back 'Very Good Eddie.' I was raised on 'Very Good Eddie,' and I played that music in a dance band I helped put together while I was still in prep school. It was great to have that Kern music back on Broadway."

The conversation shifted to the old Princess Theatre, on West Thirty-ninth Street, where every year, for quite a few years, a new Kern musical was launched, mostly in collaboration with Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. "It seated only two hundred and ninety-nine people," the curmudgeon said, "because in those days any theatre with less than three hundred seats got special concessions on the fire laws."

"You'd need two thousand seats today to make it pay," said Yip Harburg, joining in. "That's why I've been writing light verse, not shows. I'm



"Hartley, I have the unpleasant task of informing you that your services are no longer required. However, your efforts have not been unappreciated. The company has therefore empowered me to grant you three wishes."

just bringing out a second book, 'At This Point in Rhyme.' "

"What else have you been up to?" we asked.

"What *else*?" said Harburg. "Does that sound like a sideline? I've just written a whole *book*."

Professor Barry Brook, head of the Ph.D. program in music, then asked Harburg if he would talk to the whole room. Harburg, a jaunty man for all his eighty years, is a cross between a leprechaun and Carl Sandburg in appearance and manner. Harburg and Ira Gershwin met when, by virtue of alphabetical order, they sat next to each other at Townsend Harris Hall, a prep school for C.C.N.Y., with a tough entrance exam, for bright kids who wanted to skip a year. "I don't know how Ira got in," Harburg told the room. "He was so guileless and so honest. We became fast friends when it turned out we both read W. Schwenck Gilbert's 'Bab Ballads.' We started compiling and passing around a newspaper of jokes and rhymes on tissue paper in math class, called the *Daily Pass-it*, and sending triolets and ballads and all those complicated French forms of light verse to F.P.A.'s column in the *Tribune*. George Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Dorothy Parker, Howard Dietz, Deems Taylor—they all got a start contributing light verse to F.P.A. That's how we got adroit. Modern lyric writers lack this ability. We were classmates again at C.C.N.Y., and I studied integral calculus and got a B.S. Ira dropped out. However, he read a book every two days and had to change his glasses every month. He had a little brother, George, who was a nuisance, a thorn in his side, who liked to dress up in spats and wore a bowler hat at the age of seventeen. Ira said, 'He flits around with girls too much. He doesn't like to read. He's a dropout.' And George did drop out of the High School of Commerce. Ira's mother was a lady of class. She told Ira, 'We have to do something to raise our status. I think I'll buy a piano, and you'll learn to play it, because Georgie just likes to bum around.' Ira didn't give a damn about the piano. I was there as the piano was hauled in the window of the Gershwins' house on Second Avenue at Fifth Street—Second Avenue was quite a classy street—and George's mother stood on the sidewalk in her fur coat and directed the operation. And I was there when George came in that afternoon and played, with both hands, an Irving Berlin hit. Ira was surprised and relieved. Having a telephone in those days was like having a Cadillac. The telephones in the neighborhood were in the drugstore or at the grocer's. George had a job calling people to the phone in a piano shop—only instead of taking the two cents for running the errand he asked for ten minutes on a piano. It turned out he had a completely natural sense of chords and harmony. From then on, Ira was a free man. The rest is history."

"Now, there's a speech," said the old curmudgeon, "that should go right into an oral history of American music."

"You're right," said Professor Brook. "I'm making one, and I got it on tape."

Al Simon sat down at an upright piano, and Professor Brook distributed Ira Gershwin song sheets. Frankie Godowsky sang "How Long Has This Been Going On?"—a song written for Adele Astaire and Jack Buchanan in "Funny Face" and cut from the show before it got to New York. When the applause died down, Frankie Godowsky bowed and said, "This is a top-drawer joint." Then everybody sang, *con brio*, "They All Laughed" and Harburg sang a song, "Let's Take a Walk Around the Block," that he wrote with Harold Arlen and Ira for the Bert Lahr-Ray Bolger revue "Life Begins at 8:40."

"Those lyrics! Those lyrics!" said the old curmudgeon. " 'In winter at Christmas/We'll visit the Isthmus.' "

"Oh," said Harburg. "It's all just an extension of that old tissue paper."

THE FAIRY GODFATHERS

"OH, Pumpkin," Tod would say. "Nobody likes us."

"That's not quite true," she would answer, her lips going cloudy in that way they had when she thought.

They were lovers, so the smallest gesture of hers flooded his attention, making his blood heavy. He knew exactly whom she meant. He objected, "But they're paid to."

"I think they would anyway," she answered, again after thought. She added, "Oz *loves* you."

"He doesn't love me, he just thinks that my self-hatred is slightly excessive."

"He loves you."

Oz was his psychiatrist. Rhadamanthus was hers. Tod had met Rhadamanthus but once, in the grim avocado hall outside his office. Pumpkin had gone in, as usual, flustered and harried, self-doubting and guilty, and had emerged flushed and smoothed and cheerful. Behind her, on this one occasion, loomed a shadow, but a shadow Tod could no more contemplate than he could look directly into the sun. He knew that, via her discourse, he dwelt, session after session, within this shadow, and as he took the man's unenthusiastically offered hand Tod had the strange sensation of reaching out and touching, in a sense, himself.

After her next session, Pumpkin said, "He wondered why you wouldn't look him in the eye."

"I couldn't. He's too wonderful."

"He thinks *you're* wonderful."

"The hell he does."

"He does. He loves what you're doing for me."

"I'm ruining your life."

"He thinks my life was very neurotic and I'm incredibly stupid to grieve the way I do."

"Life is grief," Tod said, tired of this conversation.

"He thinks my life was very neurotic," Pumpkin told him, "and I'm incredibly stupid to grieve."

"SHE repeats herself," Tod told Oz.

Oz rustled in his chair and touched the fingertips of his right hand to his right temple. His every gesture, however small, won Tod's full attention. "That doesn't seem to me so very bad," the psychiatrist said, with the casual power of delivery attainable at only the highest, thinnest altitude of wisdom. It was like golf on the moon; even a chip shot sailed for miles. Oz's smile was a celestial event. "You spend so much of your own energy"—he smiled—"avoiding repeating yourself."

Tod wondered why Oz was so insistently Pumpkin's champion. Through the tangle of his patient's words, Oz seemed to see an ideal Pumpkin glowing. They looked rather alike: broad pale faces, silver hair, eyes the no-color of platinum. Unearthly personalities. Whereas Rhadamanthus, in Tod's sense of him, was subterranean in essence: there was something muddy and hearty and dark and directive about the man. Pumpkin would return from her sessions as from a cave, blinking and reborn. Whereas Tod descended from a session with Oz giddy and aerated, his blood full of bubbles, his brain intoxicated by its refreshed power to fantasize and hope. Oz was, Tod flattered himself, more purely Freudian than Rhadamanthus.

"Oz says," he would say, "I shouldn't mind your repeating yourself."

"Rhadamanthus says," was her answer, "I don't repeat myself. At least he's never noticed it."

"You trust him to hear you the first time," Tod theorized. "He's realer to you than I am. You repeat yourself with me because you doubt that I'm there."

"Where?"

"In the world your head makes. Don't be sad. Freud says I'm not really real to anybody." It was seldom out of Tod's mind that his name was also a word for death. He had been forty before this had really sunk in.

IN those days, their circumstances were reduced. He lived in a room in a city, and she would visit him. From the fourth-floor landing he would look down, having rung the buzzer of admission, and see her hand suddenly alight, like a butterfly in forest depths, on the stair railing far below. As she ascended, there was something sinister and inexorable in the way her hand gripped the bannister in steady upward hops. After the second-floor landing, her entire arm became visible—in fur or tweeds, in cotton sleeve or bare, depending on the season—and at the turn on the third landing she would gaze upward and smile, her face broad and luminous and lunar. She would be coming from a session with Rhadamanthus, and as he embraced her on the fourth-floor landing Tod could feel in the smoothness of her cheeks and the strength of her arms and the cloudy hunger of her lips the recent infusion of the wizard's blessing. She would go into his meagre room and kick off her shoes and tell him of the session.

"He was good," she would say, judiciously, as if each week she tasted a different wine.

"Did he say you should go back?"

"Of course not. He thinks that would be terribly neurotic. Why do you even ask? You're projecting. *You* want me to go back. Does Oz want me to go back, so you can go back? He hates me."

"He loves you. He says you've done wonders for my masculinity."

"So would weight-lifting."

He paused to laugh, then continued to grope after the shadow of himself that lived in the magic cave of her sessions with Rhadamanthus. He flitted about in there, he felt, as a being semi-sublime, finer even than any of the approbation Pumpkin reported. "He thinks," she would say, wearily, "one of my problems is I've gone from one extreme to the other. You sound just utterly lovely to him, in the way you treat me, your children, Lulu . . ."

The mention of Lulu did bad things to him. "I am *not* utterly lovely," he protested. "I can be quite cruel. Here, I'll show you." And he seized Pumpkin's bare foot as it reposed before him and twisted until she screamed and fell to the floor with a thump.

"I THINK it was her foot I chose," Tod told Oz the next Tuesday, "rather than twisting her arm or pulling her hair, say, because her feet are especially freighted for me with erotic import. The first time I was vividly conscious of wanting to, you know, have her, I had dropped over at their house on a Saturday afternoon to return a set of ratchet wrenches of Roger's I had borrowed, and while I was standing there in the hall she came up from the cellar in bare feet. I thought to myself, Goes into the cellar barefoot—that's great. The only other woman I knew who went barefoot everywhere was my wife. Lulu even plays tennis barefoot, and leaves little toe marks all over the clay. Then, about Pumpkin, at these meetings of the Recorder Society she would wear those dumb sort of wooden sandals that are supposed to be good for your arches, and during the rests of the tenor part I could see underneath the music sheet her little pink toes beating time for the soprano, very fast and fluttery—eighth notes. Soprano parts tend to have eighth notes. And then, the first time we spent the whole night together, coming back from the bathroom, with her still asleep and feeling sort of strange—me, I mean—here she was asleep with this wonderful one foot stuck out from beneath the blankets. She loves to have her toes sucked."

It seemed to Tod that Oz shifted uneasily in his chair; there was a creak that could be leather or a furtive noise of digestion. Tod's weekly appointment came after the lunch hour, and he had a sensation, sometimes, of being engorged by the psychiatrist, dissolving, attacked by enzymes of analysis. Tod persisted with this pedal theme. "The winter before last, I just remembered, Lulu took the wrong Wellington boots away from the carol sing, and they turned out to be *her* boots, and they were too big for Lulu, which is surprising, since Lulu is slightly taller. *Her* feet, I should say, Lulu's, are quite high-arched, almost like hooves, which is why they leave such marks on the tennis court. When I met her at college, the soles were so tough she could stamp out cigarettes barefoot, as a trick. The third and fourth toes aren't divided all the way down, and she used to hate to have me mention this. Or anything about her feet, for that matter. Yet she never wore shoes if she could help it, and when we'd walk on the beach she'd always admire her own prints in the sand. For the gap where the arch was." Suddenly the theme was exhausted. "What do you make of it?" Tod asked weakly.

Oz sighed. His platinum eyes seemed to be watering. Tod felt that Oz, gazing at him, saw a deep, though fathomable, well of sorrow—sorrow and narcissistic muddle. "It's a paradox," the psychiatrist said, sadly.

Lulu's attitude toward her own feet, he must mean. Tod went on, "After they swapped the right boots back, Pumpkin said to me at a party that Lulu's had pinched, and I had this odd wish to defend Lulu, as if she had been insulted. Even now, I keep wanting to defend Lulu. Against you, for example. I feel you've undermined her, by giving some sort of silent approval to my leaving her. Everybody else is horrified. Everybody else likes Lulu. So do I. She's very likable."

Oz sighed in the special way that signalled the end of a session. "What's that old saying?" he asked, casually. "If the shoe fits . . ."

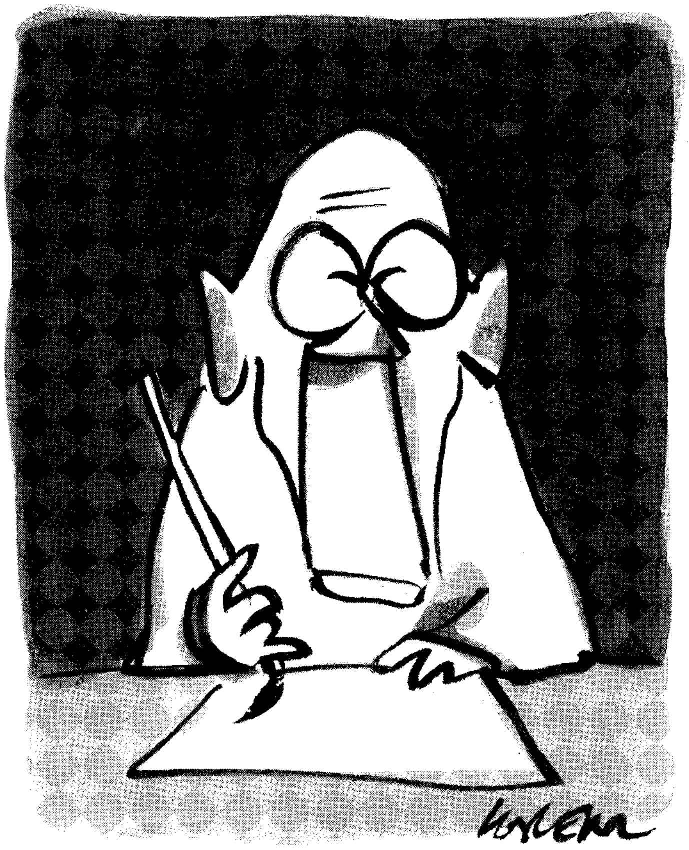
"WHAT did he say?" Pumpkin asked anxiously, over the telephone. She had had a bad day, of crying children and unpayable bills. Roger was bombarding her with affidavits and depositions.

"Oz attacked Lulu," Tod told her. "He implied she was a shoe I should stop wearing."

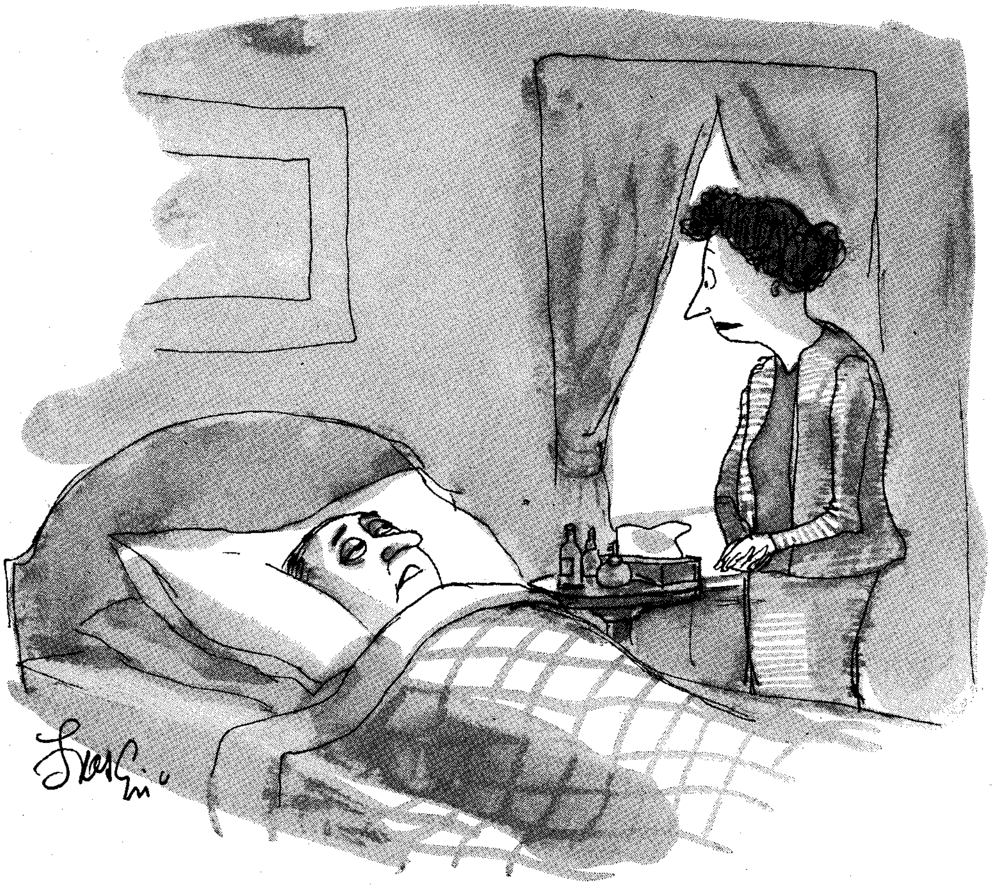
"That's not an attack, it's a possibility," Pumpkin

HEADLINE-MAKERS

CHANG TSU-TSENG



The current upheaval in the People's Republic of China has demonstrated once again the pivotal role played in the Chinese political process by the slogans and songs that mysteriously flood the country at such times. Long thought to be the product of a special unit of the Central Committee, they are now known to be the work of one man, an obscure bureaucrat from Shansi Province named Chang Tsu-tseng. Working with only a brush, a sheaf of foolscap, and a slide whistle, Comrade Chang has for thirty years been both the Richard Rodgers and the Lorenz Hart of the People's Ongoing Struggle. During that period, he has produced literally hundreds of slogans, posters, chants, and songs, of which "Persevere, Comrades, and be brave! The teeth of the running dogs of revisionism cannot rend the pantaloons of a proletariat guided by the wisdom of Chairman Mao" is merely the best known. Comrade Chang lives quietly with his wife and three children in a government compound near Peking, where, during periods of political calm, he enjoys operating the switchboard. Although he has no ambition beyond "the inevitable triumph of Communism," Comrade Chang did express regret that "current circumstances" made it impossible for him to visit New York and shake hands with the "Daily News" man who wrote "Ford to City: Drop Dead."



"I know the doctor said this is only a bad cold, but in case he's mistaken I'd like to hear side eight of 'Der Rosenkavalier' one last time."

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said. "I'm not sure you're quite sane, on the subject of Lulu."

"I'm as sane as you are on the subject of Roger."

"I'm quite sane on the subject of Roger. Rhadamanthus says I was all along, only I doubted my own perceptions."

"I've always liked Roger. He's always been very sweet to me."

"That's one of his poses."

"He loaned me his ratchet wrenches."

"You should hear him go on about those ratchet wrenches now."

"Who do you trust more on the subject of Roger—me who's met him or Rhadamanthus who hasn't? I say he is sweet." Whence this irritability and unreason? Tod couldn't understand himself. Once, when Pumpkin had wavered and it seemed she might go back to her husband, he had been in agony. His heart had turned over and over in jealousy like a lump of meat in a cauldron of stew.

"Rhadamanthus," Pumpkin answered, to a question he had forgotten asking.

"He thinks you're his princess," Tod snapped. "He thinks I sully you, no doubt."

"He thinks you're *beautiful*," she said, infuriatingly.

"Who *are* these men anyway," Tod countered, "to run our lives? What do we know about *them*? Are *their* marriages so great, that they should put ours down? From the way Oz's stomach burbles I think he has an ulcer. As to your guy, I didn't like the shifty way he shambled out the door that time. He wouldn't look me in the eye. What do you two *do* in there anyway?"

Pumpkin was crying. "Go back," she said. "That's what you're saying to me you want to do. Go back to Lulu and have pinchy feet." She hung up.

But the next time he saw her, after her Thursday session with Rhadamanthus, the psychiatrist had told her that wasn't what Tod had meant at all; he meant that in truth he loved her very much, and she loved him. She felt all smooth and plumped-up on the fourth-floor landing, and inside his room she kicked off her shoes and told all that had been disclosed in the cave of knowing.

THEY seemed, sometimes, as they moved about the city enacting their romance, gloves on the hands of giants, embodiments of others' hopes. They had no friends. They had children, but these they had wounded. Tears glistened about them like the lights of the city seen reflected in the square pool beside the round white table of an outdoor restaurant. In museums, tall stainless-steel constructs probed space to no clear purpose, and great striped canvases rewarded their respectful stares with a gaudy blankness. In movie houses, her hair tickled his ear as pink limbs intertwined or Sherlock Holmes stalked through the artificial mist of a Hollywood heath. They liked revivals; Esther Williams smiled triumphantly underwater, and Judy Garland, young again, hit the high note. Outside, under the glitter of the marquee, ice glistened on the brick pavements, and chandeliers warmed the bay windows of apartments whose floors and furniture they would never see. They were happy in limbo. At night, sirens wailed lullabies of disasters that kept their distance. Traffic licked the streets. Airplanes tugged snug the blanket of sky. They awoke to find it had snowed through all their dreaming, and the street was as hushed as a print by Currier & Ives—the same street where in spring magnolias bloomed first on the sunny side and then, weeks later, on the side of constant shade. They walked enchanted, scared, unknown but for the unseen counsellors whose blessings fed the night like the breathing of stars. Then the world rotated; the children stopped crying, the pace of legal actions slowed, the city lights faded behind them. They bought a house. He built bookshelves, she raised flowers. For economy's sake, they stopped seeing psychiatrists. Now when she said to him, "You're beautiful," it came solely from her, and when he answered, "So are you," it was to quell the terror that visited them, stark as daylight, plain as the mailman. For Tod was death and Pumpkin was hollow and the fairy godfathers had vanished, taking with them the lovers' best selves.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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When I first started to paint, I would often find myself driving for miles to find something that would justify my time and effort. The longer I paint, the more often I find subjects close at hand. I have, and you will, come to the mature realization that, as a song of some years back said, "It ain't what you do, it's how that you do it!"—*"Keys to Successful Landscape Painting," by Foster Caddell.*

And it ain't what you quote, it's the way that you quote it.

THE BOBBY BISON BUY

Bobby Bison wants to give you Upscale Families. Bobby Bison wants to give you Affluent Purchasers. Bobby Bison wants to give you the best. You want to reach the Young Affordables—that group of thin-skinned influentials who make *sixty-three per cent* of all cordial liquor purchases. What are your options? You *could* try for a television buy. You could buy three hundred ten-second spots. You could buy five thousand five-second spots. You could position a pre-prime saturation glut in the "shoulder" periods. *Or* you can make the Bobby Bison Buy.

Buy the Bobby Bison Affordables

Buy the Bobby Bison Affordables. Buy them outright. Tell Bobby how many you want. Tell Bobby what you want them to do. Bobby Bison wants to help.

Look at the Bobby Bison Affordables

The Bobby Bison Affordables are on the beach. The Bobby Bison Affordables are in their loft bed. The Bobby Bison Affordables are covering themselves with special unguents and lotions. The Affordables are using their pretty colored telephones; the Affordables are employing an unusual appliance to uncork a bottle; the Affordables are taking their trust officer to lunch. The Bobby Bison Affordables are *three times as likely to have a personal trust officer as the viewers of the two most popular "shoulder" period family-access television programs.*

Bobby Bison controls the kind of up-target pliable you just can't reach with television. Look at the numbers. Ninety-two per cent of the Bobby Bison Affordables experience some form of anxiety during the day; over sixty per cent refuse to talk to their Moms, nearly forty per cent break into unexplained weeping as a matter of habit. And the Bobby Bison Affordables are *twice as likely* to experience a crippling sexual disorder as the viewers of the most popular daytime TV shows. It seems incredible. But look at the numbers:

Crippling Sexual Disorder

	% NO	% YES
DAYTIME TV VIEWERS:		
"Day After Tedious Day"	84.5	15.5
"Ryan's Lunch"	73	27
"Don't Count on It"	71.2	28.8
BOBBY BISON AFFORDABLES:	42	58

Bobby Bison Delivers His Affordables

With television you're supposed to be getting boxcar numbers. But just where are they? A lot of those television Affordables are leaving their sets on and going out. Make a television buy and you are paying for these unresponsive "viewers." Bobby Bison delivers his Affordables. Bobby Bison *owns* his Affordables. Outright. If a Bobby Bison Affordable refuses to buy your product you just tell Bobby Bison, and that Affordable better watch his or her step. *Bobby Bison Affordables do what they're told.* Whenever you actually want Affordables delivered to your door, Bobby Bison Can Do. Bobby will deliver boxcar after boxcar of Affordables to your point of purchase. Try getting that kind of response even from a prime-time television buy!

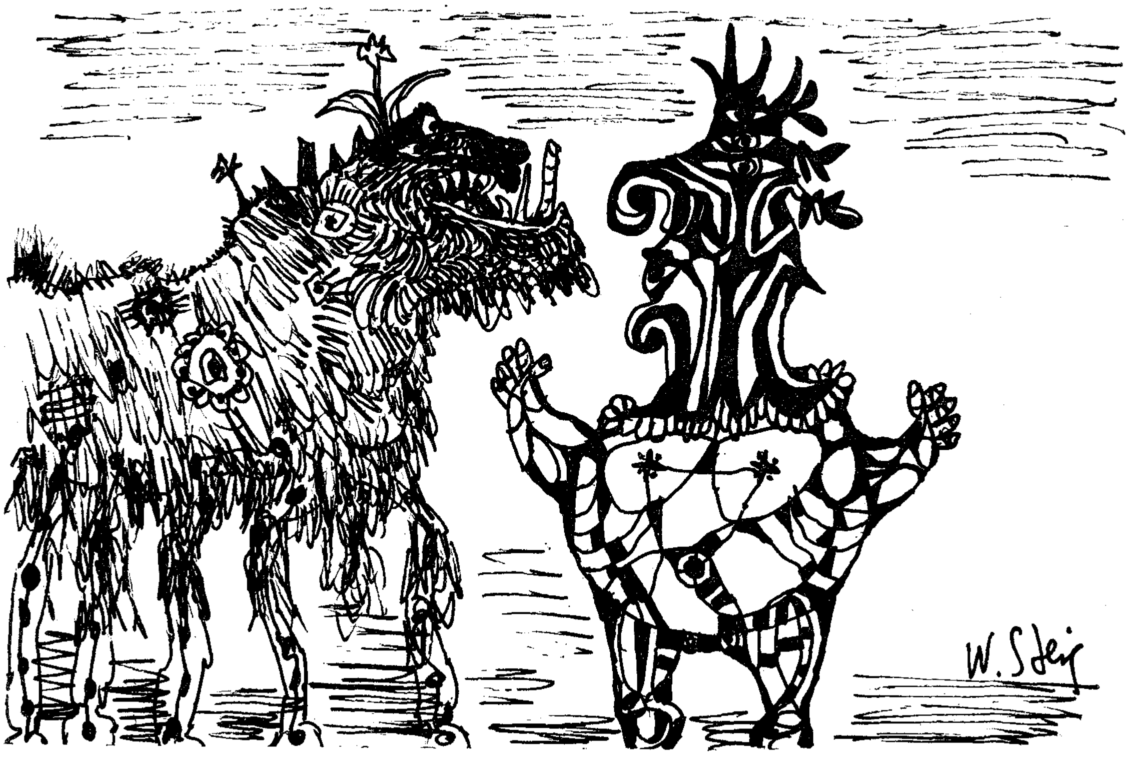
One More Word About Quality

As a media man you are concerned with the intrusion of Low Reach undesirables into your prime-zone boxcar numbers, are you not? And you should be worried about tandem-ad gluts. You know that after two or three tandem-ad gluts the television Affordables "tune out," leaving you with an audience of oldsters and welfare mamas. In this atmosphere, doesn't it make sense to make the Bobby Bison Buy?

Make the Bobby Bison Buy

A Young Affordable will contact you. Call Bobby Bison and he will send a Young Affordable to your office. The Young Affordable will explain the Bobby Bison Buy. If you like, the Young Affordable will bring you a little lunch. And a little bottle of Vichy water to wash it down. This is the Affordable life style—fabulous little sandwiches with the crusts cut off and a pleasing bottle of Vichy water to wash them down. Your Young Affordable will explain the Affordable life style. He'll tell you about the super little trips, the cunning plans for apartment living, the expensive therapies, the outrageous outlays for liquor and other stimulants. He'll tell you about the futile impulse purchases that keep each Young Affordable deep in debt. You will agree that you need to reach this fabulous Young Affordable. And if you want to reach this fabulous Young Affordable, you'll find him in Bobby Bison's hip pocket—lonely and ready to buy.

—George W. S. Trow



Ancient Confrontation

MY FATHER'S CAR

WHEN she called, I was reading. It was late and the light from the standing lamp made a circle over me as I lay on the couch. The cat was curled at my feet. A cup of tea was within reach. When I moved to answer the phone, my book fell to the floor.

It was Gerda calling. If my father had married her, she would have been his widow. Instead, she was the dead man's mistress, a friend of the deceased. Gerda told me I had to come to Brewster and take care of my father's car. It had been a month since my father's funeral and she had asked me before. She had been patient, she informed me, and reasonable. "And really, Rosie," she said, "four weeks is enough. The driveway is too full with that car all the time."

I lied and said I was sorry not to have come sooner and it would be no trouble to come in the morning. But I did add, "It's snowing now. I may not be able to get out tomorrow."

"Surely there are snowplows where you live," she said. "The weather report predicts the snow will stop before morning. It will be clear tomorrow."

"The weather report is for you. Three hours southeast. It's different upstate."

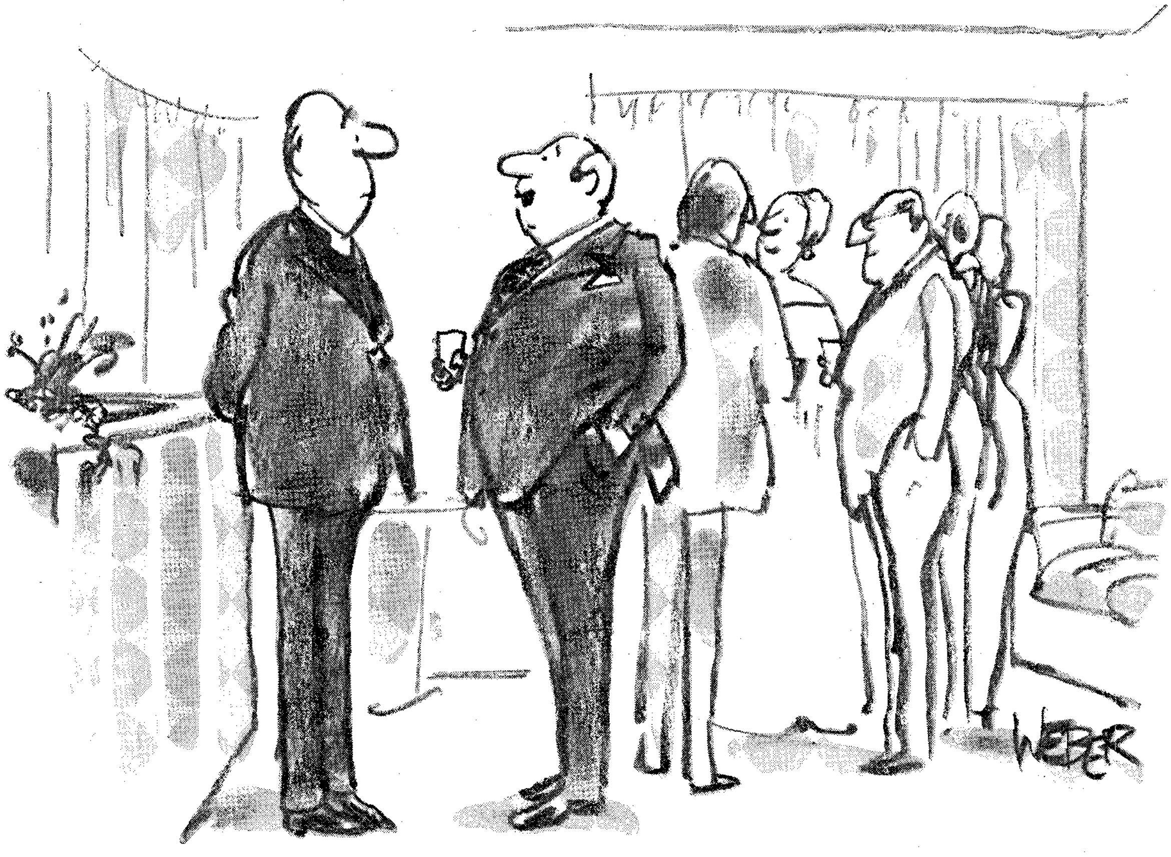
"Different?" she said, as if she doubted it, but we discussed it no further. I told her Anton was away on business, so it was a good time for me to drive down. We agreed I would call in the morning when I knew for certain if I would come. We never questioned if I would come at all. As my father's executor, I had no choice and, though middle-aged mistresses have no legal claims, she had a natural right to tell me to get his car out of her driveway. Besides, there was no one but me to tell.

I am one of seven children, and I am the only one who saw my father in what turned out to be the last ten years of his life. I was nine when my father left my mother and went to live with Gerda. There were four of us then, and I am the oldest. After he left, we continued to live in Pittsfield, and he continued to support us and to pay us occasional brief visits. My mother continued to have his children. I have wondered why he didn't have children with Gerda, if he liked having children so much. Sometimes on those visits one of my brothers would tell him to get out or stay, and demand that he make up his mind. My father always withdrew from those scenes, and since Mother never said anything, after a time the boys left him alone. He stopped visiting my mother while I was in college; at least I didn't hear about any more visits, so I guess Gerda won the last round.

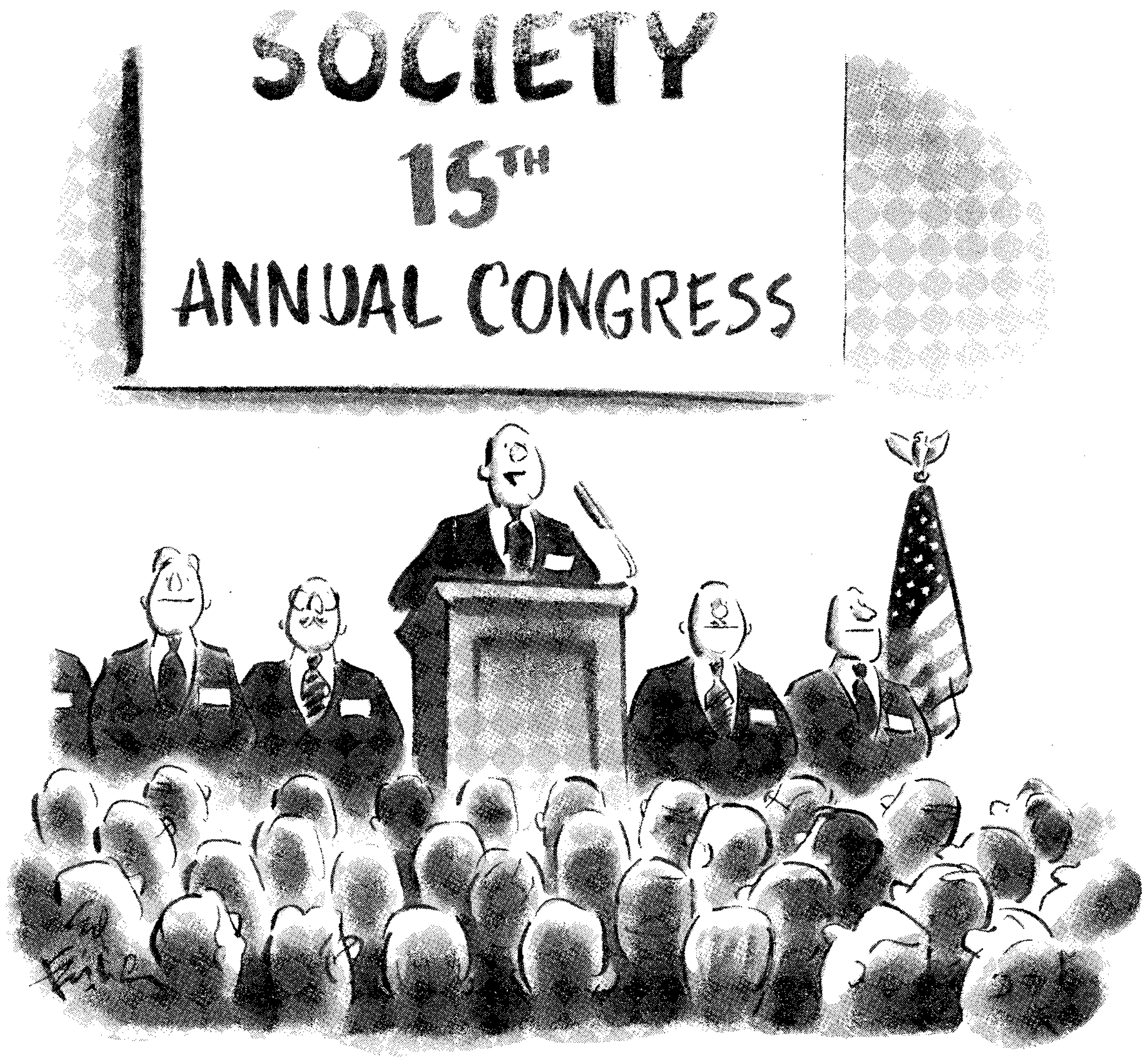
If my father was in love with her, it wasn't because Gerda was beautiful. Her hair has been gray for as long as I can remember and she has always worn it cropped close. Her features are as definite as stone, her expression as unchanging as a Buddha's. She came to America from Berlin in the thirties. As a child I had trouble understanding her when she spoke to me. On the few occasions I met her, I listened to her accent, not to her words. The other children refused to visit my father at Gerda's, and my father didn't ask more than once.

I made a folder after he died: Father's Estate. The contents are slim: a life-insurance policy, a bill from the funeral home, a will that leaves it to me to distribute his worldly goods among the children. The others didn't want anything, they told me: some one by one, some representing family factions. Two even refused the thousand dollars per child provided by his insurance. All the more for the rest of us, said one brother. Given the situation, I don't suppose any of them could have been expected to act any better, but they didn't try. My husband, Anton, and I took the money, of course. We are rebuilding an old house in Rensselaer County, and the work goes slowly. After two years, we live in three rooms of a twelve-room house. The thousand dollars would pay for a new roof and for repairing the foundation on the north side.

The funeral was in Pittsfield. At the cemetery, Gerda and my mother stayed away from each other. I considered whether I should stand next to Gerda or my mother. In the end, I stood next to Mother, who must have loved him, and I kept my eye on Gerda, who looked tired and small in her black dress. I didn't know my father was even sick until Gerda told me he was dead. His heart attack



"By all means, Reverend, continue. We people in business welcome the views of you people who are not in business."



"May I ask all in favor of a return to the old-fashioned virtues to signify by saying 'Aye.'"

• •

had surprised her, but Gerda didn't weep, as Mother did. She wouldn't reveal her loss to us, the aliens across the grave.

After the funeral, Mother went right home, and so did Gerda—to her home. The kids, as we still call ourselves, gathered up our husbands, wives, and lovers and trooped off to Friendly's. We took up every booth in the place, and ordered enormous quantities of ice cream. There were the inevitable wisecracks about family reunions and the last sundae. I didn't mind about that or about the laughing. I hadn't cried myself. But when my sister Carol said she was going to blow her entire inheritance on fried clams and a vanilla thick shake, I leaned over and told her to shut up.

After Friendly's, Anton and I drove to Brewster and checked into a motel. I didn't feel like staying in Gerda's guest room while I went through my father's possessions. In two days I disposed of everything except his car. I put aside his cameras and radio for Anton and me. His stereo was half broken for years, and Gerda said she would be glad to finally give it to the thrift shop. She didn't need anything of his, she told me. They'd maintained separate rooms in her house and shared a common area on the ground floor. I packed my father's clothes into cartons and made four trips to the thrift shop. They promised to send a truck for his desk, which was hideous, and I kept a nice pine rocker and a cherry side table. The second day, when I went through my father's books, I was surprised at how many there were. We never talked much about books and reading. I kept his complete editions—Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and one of Emerson, whom I've never been able to abide. Anton liked the binding.

Now, four weeks after my father's funeral, Anton was in Chicago. He writes for a magazine there and must be away about a month, all told, each year. After Gerda's call, I thought about her and my father, and I wondered if Anton and I were like them. Gerda, for all her European cool, was the one left behind on my father's visits to my mother. Some nights Gerda must have sat alone with a cup of tea and a book; she must have looked up from her book and wondered where my father was and what he was doing. I wondered if Gerda said her goodbyes with any more grace or trust than I did.

IN the morning, the snow had stopped and it was clear, just as Gerda's weather report had predicted. By six the snowplow had come and gone, and I did what I had to do: put out the cat, turned down the heat, locked the door. I sat in the cold car while the engine warmed up, and watched my cat watching me from the stoop. The house looked finished. It was early April and the snow would soon be gone. Then the flaws in the foundation would be exposed. Meanwhile, I was more pleased than not to be going on a journey, even if the destination was Gerda's.

Route 22 had been plowed and the shoulders were banked with white snow. By the time I was an hour south, the snow had melted into slush. Farmers were out on their tractors and I could see the brown earth they were turning. I stopped once to telephone Gerda, and she told me not to eat lunch, she would feed me. I decided to take the Taconic and then cross over to Putnam County on 84. Route 22 is more direct, but I was sick of looking at towns and houses. In the past two years, Anton and I have done a lot to our house. We have made a kitchen from an old woodshed that was about to cave in. We installed Victorian windows on the west side of the living room and stripped the front door. We ripped down all the old plaster and lath, and insulated. We sheetrocked the walls and now we're taping the seams, room by room, and painting. An old lady had died in the house, and when we moved in every room but the bedroom in which she died was stuffed with her clothes and postcards, old books, and corncobs.

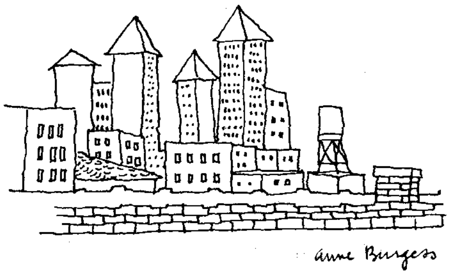
As I drove, I pictured the house, and I looked in all the windows. I could see myself in one upstairs window and Anton in another. Anton wants a baby. That would make three of us. My mother had children until she was thirty-eight, so that left me nine more years to block the bedroom windows with children's heads. My mother says how happy it makes her to see us having children of our own. I've watched the multiplication of our family with a colder eye, but still I've watched for it.

THE house Gerda shared with my father is a gray saltbox, with an addition on either end. I could see at once that the driveway wasn't adequate for both her VW and his Oldsmobile. He liked the size and comfort of the car, though he complained about the cost of fuel. My father was a real-estate broker, and after his retirement two years ago he began to put together a collection of photographs of houses he considered outstanding. An eclectic collection, he called it. He drove all over Westchester and Putnam Counties taking the pictures. He kept the back seat strewn with old newspapers he intended to read when he had the time or inclination, and with contact sheets, prints, and empty film cannisters. "Couldn't do this with seven kids," he told me once, and then remembered he was talking to me. It was true, though—seven kids would have squashed the papers and upset the boxes.

The last few times I saw my father we talked mostly about fixing up old houses. He had a good eye for cosmetic detail but he knew nothing about more basic problems. I sat and ground my teeth while he told me how to hire someone to fix plumbing Anton and I struggled to fix ourselves. He felt like a father then, I suppose, and, of course, he only knew as much as I told him. I pretended to be more ignorant than I was when he questioned me about the house, and I did the same when he questioned me about my brothers and sisters. I hated first his eagerness to know and then his arrogance as he criticized people he knew only through my lies and half-truths.

Gerda was standing at the front of the house when I arrived, and she watched as I stepped over a puddle that had formed in the driveway. I lifted my overnight bag so it wouldn't get wet, and regretted that I wasn't staying in a motel. The lane up to her house was all mud. I stayed on the driveway, sidled past the parked cars, and went in by the kitchen door.

Gerda's house is usually immaculate. The kitchen must have been installed in the fifties, and it is lined with matching appliances, Formica counters, and built-in cabinets. It is all aquamarine, except the floor, which is black-and-white linoleum tile. Now every surface in the kitchen was covered with old clothes, some folded into piles, and others lying scattered on the counters and the Formica table. Also on the table was a collection of pipes and belts and worn leather appointment books, the kind my father used.



"Where did all this come from?" I asked Gerda. "I thought I'd finished everything."

"There was more stored away, I discovered. Will you have coffee with your sandwich?" Gerda said. She took my coat and my bag and laid them on the clearest counter. She pushed aside a pile of ties on the table, and when I was seated she put a plate in front of me with a sandwich cut in quarters, two black olives, and a carrot. The sandwich was very cold, and one of the olives was lined with ice. Gerda must have made up the plate the night before, right after her call, sure I would come whatever the weather.

When she had set two cups of coffee on the table, Gerda pulled out a chair and sat down on a stack of dress shirts. "Do you think me both morbid and tasteless to do this cleaning so fast?" she asked. "Some women hang on forever to such clothing."

"Not at all. Why should you keep these things?" I said.

"You mean it is a little soon. But I do it for myself. To have all the closets and the rooms, and space in my house and my driveway. It is over for me, you see, Rosie."

I began to protest, thinking she

WATCHING THE BREAKUP

1
Trying to feel sure when you are not sure
is like walking in quicksand, though I never
saw any or even walked in a swamp,
except in the Everglades, where paths are everywhere
made of boards. An alligator was
in a pool where fish swam by his mouth
ready for eating. I met a man
who shot twelve crocodiles
one morning on safari. These tears are not
crocodile tears, though I have not ever seen
a crocodile cry.

2
The clock is a chatterbox, always buzzing about your ear,
going rat-a-tat-tat. Bad as a fly.
But you can't swat it. It has to wake you up
at six o'clock. Still that's not fair
to the clock, hardworking night and day
like your heart. Both telling your time,
telling your time.
I know of no things less dispensable
than clocks and hearts
even though they break wide open at 6 A.M.
with their alarm.

3
Be undisturbed—you heard only half the story.
But be compassionate—do whatever you can do.
And learn to swim if you live near the ocean.
Many have drowned even in tiny rivers.

—ANN STANFORD

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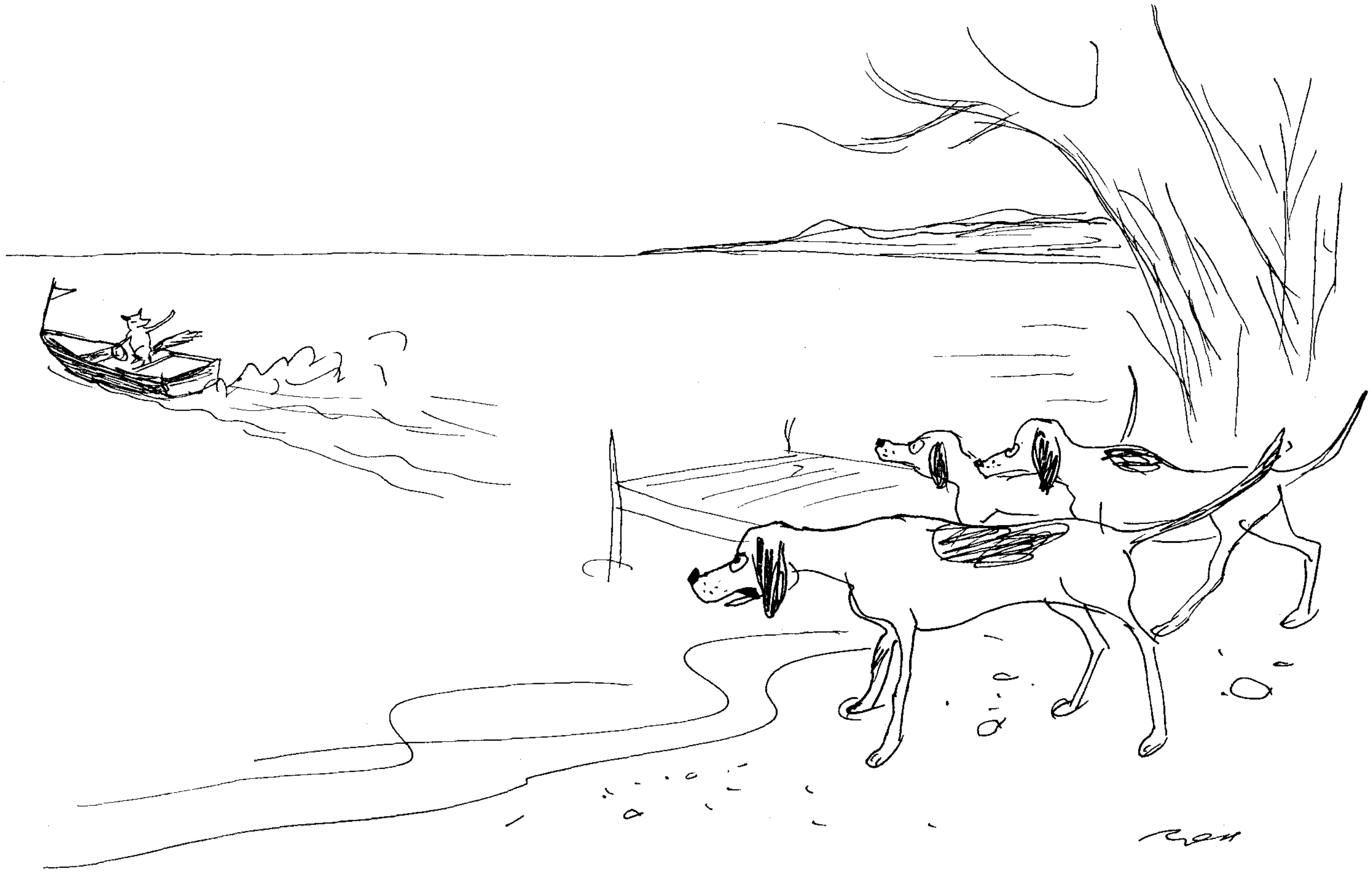


"What really bugs me is to be outsmarted by a crummy little fox."

• •

meant that she, too, was going to die suddenly.

"I mean over with your father," she said. "My own life goes on. So let us finish this as quickly as possible, shall we? I am sorry to drag you away from your charming home and your husband for this task."

"Anton's in Chicago," I told her.

"So you said." She drank her coffee and I thought about the way she said "husband." I thought of my mother and Gerda at the funeral, and how messy those adults had seemed to me when I was a child.

"I have one more thing to ask of you," Gerda said. "Whether you sell the car today or not, I have no desire to see any of your brothers and sisters again. I am now finished with them as well."

"They didn't mean any harm," I said.

"What do I care what a pack of children mean?" she asked.

"I suppose they mean nothing to you at all. You've never liked children."

Gerda looked at me for a moment, then she said, "I try not to like or dislike children, or categories of anything." She paused. "You were the only child who came and saw your father. So you are what I know of having children."

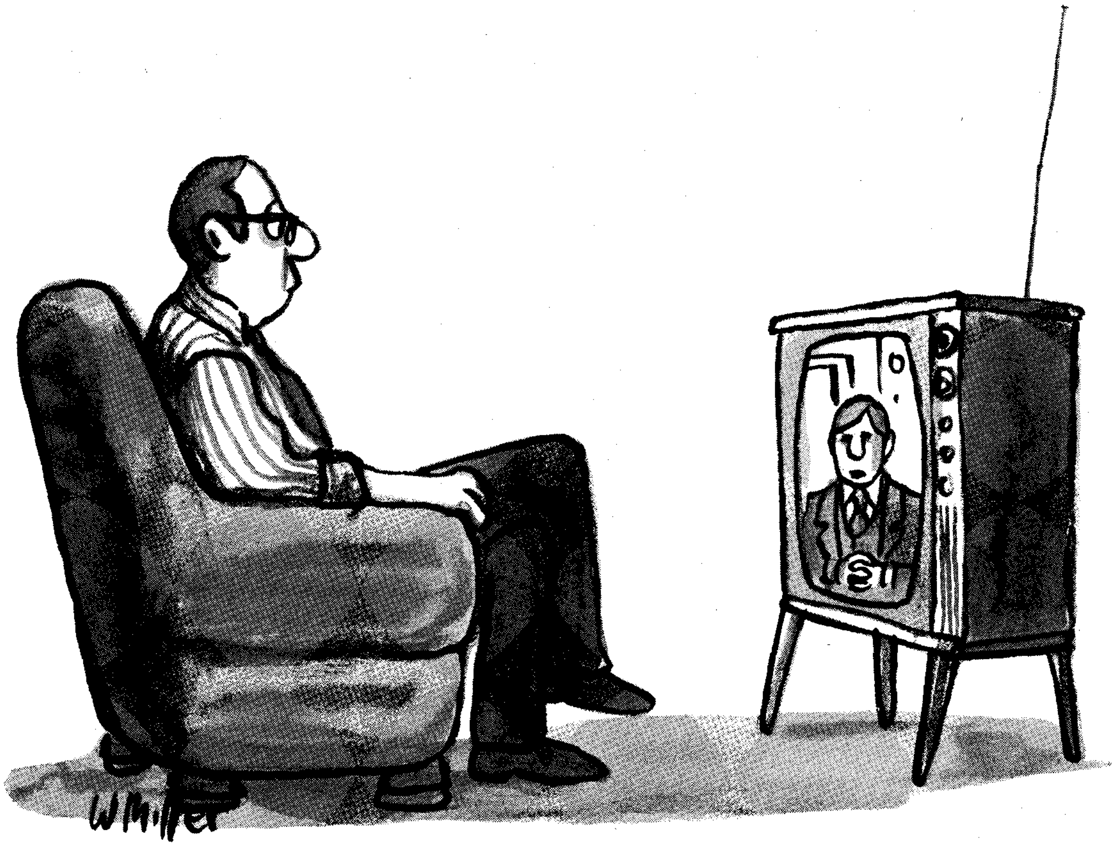
I cleared my throat. "I should start this car business," I said.

Gerda turned and pulled open a drawer in the cabinet behind her. She took out keys and some loose papers—insurance cards and a registration form. "You have the certificate of death with you? Power of attorney? You are right, Rosie. We will be strict now and stick to the business at hand."

There was nothing I could say without saying more than I wanted to; Gerda left the room and I went about my business.

THE car started with no trouble, and I backed it down the narrow drive and headed out to the highway. At a self-service car wash, I used the hose to take the weeks of snow and dirty rain off the body, and I shined up the hubcaps a bit. The tires would get dirty driving to the car lots, but I hosed them down carefully anyway. I used the vacuum on the upholstery and the carpets, and to clean out the dashboard ashtray. Though my father gave up drinking several years ago, he never stopped smoking. There was only his brand in the ashtray, as far as I could see, and I wondered if he and Gerda had any friends or went anywhere with them, to the movies or out to dinner. Most of my friends in the country live in old houses and are fixing them up. Before we eat at each other's house, we walk around looking at a rebuilt wall or at a newly sanded floor. The houses my father photographed most often are from the same period, roughly, and must have been in the same shape at some point. But I have the feeling that those houses he admired always had money behind them. I think of the people who live in them as parents, and of Anton and myself as children. We are doing something different, I like to think. I noticed one thing as I headed for the used-car lots. Gerda must have taken my father's prints and contact sheets. She hadn't mentioned it to me, but the back seat was clean as a whistle.

By this time it was midafternoon. I passed one place called A-1 Autos, with plastic flags flying and shiny cars, but the flags depressed me. I stopped at a quieter showroom. The building must have been built in the thirties—it had wraparound windows, and glass bricks framing the entrance. There was no one in the showroom. The red indoor-outdoor carpeting was soaked with melted snow. Along the far wall was a row of desks and in the



"And now George Vandevere, with the erotic side of the news."

• •

middle of the floor there was a new yellow sports car.

I walked past all the desks. There were six of them, and on each desk was a silver-framed photograph. All the salesmen had children. All had wives. On the last desk the picture was of a young wife and there was only one child, an infant. A pipe lay in the ashtray. I turned to leave, and I saw a man about Anton's age standing next to the yellow car. He looked like the best-looking boy in my high-school class. I wondered how long he'd been watching.

"Well, Goldilocks," he said, "picked your bear yet?"

"I guess it's you," I said. "All the others are off."

"They're off in their dens. It's break time," he said, and he walked toward me.

"I hope so—I mean I hope it's a break for me," I said. "You see—"

"My name's Ron," he said, holding out his hand. I took his hand and shook it briefly. He touched the customer's chair next to the desk with the young wife and baby. "What can we do for you?" he said. "I see you brought in your Oldsmobile."

"It's not actually mine," I said. "It's my father's."

"What can we do for your father, in that case?"

"You can't do very much for him," I said. "He's dead."

"Sorry to hear about your loss."

"Well," I said. "But I'm the executor of the estate. I have to sell the car now."

"We'll see what we can do for you. I'll have to take it for a test drive, you know. Care to come with me?"

I didn't want to go for a ride with him. I wanted him to buy the car—not even drive in it, just take it away. Even though it was almost spring, the days were short and it would soon be dark. I wanted my father there, so I could tell him to take care of his car himself. "Sure, I'll come along," I said, and the two of us went out to the Oldsmobile.

Ron started the car and listened to the engine. He checked the knobs and buttons; the windows went up and down, the wipers side to side, the lights on and off. When we got out on the highway, he accelerated quickly from ten to sixty, then slowed down. "How do you like the car?" I asked.

"It's a pretty good buggy," he said, "but no one wants cars like this anymore, you understand. Or if they want them, they want them new. I'm telling you this straight."

"How much do you think you'd give for it?" I asked.

"We'll have to see. Every car has a different book value, you know."

We pulled up outside the showroom, and he parked the car exactly where it had been. When we were back at his desk, he took a worn yellow book from his jacket pocket. While he was thumbing through the book, I was arranging the sale in my mind—calling Gerda to pick me up, depositing the money in the estate's account.

"Book value is eight-fifty for that year, that model," he said finally. "I'll give you seven."

"Why only seven?" I asked.

"I explained it to you, honey. Let's face it. I'll be lucky to get rid of it at auction. If you were trading it in on one of our new models"—he pointed toward the car in the showroom—"we'd be able to give you full book. How about it? You look like the kind of young lady who could use a nice new car."

"I have a nice new car," I said.

"But wouldn't you like a sports car? Go out roving?"

"I'm married now," I said. "I don't rove." My neck hurt and I wanted something warm to drink.

"Seven-ten," he said. "That's not bad."

"Not good. I'll let you know," I said.

Driving back to Gerda's, I felt like a fool. None of my brothers and sisters cared, and an extra hundred dollars divided five or seven ways was nothing. I had no idea if my father would have cared that his car was being sold for less than top dollar. I stopped in the village at a phone booth, and I dialled the number of Anton's magazine in Chicago. I put the call through person-to-person collect. Whoever answered hadn't heard of Anton, but the operator persisted. Someone who knew him was found, but Anton was gone for the day. Next I tried his hotel. There was no answer in his room either. It was just as well I couldn't reach him, I thought. I would only complain. I would only annoy him.

I GOT to Gerda's after dark and found her in the living room. There was only one lamp, and Gerda was making a fire. An empty wineglass rested on the mantel. "I'm teaching myself to do this," she said. "He always did it. For too long. Make yourself a drink, Rosie. You look worn out. I am serving you a cold dinner tonight by this fire. Slices of meat and some vegetables."

"That sounds fine," I said, and I poured a Scotch for myself. There was a pair of wing chairs by the fireplace and I settled into one. I watched Gerda as she crouched at the hearth, wadding sheets of newspaper into tight balls and stuffing them below the wrought-iron grate.

"I have to leave early," I said. "I want to get home while it's still morning."

"You'll be driving in the dark."

"Only for a little while. I'm taking Dad's car with me. I'll leave mine out front—if that's O.K. with you. I can get a better deal upstate, I'm sure."

"Is it really worth it to you?" Gerda said. "If you get one hundred or so more and have to drive to this place three times back and forth, what is the profit? Will Anton drive you?"

She turned and looked up at me, and I felt I presented a sorry picture. "I don't know," I said. "How should I know? I resent being cheated."

"Not so unique, but there are worse things. Make me another drink, Rosie, and we will sit together. You make me nervous when I am below you like this."

Gerda struck a match and tossed it on the paper. I went to get her drink, and when I returned we sat in the two wing chairs and watched the fire struggle to catch hold. Once or twice I strained forward to help it along, but I pulled myself back. If Gerda wanted to learn, she could teach herself. I had spent years of my childhood trying to figure out what my father and Gerda did when they were alone together that was so wonderful, or what we did that was so bad that he left us for Gerda. I imagined that he and Gerda ate their dinners at a round table with a tablecloth on it. I pictured them talking, and there was a spread of food we never ate at home. There was wine on the table and candles; sometimes I put in flowers. But always there was conversation. This evening was a shadow of all those evenings I had imagined, and, for all I knew, may have been for Gerda a shadow of the real thing. I leaned against the high back of the chair and listened to Gerda breathing and to the crackle of the fire. She had used unseasoned wood; it would line the chimney with creosote and become a hazard. Another time I would tell her about it. In the meantime, the light of the fire looked fine on her pine furniture and her bare polished floor.

"I wonder if the person who built this house sat and watched the fire like this," I said.

"Perhaps," said Gerda.

"Maybe he sat with his children here. This was originally the kitchen, wasn't it?"

"So I have been told. Perhaps he did sit by this fire with his children. And perhaps he wanted to go, let us say, to London. Or he might have found this fire not to his liking and wished to go north."

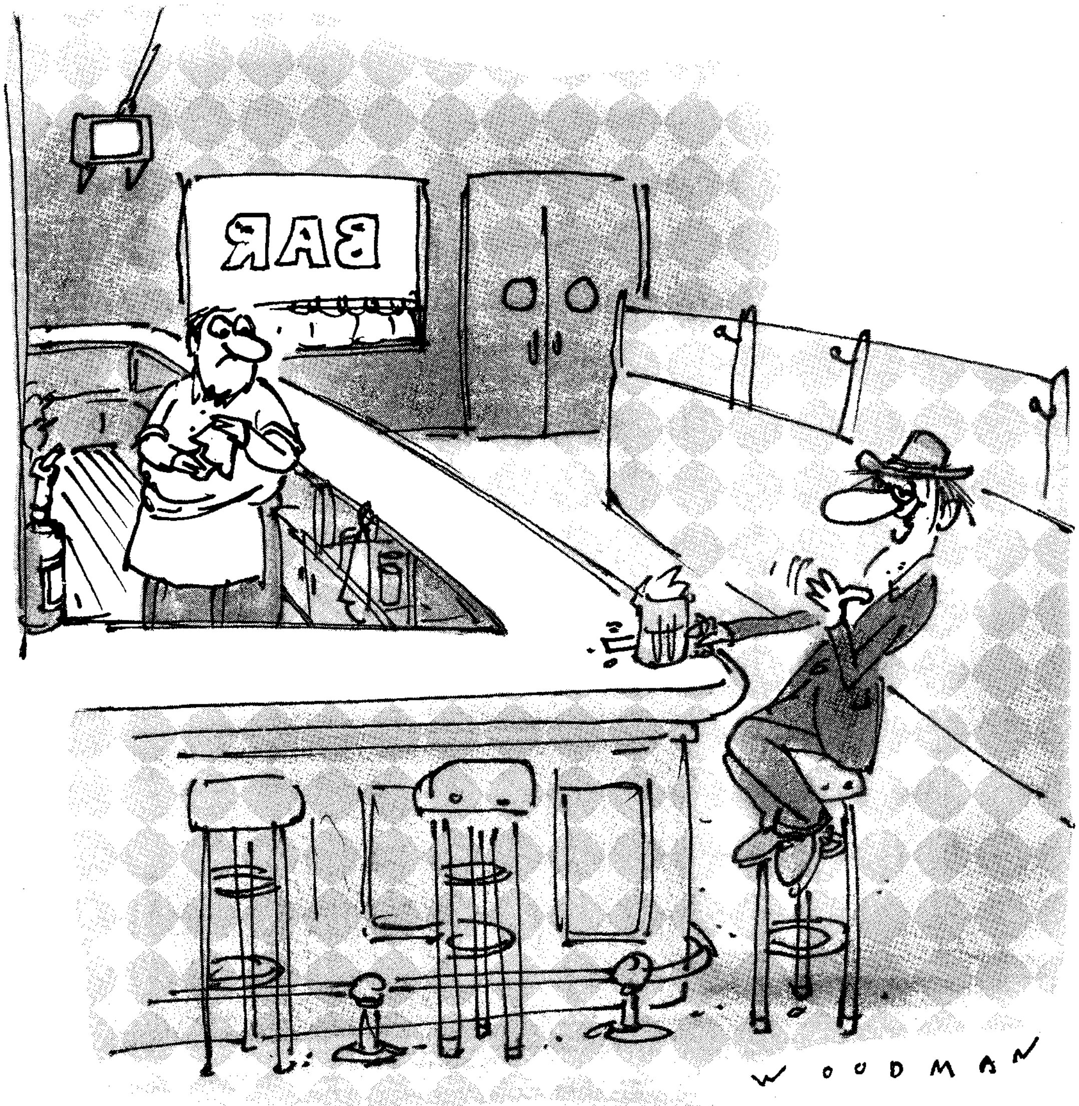
"Why would he have wanted to go farther north?" I asked. "There wasn't anything there then."

"That is a reason, Rosie. Every person thinks they know everything. They think they know what is ahead. With your father's death, I am placed here. For the first time in my life, I have no wish for anything beyond this."

"I wonder if I would miss having children," I said.

"I don't," she said, "but our lives are very different. There is nothing left for me to miss. And there is no payback in missing things. I taught myself that lesson a long time ago."

Gerda got up from her chair and moved to a dark corner of the room. When she reappeared in the firelight, she was carrying two folded tray



"You don't have to tell me that I don't get any calls here. I know I never get any calls here. I'm just saying that should I get any calls here, just say that I'm not here."

tables. She set up one before her chair and one before mine. "I'll get our plates now," she said. "You get an early start in the morning, whenever you like. But do reconsider. I only want the car out of here. You need not spend so much of your time for that. Sell it quickly. Give it away. It is not important."

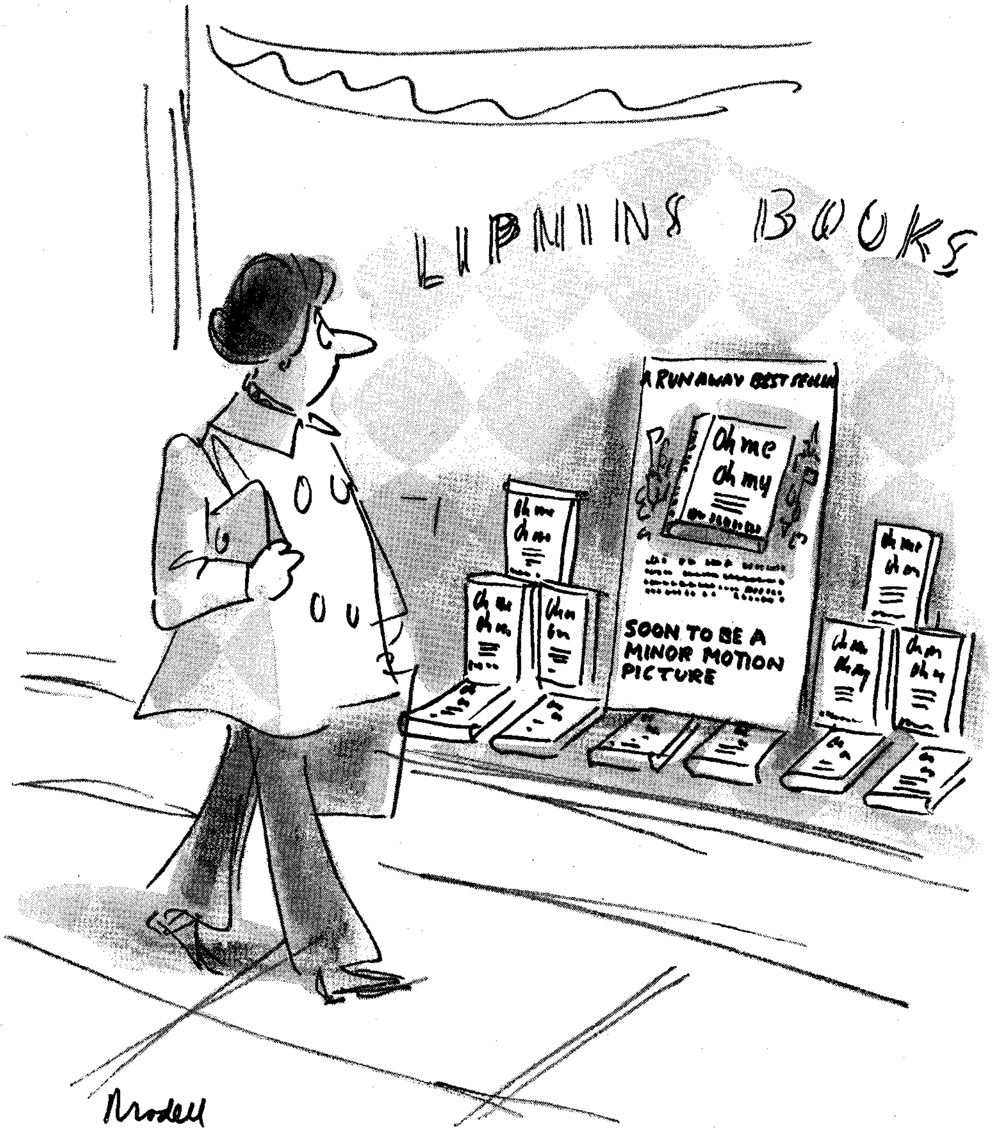
"It's important to me," I said. "I'm the one who's executor. I have to do this right."

"Then you must do it," she said. "Do it in whatever way you can. I have no say in this, after all. It is the business your father left to you, not to me."

"That's right," I said, and I thought then of saying that his photographs were my business, too—the most important part, he might have felt. I thought of telling her to stop telling me what I would or should or might do. But probably we wouldn't see each other after the car was sold, and if she wanted the photographs so badly she could have them. Along with the photographs, I would let her have the secret of having taken them and the satisfaction of thinking that I had forgotten them, and neglected my father the way the other children had.

We said good night a little after nine o'clock. I tried Anton's hotel again, but there was no answer in his room. I went to the guest room in what had been my father's end of the house. As I got into bed, I saw that there was no storm window in the guest room. My father wouldn't have allowed that. Perhaps my father had felt sick longer than he let on, and perhaps as far back as the fall he had stopped caring about heat loss in a room used so infrequently.

In the morning, I woke early. I waited until seven-thirty, but when Gerda did not appear I wrote a note telling her I was leaving behind the keys for my own car, and that I would call in a day or so, when I had sold my father's car. I wasn't really so sure of success, but I couldn't go into that in my note. In the kitchen, there were now several cartons stacked neatly, containing his leather appointment books and old clothes. I left all the cartons where they were. I would take care of them next time. For a moment I thought I would keep my father's appointment books, to find out if he and my mother had ever met secretly. If they had, though, he probably wouldn't have recorded it, so I left them where they were.



THE farther I travelled from Gerda's, the brighter and clearer the day became. The seat in my father's car was large and comfortable, but I kept flicking the steering wheel right and left to see how much play there was and how much control I had, so the ride wasn't smooth. I stopped at a gas station on the Taconic, and while the oil was being checked I got out and looked at the engine. It had been steam-cleaned recently. The car hadn't been driven since my father's death, so he must have had it cleaned right before his heart attack. I was sorry now I hadn't asked Gerda if he had been having trouble with the engine. I tried to remember if he had said anything to me about wanting to get rid of the car. Maybe there was a leak and he wanted to see where the oil was coming from. He must have had plans for the car. He must not have expected to die so soon.

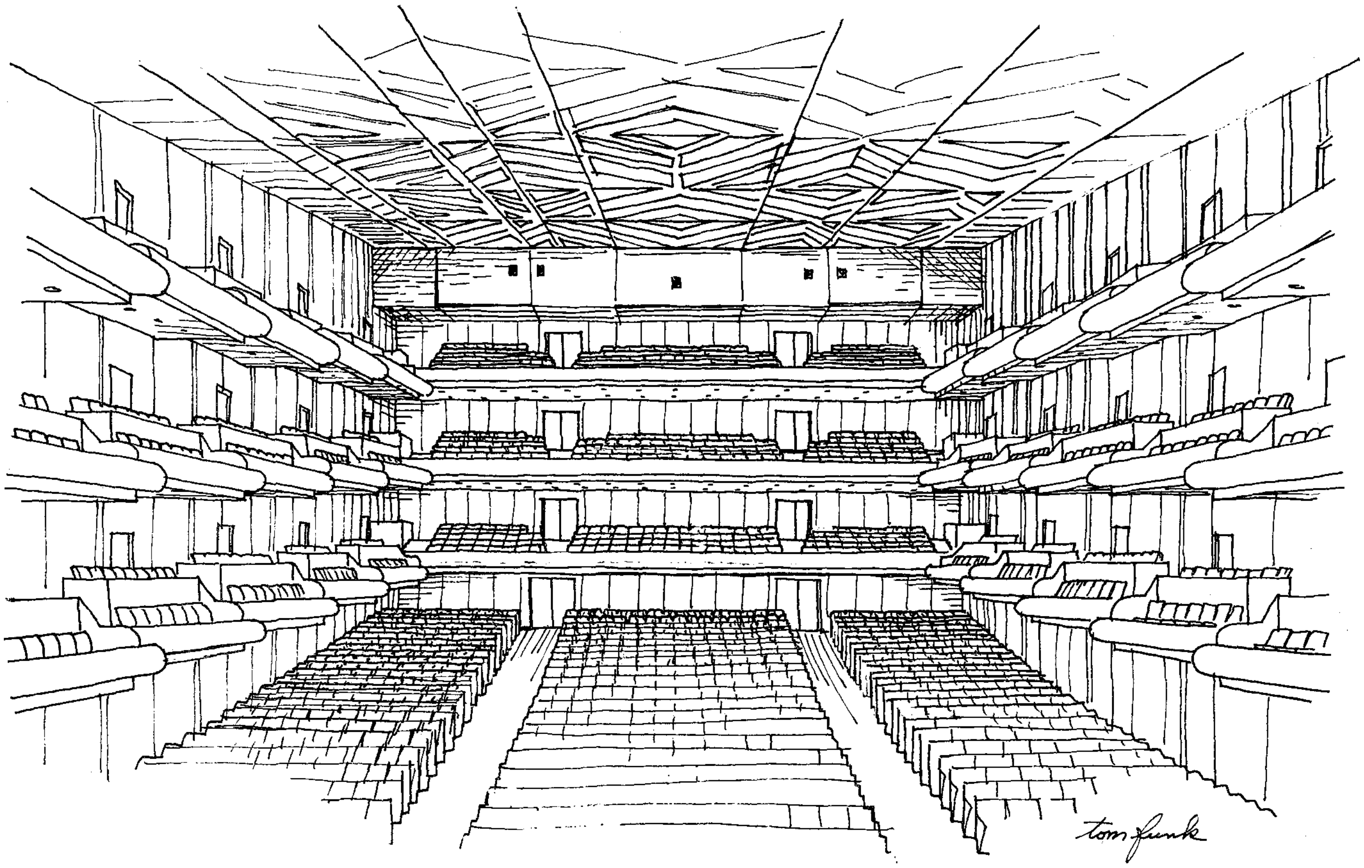
It had snowed again overnight, and I stopped in town to pick up the *Times* and some coffee. Once I was on the dirt roads nearer home, I felt encouraged. Maybe Anton had been trying to reach me while I was gone, or maybe he had only been out with friends the times I called him. I was only three turns from home when I looked up to see a hill I am fond of. I could see it right through some woods, and I saw an old woman, dressed in black, climbing up the white hill. She was hunched over and she was climbing slowly, as if each step cost her something. People try so hard, I thought, or don't; they still get nowhere. Even if they only try to make the best of their lives, it doesn't matter in the end. People die, like my father, in the middle of the unfinished business of their lives, and there was no reason to think my end would be any different. If Anton was having an affair in Chicago, if we had a child, if I never saw Gerda again, it wouldn't make any difference.

When the next turn came, I looked back at the old woman, and then I saw she was a cow. I had been tricked by the whiteness of the snow and the black of her spotted hide. I felt alone without even the old woman, and I turned away. I drove the last miles home a little more quickly than I should have, in my father's car.

—LAURA FURMAN

ANNALS OF ARCHITECTURE

A BETTER SOUND



DECEMBER, 1974: On Tuesday the third, Amyas Ames, the retired investment banker who is chairman of the board of directors of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, telephoned Professor Cyril M. Harris, of Columbia University. Harris teaches courses in acoustics at Columbia's School of Engineering and its School of Architecture, and, every second year, a course on noise pollution at its Law School. Primarily a scientist, he has done research in acoustics for thirty-five years and taught it for twenty-five. As a sideline, he also does acoustical consulting. Ever since 1940, when he was still a graduate student, working for his doctoral degree in physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Harris has advised clients on many kinds of problems involving noise, sound, and vibration. Over the years, auditorium acoustics, which had always been his first love, gradually became his consulting specialty. In all, he has designed or helped design more than a hundred auditoriums. Some are lecture halls, meeting halls, or boardrooms, but most are for the performing arts—theatres, opera houses, and concert halls. The acoustics of some are good, and some are superlatively good, but none are bad—a record that is not even approached, much less matched, by that of any other acoustical consultant in the world.

When Ames told Harris he wanted to speak to him about the acoustics of Avery Fisher Hall, Harris's heart sank. Harris ordinarily loves to discuss acoustics, but he did not want to talk about Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center's handsome twelve-year-old concert hall, built as a permanent home for the New York Philharmonic. Even after a quarter century of lecturing on acoustics an average of six hours a week during the academic year, Harris talks to his students about the production, transmission, and effects of sound with the delight of a discoverer, as if he had come upon the ideas only moments earlier; but for twelve years he had scrupulously refrained from commenting on the acoustics of Avery Fisher Hall—or Philharmonic Hall, as it was called until 1973, when it was renamed for a philanthropist who became its chief benefactor. Harris had not wanted to criticize the work of a rival expert, Leo L. Beranek, of the consulting firm Bolt Beranek & Newman, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who had been the chief acoustical consultant to Harris's friend Max Abramovitz, the architect of the building; nor had Harris wanted to disparage the efforts of the half-dozen acousticians who had attempted to improve the sound of the auditorium during the summers of 1963, 1964, 1965, 1969, and 1972, and whose efforts, all of them unsuccessful, had cost somewhat more than two million dollars. There was another consideration. Though talking to Ames was entirely different from discussing Avery Fisher Hall in public, or for quotation, and would thus not violate Harris's standards of professional courtesy, he suspected that Ames might suggest that he, Harris, *do* something about the hall, and Harris did not think that anything could be done. Experience had taught him that it is extremely difficult for an acoustical consultant to tell a prospective client, "I'd like to help, but there is no solution." Harris had been compelled to say that quite a few times—especially after he had helped remodel an old movie palace into Powell Symphony Hall, for the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, in 1968. The results had been glorious in every way, but particularly glorious acoustically, and Harris had been beset ever since by inquiries from prominent citizens in other cities with old movie houses, who wanted Harris to do something similar for their symphony orchestras. Harris loves the notion of preserving old buildings, and he had examined a few candidates for remod-

THE ODDS

Three new and matching leaves,
Each set upon a motionless swing seat,
Straight from some elemental stoves
And winter bakeries of unearthly wheat,
In diamonded, smooth pillowings of white
Have risen out of nothing overnight.

And all the woods for miles,
Stooped by these clean endowments of the north,
Flaunt the same candle-dripping styles
In poured combers of pumice and the froth
Of heady steins. Upon the railings lodge
The fat shapes of a nineteen-thirties Dodge.

Such perilous, toppling tides;
Such teeterings along uncertain perches.
A fragile cantilever hides
Even the chevrons of our veteran birches.
In this fierce hush there is a spell that heaves
Those huge, arrested oceans in the eaves.

A sort of stagy show
Put on by a spoiled, eccentric millionaire.
Lacking the craft and choice that go
With weighed precision, meditated care
Into a work of art, these are the spent,
Loose, aimless squanderings of the discontent.

Like the blind, headlong cells,
Crowding toward dreams of life, only to die
In dark fallopian canals,
Or that wild strew of bodies at My Lai.
Thick drifts, huddled embankments at our door
Pile up in this eleventh year of war.

Yet to these April snows,
This rashness, these incalculable odds,
The costly and cold-blooded shows
Of blind perversity or spendthrift gods,
My son is born, and in his mother's eyes
Turns the whole war and winter into lies.

But voices underground
Demand, "Who died for him? Who gave him place?"
I have no answer. Vaguely stunned,
I turn away and look at my wife's face.
Outside the simple miracle of this birth
The snowflakes lift and swivel to the earth

As in those crystal balls
With Christmas storms of manageable size,
A chalk precipitate that shawls
Antlers and roofs and gifts beyond surmise,
A tiny settlement among those powers
That shape our world, but that are never ours.

—ANTHONY HECHT

• •

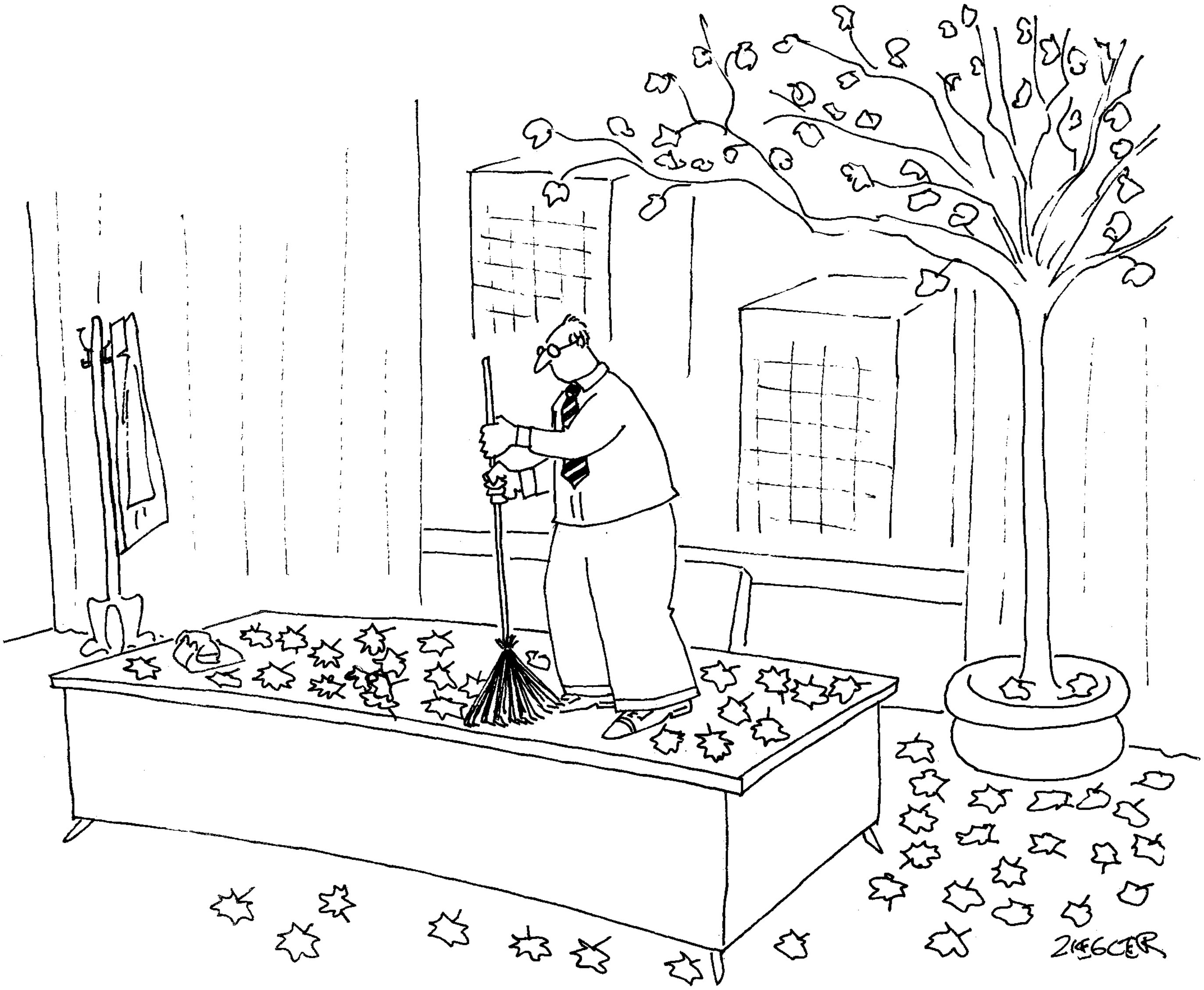
elling, but he had not found another semi-antique odeon that he felt could be made over to satisfy acoustical dreams. Also in his memory were several new halls, built in the fifties, the sixties, or the early seventies, at costs of millions of dollars, that had turned out to be acoustic lemons. Harris had been asked four or five times, either by old friends or by architects he did not know but whose work he admired, to take a look at such problem halls and explain how they could be fixed. He had gone and looked—some acoustical faults *can* be repaired—but in every case he had been compelled to say that the acoustics were so bad that no amount of renovation would help. And every time Harris had said, "No, it won't do. Don't try it," he had hurt someone's feelings. Harris, a sensitive and polite man, had found these occasions painful. He did not want to risk going through a similar unhappy scene with Ames if he could avoid it.

Ames heard the reluctance in Harris's voice, but had no idea why it was there. Harris heard himself, too, and realized that it would be preposterous to refuse even to talk to Amyas Ames. "Well, sure," he said. "How about meeting me at my apartment tomorrow morning after breakfast for a cup of coffee?"

The next morning, December 4th, Ames arrived at Harris's apartment, on the East Side in the upper Seventies, at eight-thirty. Harris had, as usual, been awake since six o'clock, and had finished breakfast and the *Times* shortly after seven. He had been working at his desk for nearly an hour and a half before he opened the door to Ames and led him into the living room, overlooking Central Park. It is decorated in white and off-white, and has a very thick, sound-absorbing wall-to-wall carpet. Coffee and pastries had been set out on a low table in front of a sofa. Harris wished he could explain how he felt about Avery Fisher Hall right away, before the conversation started, but he restrained himself.

Ames is an impressive figure, tall and dignified, with the self-confidence of an aristocrat, which in American terms he is. He was at that time sixty-eight years old. He speaks with what was once called a "Harvard accent," which had nothing to do with his having attended Harvard (class of 1928) and the Harvard Business School (class of 1930) and everything to do with his having been born and brought up in Massachusetts, where the Ames family has lived since long before the Revolutionary War. The Ames Shovel & Tool Company, founded by Captain John Ames, of the Continental Army, turned out to be extremely profitable around the middle of the nineteenth century, to the considerable comfort of the Captain's descendants. Oakes Ames, Amyas Ames's father, was a distinguished Harvard professor of botany, a supervisor of the Arnold Arboretum, and a world authority on orchids. Ames is not only the head of Lincoln Center but also chairman of the board of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, which was organized in 1842 and has kept the orchestra playing, through good times and bad, ever since. He works hard at both his jobs, keeping regular office hours and allowing himself only a few weeks' vacation in the summer, but he draws no salary; he regards his contribution of time and energy as his civic duty.

Harris listened while Ames explained that Lincoln Center had decided to "take hold" of the hall's acoustic problems, all previous frustrations, disappointments, and expenditures notwithstanding. It was a matter of necessity, said Ames—in fact, of several necessities. The orchestra members could not



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hear each other, and therefore could not be expected to play at their best. Audiences were hearing only part of what the orchestra was playing. In musical circles, the hall's acoustics were criticized on every hand, and the criticism was mounting. Beyond this, an economic disaster was in the making. Lincoln Center rents the hall whenever its prime tenant, the Philharmonic, isn't using it; rentals had fallen off, and the situation was likely to get worse, as visiting orchestras, chamber groups, and soloists decided they might sound better elsewhere—in Carnegie Hall, in the Hunter College Assembly Hall, or even in the far smaller Kaufmann Concert Hall, in the Ninety-second Street Y. Lincoln Center had decided that, whatever was to be done, there should be a fresh start, with a new architect and a new acoustician; it wanted to write a brand-new chapter with a brand-new team. Harris could hardly keep from interrupting. However, Ames continued, Lincoln Center did not know what could be done. The board needed the advice—"the counsel"—of an undoubted authority, who would define the problem and the possibilities. And, Ames said, the board realized that there was just one such man—by good luck, a New Yorker—and he was Cyril Harris.

At that point, Harris could contain himself no longer, and, in terms as strong as he could make them, he told Ames that he wanted nothing to do with Avery Fisher Hall—absolutely *nothing*, ever. Under any circumstances. Ames was astonished. He had seldom heard such a vehement "No." Then Ames got angry. "Now, just a minute," he said. "You really ought to think who you are saying no to. It is not to me. You are saying no to all the people in this city who love music. What are they going to do? You are saying no to the listeners, you are saying no to the performing artists. The Philharmonic is in trouble, and you are saying no to it. You are saying that New York's great orchestra can't have your attention. You can't *do* that! You are saying no to the City of New York. Can we pretend to be a great musical center and not have a great place to hear music? Music is of the deepest consequence to this city. And you are saying, 'I won't have anything to do with my city'!"

Harris was moved and impressed. It struck him that Ames was right. Although Harris was born in Detroit and grew up in Hollywood, he loves New York City, except for its unnecessary noises; he felt that indeed he did have an obligation, as a citizen of New York, to help it if he could. Having just released all his negative feelings, he now felt sufficiently relaxed to offer some advice. "What I *could* do," he said, "is to take a look at the architectural drawings."

THREE other men besides Ames were actively engaged in taking hold of the acoustic problems of Avery Fisher Hall. They were John W. Mazzola, a forty-six-year-old lawyer, formerly with the firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, who had become managing director of Lincoln Center, Inc., in 1968; Carlos Moseley, sixty years old, the concert pianist who had been managing director of the Philharmonic throughout the sixties, and its president since 1970; and Avery Fisher, sixty-eight, who was the retired chief executive of the Fisher Radio Corporation, an enterprise he had founded in the late nineteen thirties, and who, in September, 1973, had given Lincoln Center ten million dollars for "maintaining, operating, and improving" the concert hall. Ames had organized this committee of four after the first series of informal Rug Concerts, in the summer of 1973, for which the seats on the main floor of the hall had been removed, a carpet laid down, and squares of foam rubber scattered about, so that concertgoers could sprawl on the floor instead of sitting decorously in rows of seats. The orchestra, instead of playing in its usual position onstage, had also come down onto the floor—but with its chairs and music stands—and occupied the space normally taken by the first several rows of seats. Everybody had enjoyed these performances, and quite a few people, including some critics, had said that they felt the acoustics were improved by the odd arrangement. The response to the Rug Concerts awakened hopes that had been dormant since the disappointing results of the last remodelling. Perhaps a solution would be to move the orchestra forward on a permanent basis, and to create a concert hall in the semi-round—something that had not been previously contemplated. (It did not seem practical, however, to ask the Philharmonic's regular subscribers to lounge on the floor.) Ames, Mazzola, Moseley, and Fisher had been investigating that idea for more than a year, consulting with Dr. M. R. Schroeder, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and several other experts. Designs had been drawn and a fascinating scale model built. The trouble was that moving the orchestra forward permanently would cost quite a lot, and there was still doubt about how much good it would do acoustically. One of the reasons for talking with Harris was to find out what he thought of the repositioning scheme.

"You needn't tell me what they are, Norris, but have you any secrets you plan to carry with you to the grave?"

As soon as Ames had Harris's mild concession, Ames hurried across Central Park to the Lincoln Center offices, which are not at Lincoln Center but in the American Bible Society Building, on Broadway at Sixty-first Street. Mazzola was at his desk in his office, which is next to Ames's office. "I've got the break," Ames said. "Harris will look at the plans. For goodness' sakes, let's get them to him fast. Use the pony express if you have to." ("The pony express," in Lincoln Center office parlance, means that if a messenger is not immediately available a member of the staff makes the delivery.) Before noon, the plans were at Harris's apartment.

From time to time during the next several days, Harris studied the Avery Fisher Hall blueprints. Though he had never examined them before, he started out with considerable knowledge of the auditorium's acoustical faults. Harris and his wife, Ann, who is a senior editor at the pub-

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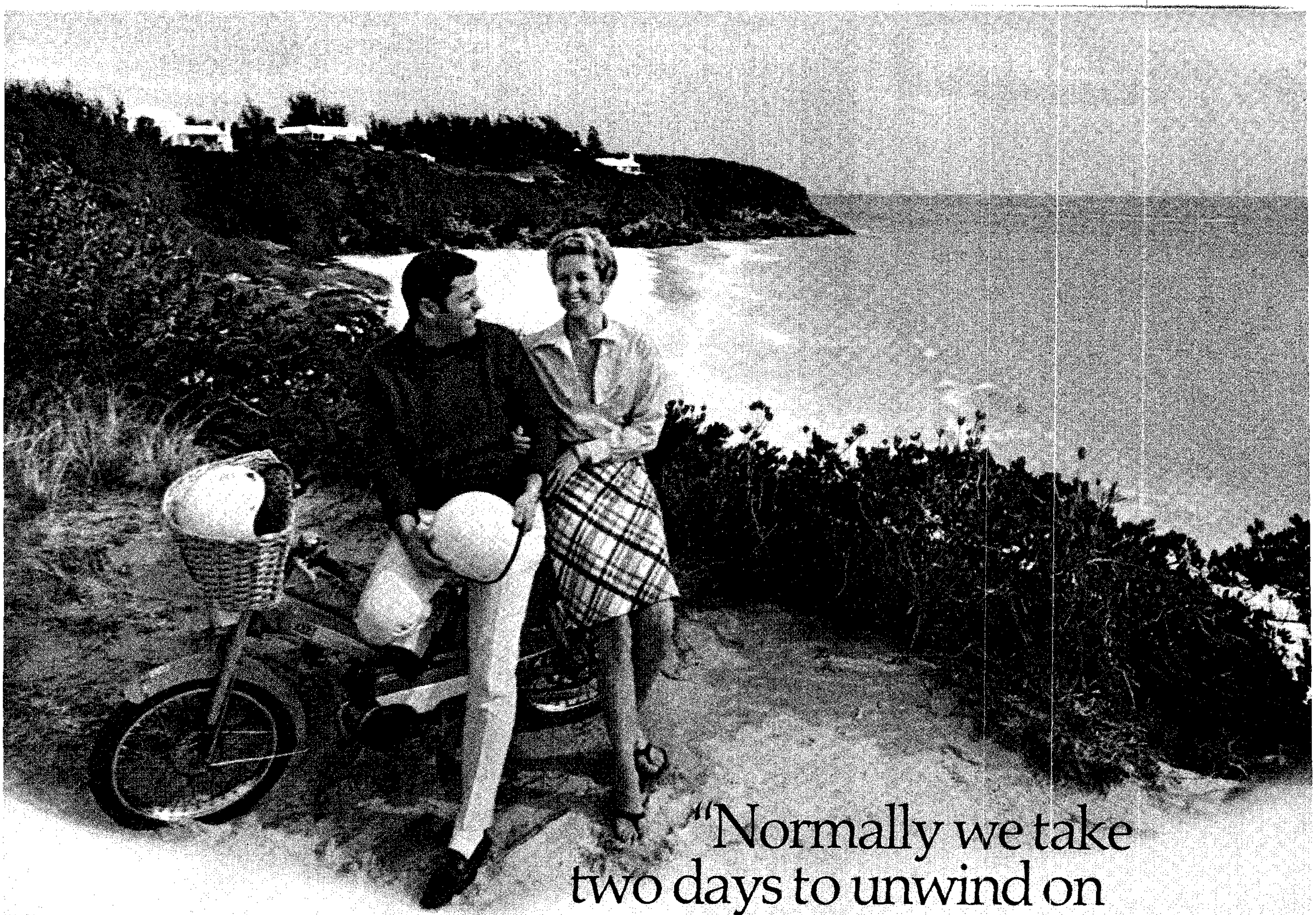

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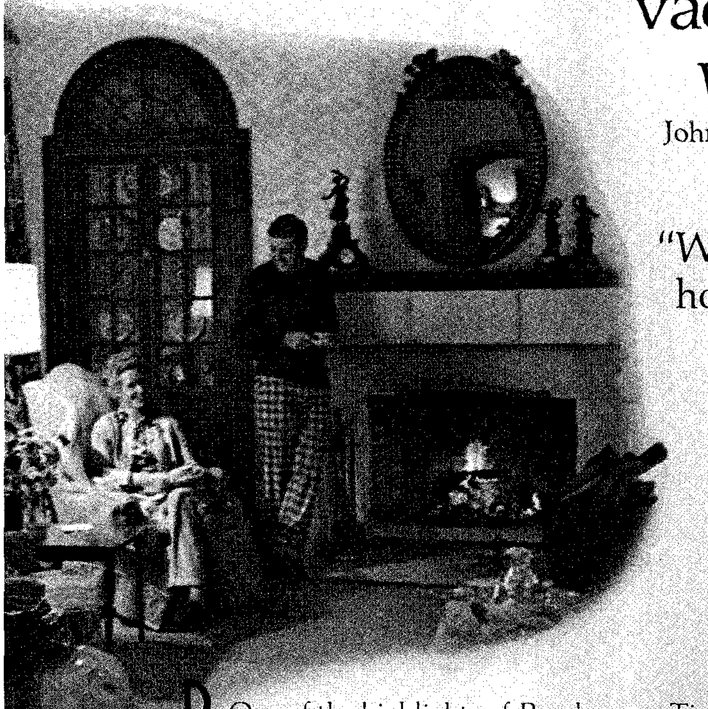
John and Judy Johnson reminisce about their third trip to Bermuda.



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lishing house of Harper & Row, are devoted concertgoers; they had attended scores of concerts in the hall since its inauguration, in late September of 1962, when they went to the introductory performances during the gala opening week (Harris had saved his blue-and-gold souvenir program). After each of the attempts to fix up the sound, Harris had noted that more work needed to be done. Like all New York music lovers, Harris had read what the critics had written. He had also followed the technical literature on the hall in various publications, including *The Journal of the Acoustical Society of America*, which had printed "Acoustics of Philharmonic Hall, New York, During its First Season," by Leo L. Beranek, F. R. Johnson, Theodore J. Schultz, and B. G. Watters, all of Bolt Beranek & Newman, in 1964; and "Acoustical Measurements in Philharmonic Hall (New York)," by M. R. Schroeder, B. S. Atal, G. M. Sessler, and J. E. West, all of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, in 1966. (Harris had been president of the Acoustical Society in 1964 and 1965, and an associate editor of the *Journal* from 1959 to 1970.)

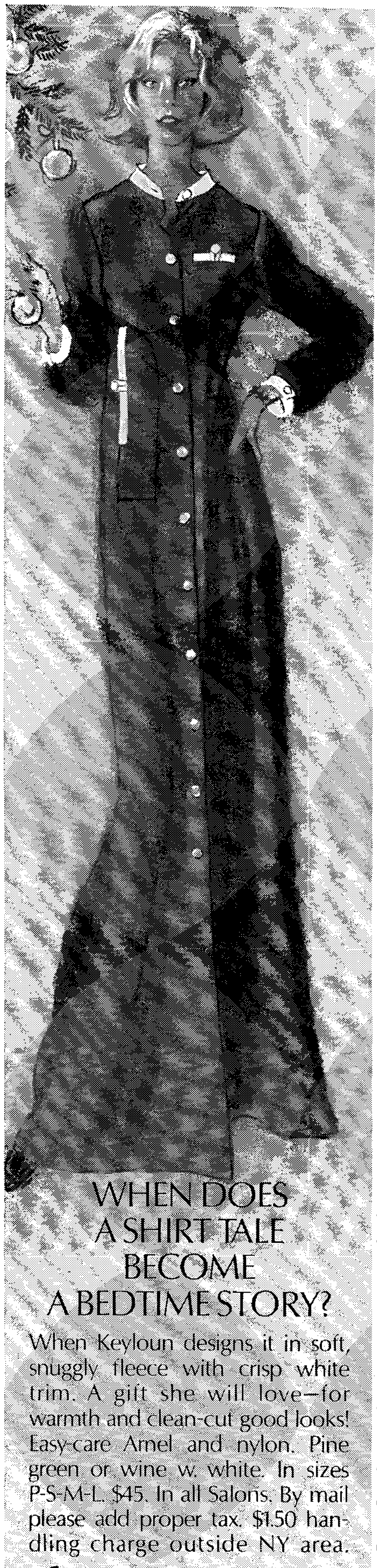
The evidence of his ears had told Harris what was wrong with the sound in Avery Fisher Hall. Each of the modifications had slightly improved matters, but the acoustical faults remained much the same as they had been originally. For one thing, the orchestra sounded dry and lifeless. In a great hall, a member of the audience feels immersed in sound, but in Avery Fisher he felt that the music was coming directly to him from the stage; he had no sense of being in a room filled with music—did not feel the sound's vibration with his feet, as he would in a great concert hall. For another thing, he heard far too little bass compared to treble; no matter how loud they played, the cellos and the double basses were too weak. Then, in some unhappy seat locations there were echoes, so that a single note sounded like two notes. And the orchestra was worse off than the audience; onstage, the musicians could not hear what they or their neighbors were playing. Ames, Mazzola, Moseley, and Fisher knew all this as well as Harris did. Their question was, what could be done about it?

"These are your input years, son. Make the most of them."

• •

Harris had spread the plans out on a desk. Each page was almost as big as the desk top, and there were twenty or twenty-five pages of drawings. He stood up to read them, leaning over the desk, making an occasional mark with a red pencil. From time to time, he jotted down a note on a separate pad of paper, but he did not make any mathematical calculations or employ any of the hundreds of acoustic equations and formulas that he keeps in his head. Harris reads architectural plans as easily as a conductor reads orchestral scores; to his practiced eyes the acoustical merits and demerits of a design simply leap off the page. He is a compact, slight man of average height, and is possessed of superabundant energy. It is hard for him to sit still, and he abhors unfilled time. He has dark hair, worn short, and although that December, when he was fifty-seven, it was becoming a trifle thin, he looked at least ten years younger than he was. He wore—as he still wears—glasses with dark frames. Harris's expression as he pored over the blueprints was one of rueful displeasure. In his judgment, nothing was quite right. He was surprised, however, to find that the hall was not nearly as long, from the front of the stage to the last row of seats, as he had imagined. It measured a hundred and twenty feet. Harris would have guessed that it was at least thirty feet longer than that. Like almost everyone who had been in the hall, he had been the victim of an optical illusion. The auditorium was wide in back, and it tapered toward the stage; the ceiling was high in back and sloped down in flat steps. These converging lines created a false impression of great length. Harris also noted that the building's steel skeleton, hidden by the auditorium's walls, formed a rectangle, just as wide in front as in back.

IN the course of a second after-breakfast meeting, on December 10th, Harris told Ames what he had concluded. He discussed the hall one part at a time, beginning with the ceiling. It had two ceilings, in point of fact, for, in the course of the 1969 remodelling, a new ceiling had been installed below the original one. But Harris was discussing the new ceiling only. Its shape was not good, Harris said, because it was essentially flat—a series of smooth plywood surfaces—and it was also too light in weight. It was not a good sound diffuser, for it absorbed some of the low frequencies. Harris thought it would have to come down. Then, the basic



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shape of the hall was strange—not rectangular but curved, like a Coca-Cola bottle—and the faces of the very long side balconies presented a pair of large concave surfaces. Such surfaces either cause echoes or concentrate sound in one area at the expense of other areas and so create dead spots. Some large concave surfaces can be rescued by putting bumps all over them, but the side-balcony faces needed bumps far bigger than they could accommodate. The side balconies, Harris believed, would have to be removed. As for the side walls, he did not approve of the way they were constructed, and he regarded their shape as wrong—like the ceiling, they were not diffusing sound properly. The best thing to do with the side walls, Harris thought, would be to get rid of them. The rear wall, which was also curved, was creating a concave-surface set of problems of its own. The rear wall would also have to be eliminated. The profile of the concrete floor, as it was shown in the drawings, was "far from optimal," as Harris put it. Part of it needed to be chopped away. Part of it needed to be raised by the addition of more concrete. But even then, Harris said, the floor would still be concrete, and in his opinion a wooden floor was essential to a good concert hall. The concrete floor, with its profile corrected, could serve as a foundation for a wooden floor, with an air space between the concrete and the wood. Though not much, Harris's verdict on the floor was the nicest thing he had to say about the hall.

Having demolished the ceiling, the side balconies, the side walls, the rear wall, and all but part of the floor, Harris had only the stage left. The shape of the stage, he explained to Ames, was acoustically undesirable; it was constructed in such a way that it absorbed a lot of the orchestra's low-frequency bass tones. The stage, Harris thought, would best be done away with, too.

Ames asked about the idea of moving the orchestra forward.

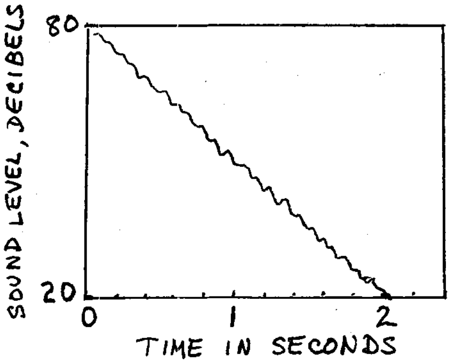
"That would improve things a little bit," Harris said. "If you could do it without spending any money on it, I'd say go ahead. The trouble is that there is no way of fixing this or that. There are too many things to be fixed. The acoustical faults are too fundamental. The only way is to demolish the hall—tear it down, right back to the steel columns, and build a new one."

"The difficulty there," Ames said, "is that we don't have the money."

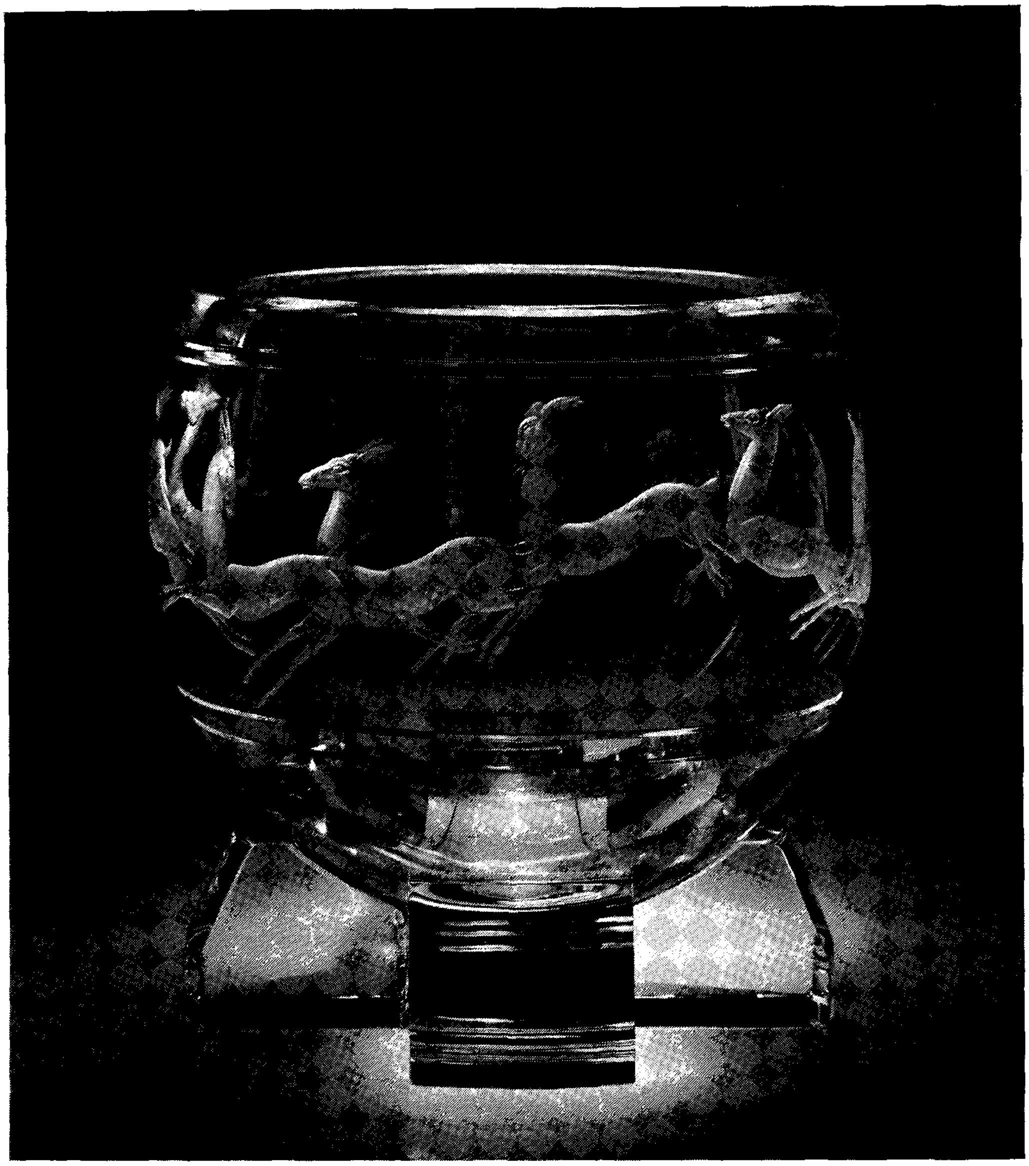
"In that case, I'd advise against your doing anything," Harris said. "No matter what you do, it will cost a lot of money, and the improvement, if any, will not be worth it."

WHILE Harris had given Ames (and the City of New York) his very best counsel, he had taken no pleasure in saying what he had said. He had told the exact truth as he perceived it, and he had told it in a dramatic way—demolishing the hall before Ames's eyes—in the hope that Ames, Mazzola, Moseley, and Fisher would be convinced by the pedagogical device. In technical terms, the truth was considerably more complicated: the hall's dryness, or lack of reverberation, and its dead spots were the end result of a multiplicity of acoustical faults—things not done as well as things done wrong—that added up to an incurable condition, which was revealed by diagrams of the shape of the hall's sound-decay rate.

Students at Columbia who have successfully completed either of Harris's courses in acoustics—Architectural Acoustics (A-4128) or Experimental Acoustics (E-4495)—are keenly aware of the shape of the curves that show up on such diagrams ("decay-curve shape" is the phrase they use) because Harris goes out of his way to stress the fact that unshapely curves are a pitfall for the concert-hall acoustician. Many of his students have spent hours in the acoustics laboratory, learning how to measure reverberation, plot the decay rate on graph paper, appreciate its fine points, and analyze imperfections when they appear. Harris's lectures are mostly given in the Engineering School Building, at the northeast corner of the campus, where 120th Street and Amsterdam Avenue intersect. The lecture room at the east end of the third floor, adjoining Harris's research laboratory, has a projector that he uses frequently. His projection of an ideal sound-decay curve (he calls it a curve, although it is more nearly a squiggly straight line) for an ideal concert hall looks like this:



Harris's picture shows quite a loud sound (eighty decibels) dying away to



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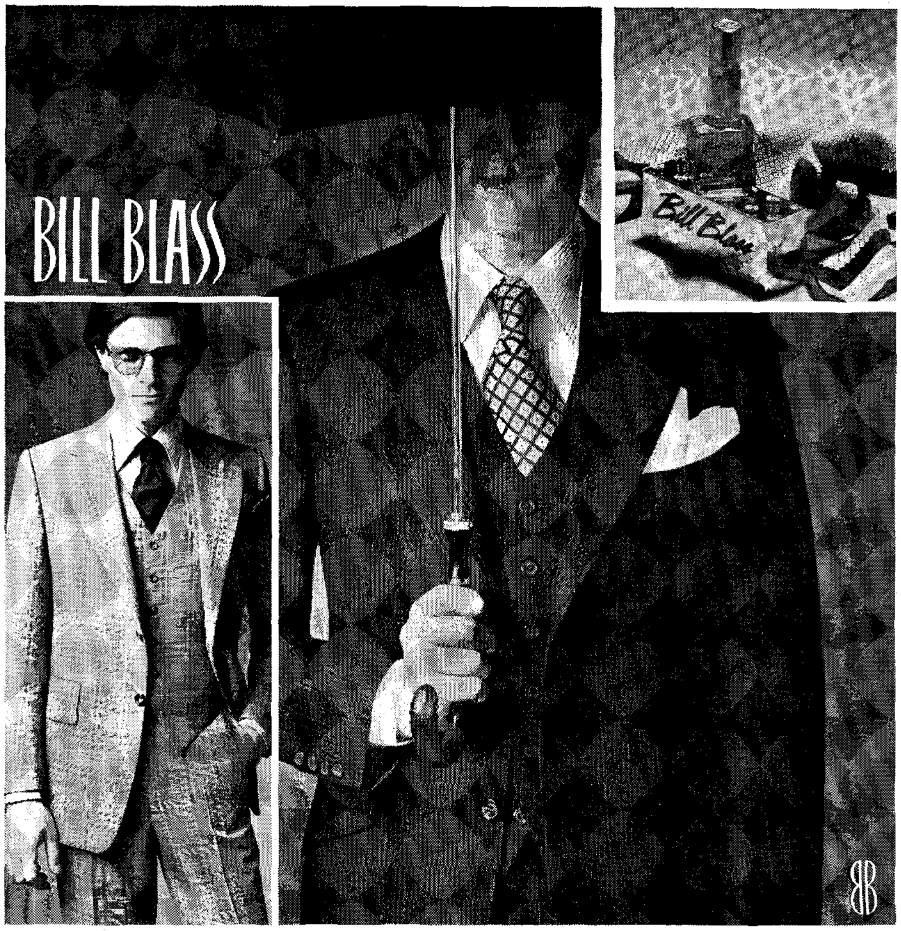

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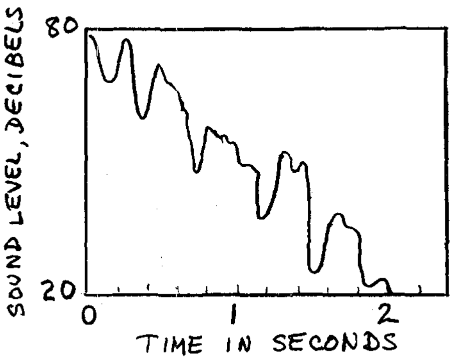
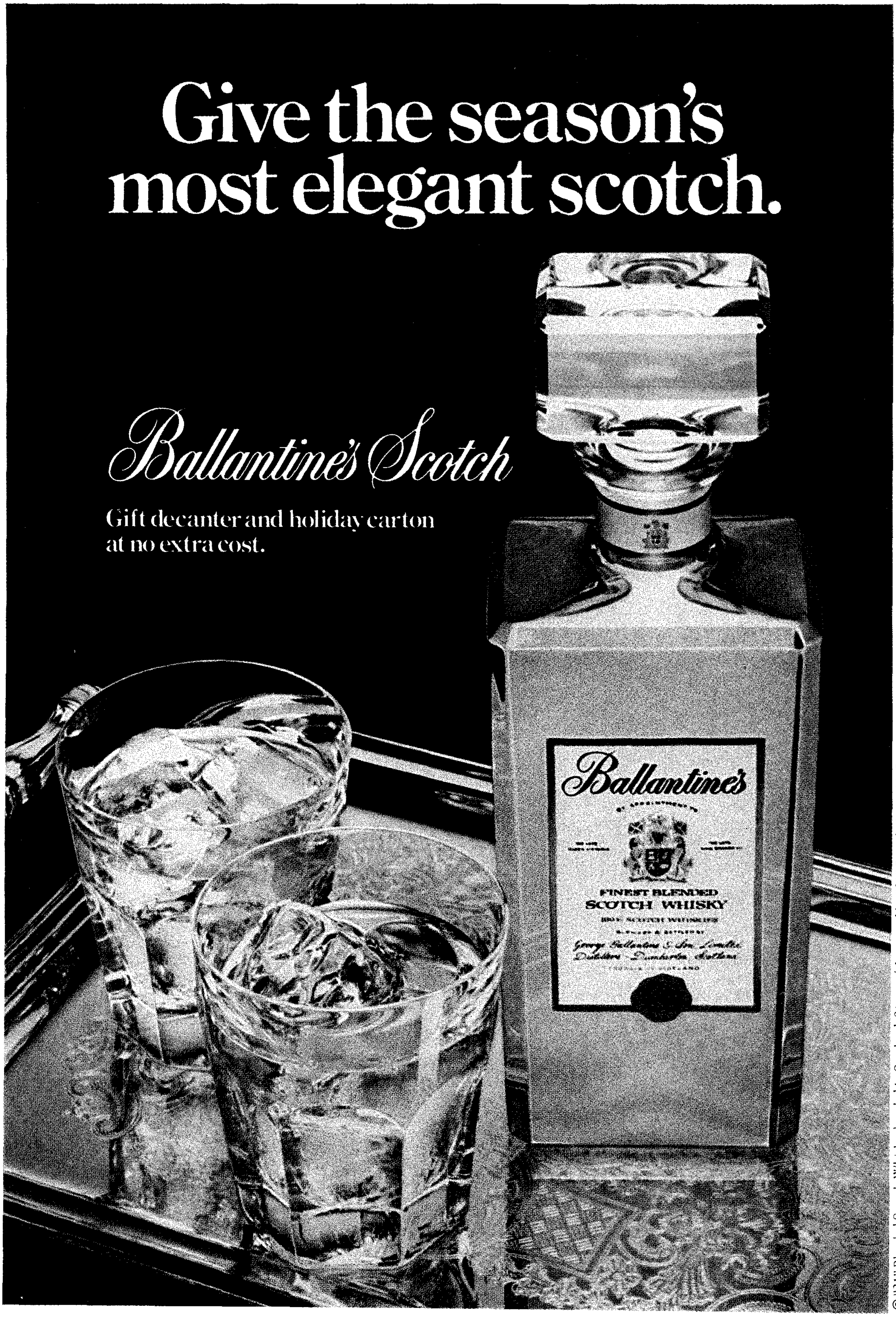
a very slight sound (twenty decibels) in the course of two seconds, and, incidentally, it portrays the definition of reverberation time—the time required for a specific sound level to die away by sixty decibels. In the case of this imaginary concert hall, the reverberation time is two seconds. A full orchestra at its loudest can boom a chord louder than ninety decibels, but it would seldom want to; that's about the level of the sound inside an I.R.T. subway car going full speed. A young concertgoer—that is, one with acute hearing—could hear a sound softer than twenty decibels in a perfectly quiet room. But music at twenty decibels—as soft as the sound of leaves rustling—would not be audible at all in a concert hall, because the combined noises of air rushing out of the ventilators and the audience's breathing would drown it out.

Harris's teaching point in showing the picture, however, is to depict a decay curve of ideal smoothness: the squiggles in the line are the smallest that an acoustical consultant could dream of, for they indicate that the sound dies away evenly, without wide, erratic fluctuations back and forth between soft and loud. The sound gets softer steadily and at an even rate. To emphasize his point, Harris projects a picture of a horribly unsmooth decay curve:



"If you should get a decay curve like that, the audience would be wretched," Harris tells his classes. "The human ear naturally prefers smooth decay. But in such a hall a tone would get softer and louder, still softer and then louder again—an erratic warble. The music would sound terrible. And there is an interesting corollary: you, as the acoustician, would know that some places in the auditorium were getting a lot more sound than others. The rule is, the smoother the decay curve the more uniform the sound pressure throughout the hall. And that's most important. You don't want dead spots. You don't want good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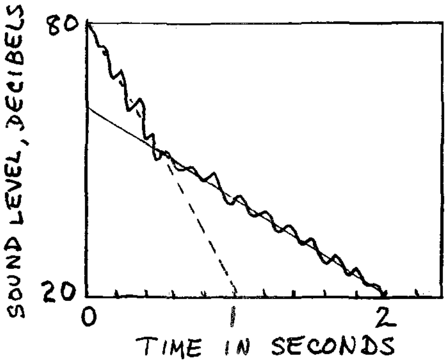
seats and bad seats. You want all the seats to be good."

Then Harris explains a second decay-curve abomination, the "double slope." "Suppose the rate of decay is uneven," he says. "Suppose at first the sound dies away rapidly, and then, after perhaps a fraction of a second, it dies away less rapidly. Then you get a picture like this:



"The ear listens to the very rapid decay at first, and interprets it as meaning that the reverberation time is short," he continues. "The ear is tricked, because in fact, after levelling off, the tone here is going to take two seconds to decay sixty decibels, as in the first picture. The ear has the impression that the reverberation time is short—as if it were just a little more than one second—and that the hall is a rather dead one. In other words, while the reverberation *time* is important, the *shape* of the decay curve is equally important. It must be smooth. The crucial things to avoid are wide fluctuations and a double slope."

Harris goes on to explain that the way to achieve a smooth decay curve is to fill the hall with diffusing elements, so that the sound, as it bounces off the ceiling, the walls, the balcony fronts, and all the other interior surfaces, is scattered in every direction. (The heads of the audience are good diffusers, so a concert sounds better when it is sold out.) The famous concert halls of the past achieved excellent diffusion with deeply coffered and ornamented ceilings, crystal chandeliers, niches, cornices, friezes, extravagances of ornamental plastering, columns, windows, doors, cherubs, busts, and statues. Symphony Hall in Boston, the first concert hall in the world designed with the help of an acoustical scientist—Professor Wallace Clement Sabine, of the Harvard physics faculty—achieves part of its excellent diffusion with eighteen heroic replicas of Greek and Roman statues on pedestals in niches around the walls above the second balcony. The hall was built

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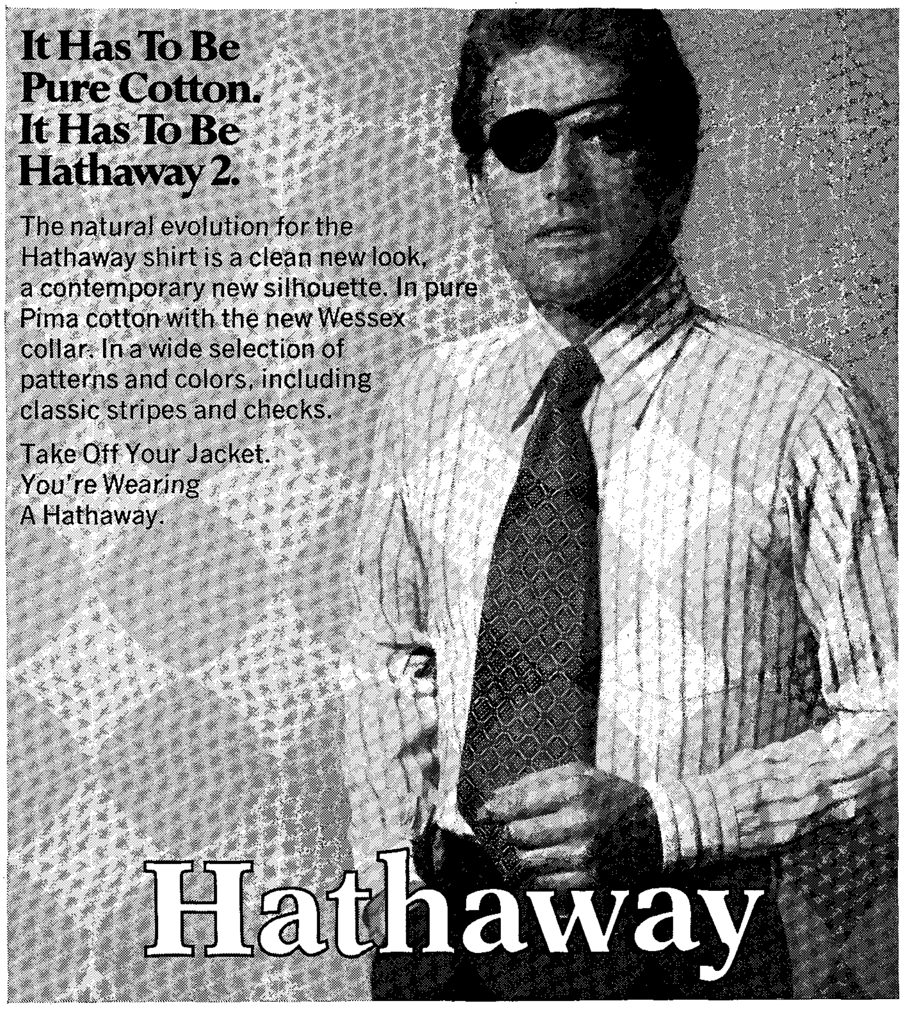
in 1900, and at the time the statues seemed a little splashy to Bostonians, but Sabine insisted that they were an acoustic necessity, and the chief architect, Charles F. McKim, of McKim, Mead and White, not only loved statues but suspected that Sabine knew his business. Since the acoustics of Symphony Hall, by common agreement, are wonderful, the statues no longer seem splashy to Bostonians.

In addition to being plentiful, a concert hall's diffusing elements should be of a variety of sizes, ranging from a few inches to twelve feet or more, in order to scatter high notes, with short wavelengths; middle-scale notes, with middle-sized wavelengths; and low notes, with long wavelengths. If a tone is to be diffused efficiently, the size of the diffusing obstacle must be comparable to the tone's wavelength. If, on the other hand, the wavelength exceeds the size of the obstacle by a good deal, it ignores the obstacle instead of bouncing off it in a new direction. Thus, a one-foot bump on a wall would not be a suitable diffuser for a middle-C tone, because the wavelength of middle C is a bit more than four feet, and it would be even less efficient for the C below middle C, whose wavelength is more than eight feet. The C two octaves below middle C, with a sixteen-foot wavelength, would take a two-foot bump in stride, so to speak. A two-foot bump, however, would diffuse the C an octave above middle C (wavelength, two feet) quite well. While high tones are diffused more easily than deep bass tones, a concert hall should have plenty of small diffusing obstacles as well as large ones. The busy ornamental plastering on old-fashioned coffered ceilings—acanthus leaves, egg-and-dart designs, and all sorts of other ridges and curlicues, their depth measurable in inches—were excellent short-wavelength diffusers, scattering the highest notes every which way.

A root trouble with Avery Fisher Hall in 1974 was with diffusion. There was not enough of it, and so the decay curve's fluctuations were irregular instead of smooth; moreover, the initial decay rate was too fast, resulting in a double slope. The sound of the orchestra was unevenly distributed—considerably more here, considerably less there—and, on the whole, the room seemed dead.

ON December 18th, Harris and Ames met at Harris's apartment for a third conference. Ames and his three colleagues had been mulling over Harris's advice, and were completely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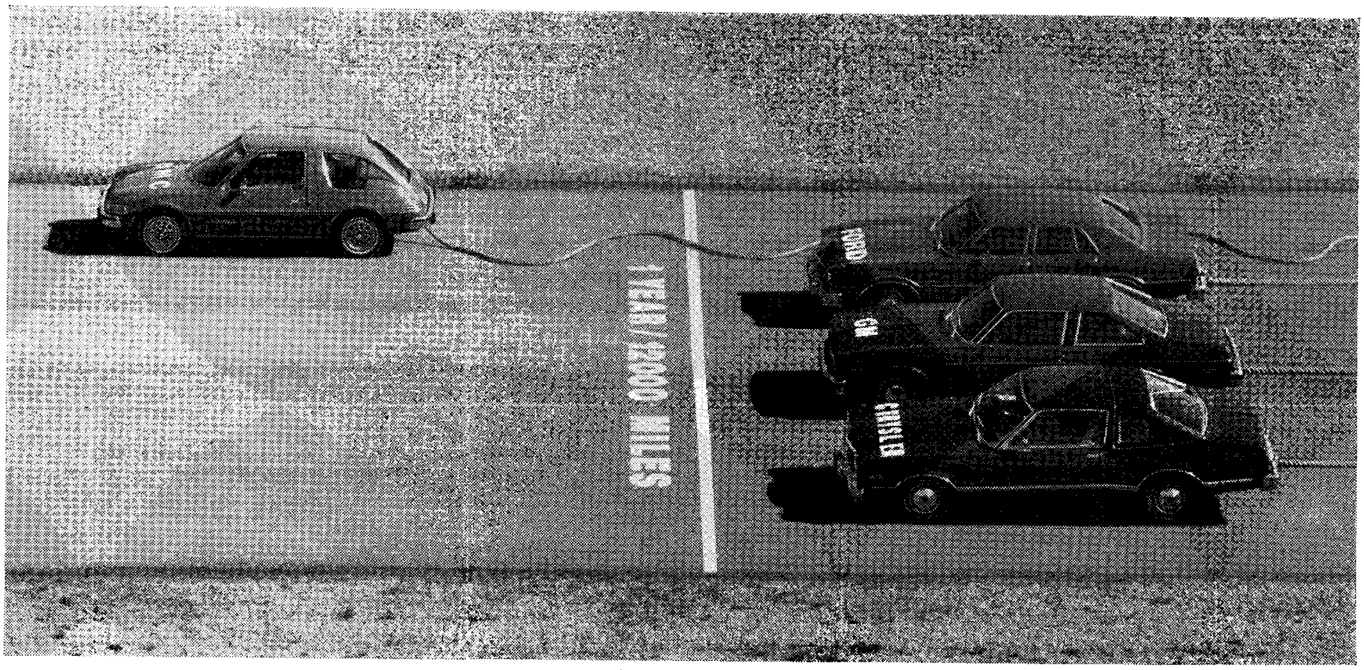

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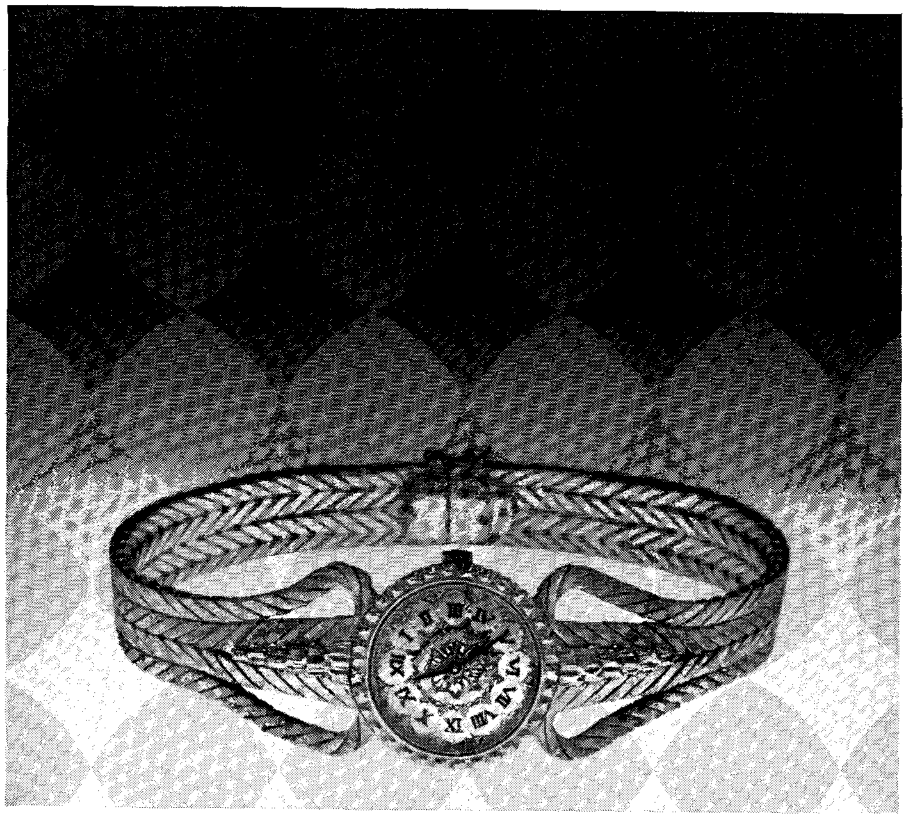
agreed that doing nothing was an unacceptable solution. They were uneasy about the idea of demolishing the hall completely and starting over, although that had been suggested before, not always in jest. Fisher's instincts told him that complete rebuilding was probably required, but neither Fisher nor Ames nor Mazzola nor Moseley—nor Harris, for that matter—could guess how much it would cost. In any event, they had decided to scrap the orchestra-forward idea, and Ames wanted to find out whether Harris would act as acoustical consultant in case Lincoln Center should find the money to build a brand-new hall inside the old building.

Harris had half expected the question. He was confident that a fine new hall could be built within Avery Fisher Hall because the plans had shown that there was space within the upright girders for a rectangular hall almost matching the size and shape of three extraordinarily good concert halls that he had recently designed: the Great Hall at the Krannert Center for the Performing Arts, at the University of Illinois, in Champaign-Urbana (Max Abramovitz was the architect), which was completed in 1969; the Concert Hall at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, in Washington, which was completed in 1971; and Orchestra Hall, in Minneapolis, for the Minnesota Orchestra, which had just opened, mostly to critical raves, on October 21, 1974. These three halls had something besides Harris in common: in size and shape they all resembled Symphony Hall in Boston, which, in turn, resembled the Neues Gewandhaus in Leipzig, Germany—built in 1884 and destroyed during the Second World War—which had been part of Professor Sabine's inspiration. Still, there is much more to designing a good hall than imitating Boston's version of the Neues Gewandhaus, and Harris, during the first weeks of December, had formulated three conditions that he believed would allow him the freedom to attend to everything.

"I'd consider doing the job if you will give me the space I need," Harris told Ames. "That means everything comes down, right back to the girders. And, second, if you will agree that acoustics will have priority over aesthetics. If the architect and I should disagree, I'd have to win the argument."

Ames did not say anything.

"And, third, if a new architect is to be selected, I'd want you to retain Philip Johnson," Harris said, and he



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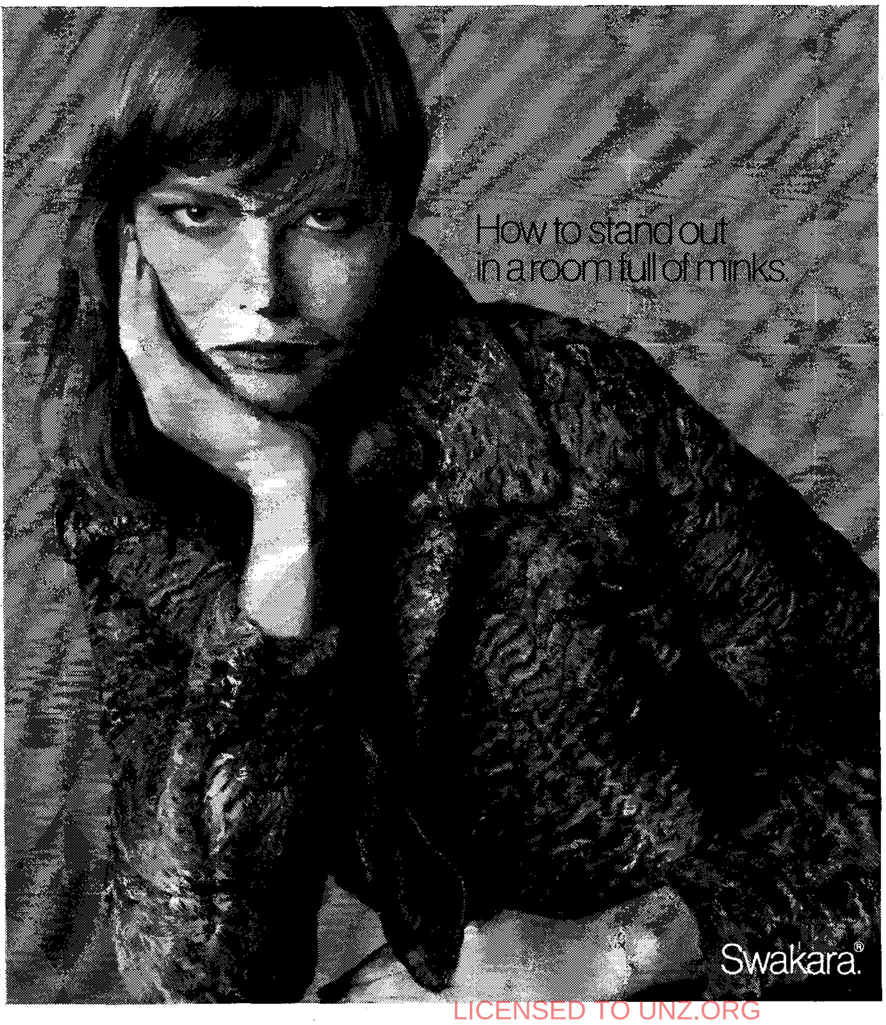

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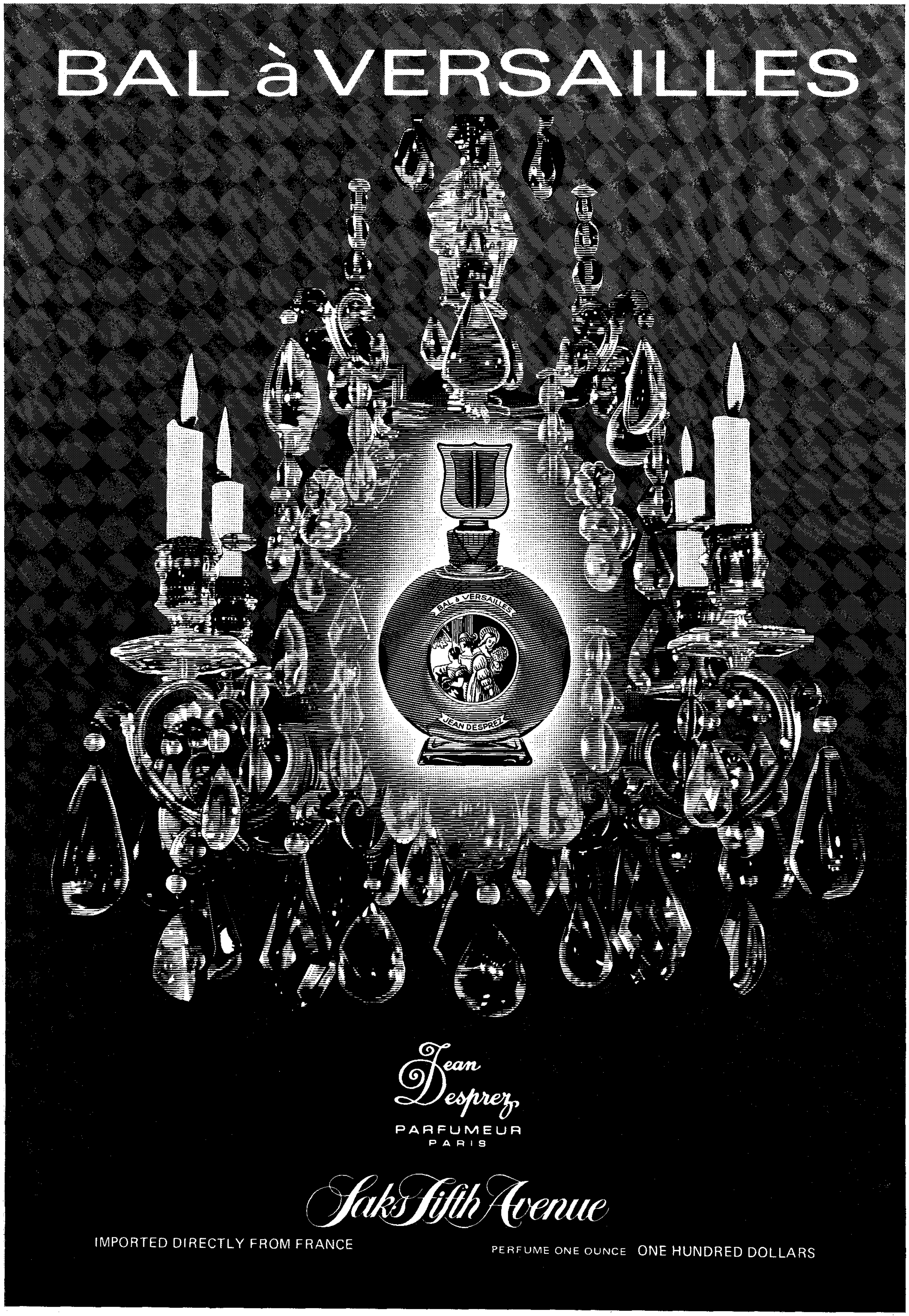
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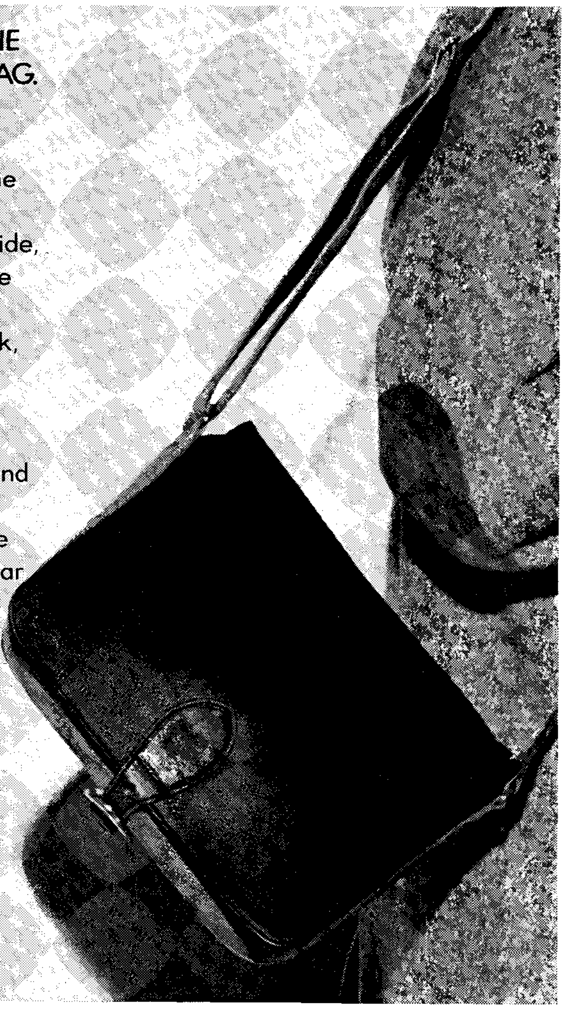
went on to explain, "I am a difficult man to work with, but Johnson and I get along well, and I know that we could work together."

Ames, an admirer of Johnson's work, was amazed by Harris's last condition. Ames had always believed—Johnson, among others, had told him so—that *Johnson* was difficult. If Harris considered Johnson easy to work with, how difficult could Harris be? Ames went back to Lincoln Center's offices to convey Harris's terms to his colleagues.

Harris's confidence in his ability to collaborate with Philip Johnson—and with John Burgee, Johnson's partner in the firm of Johnson/Burgee—was solidly based: they had all been collaborating for more than a year on a concert hall for the National Center for the Performing Arts in Bombay, India. The drawings were finished, and a little of the construction work had been done, but the completion date for the hall was indefinite. Harris and Johnson had worked together easily, although in the beginning, Johnson had anticipated trouble. Harris had been thrust upon Johnson, and that fact alone might have caused some ruffling of feathers, for ordinarily, on an auditorium job, the architect retains an acoustical consultant, if he feels he needs one, and thus the architect is the consultant's boss. In the case of the Bombay concert hall, Johnson got the commission and was told soon afterward by his client, Jamshed Bhabha, acting for India's National Center for the Performing Arts, that the acoustical consultant was to be Cyril Harris. (Mr. Bhabha had just attended a performance at the Kennedy Center, and felt that the sound of Kennedy was precisely what Bombay wanted.) Johnson was dismayed. In 1964, Johnson and Harris had worked together on a small job—the board of trustees' room in the east wing of the Museum of Modern Art, here in New York—and, Johnson remembered, the personal chemistry had been less than perfect; Harris had been fussy about his acoustical suggestions, or so Johnson had thought. Still, as Johnson recalled not long ago, he and Burgee wanted the Bombay commission, even if they had to accept Harris. In next to no time, Johnson realized to his pleasure that Harris, though stubborn about acoustics, admired Johnson for being stubborn about aesthetics. "The better the architect, the harder the acoustical consultant has to work, and that's as it should be," Harris has said.

Harris admired Johnson's taste. Johnson, for his part, was impressed by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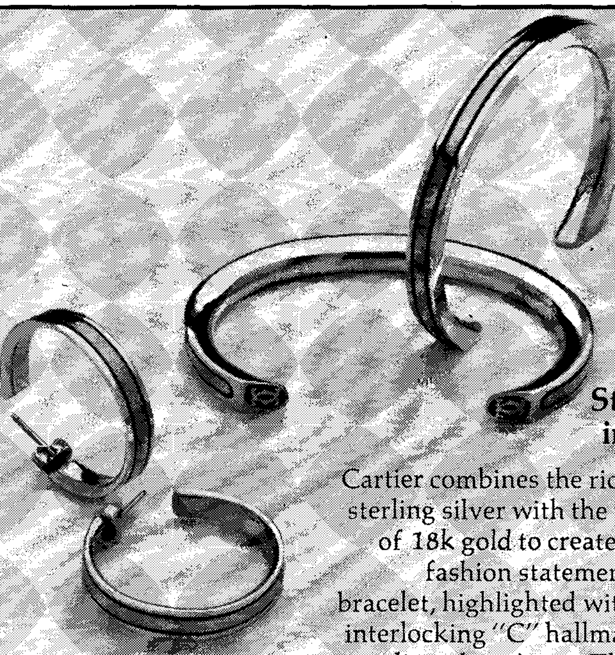
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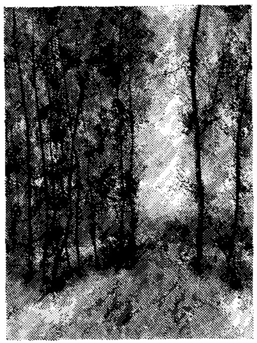

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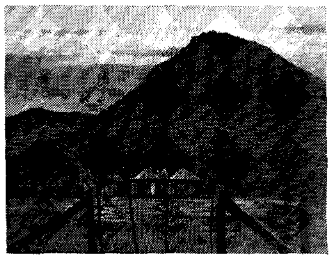

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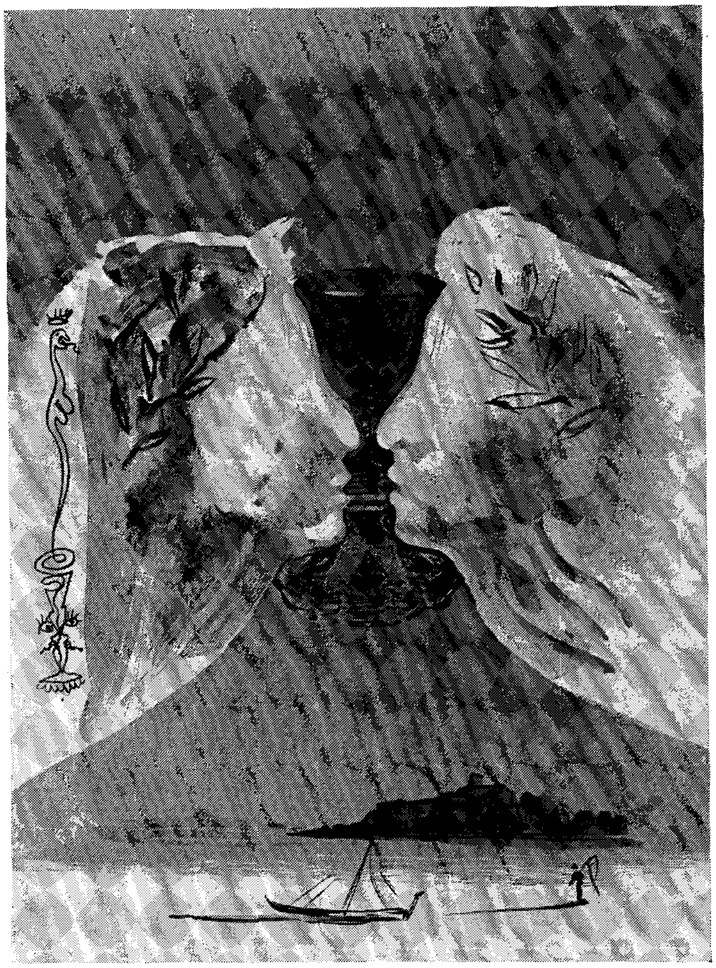

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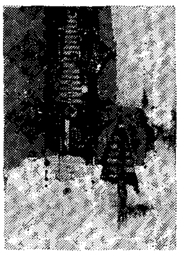

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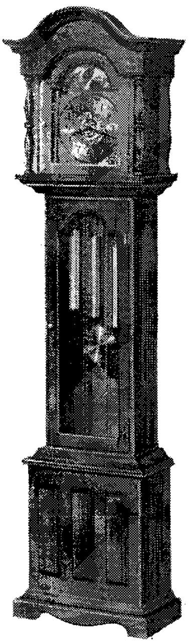

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Harris's detailed knowledge of architectural technology. The two men found that they could communicate in a kind of high-velocity verbal shorthand, or, on occasion, by saying hardly anything at all and drawing sketches on a scratch pad. "It is partly because we share each other's prejudices," Johnson once remarked. "We are both fond of classic shapes and traditional materials, and are not afraid to admit it. And then, we get along well because Cyril understands everything I say about architecture, and I don't understand a word of what he says about acoustics."

JANUARY, 1975: Some time passed before Harris next heard from Ames. Harris suspected that the cost of complete rebuilding was more than Lincoln Center could afford. But since, as always, Harris was working at top speed on various professional pursuits, he had next to no time left in his schedule for brooding about Avery Fisher Hall. He was getting ready for his second-semester classes at Columbia. In the fall of 1974, he had taken on the chairmanship of one of the School of Architecture's three divisions, the Division of Architectural Technology, thus committing himself to an extra burden of academic chores—weighing student admissions, approving courses of study, reading master's-degree-thesis proposals, and the like. In addition, having been fascinated for some time by lexicography and having recently completed his first dictionary—a volume defining more than twenty thousand technical terms and entitled "Dictionary of Architecture and Construction"—he was working on another such volume, called "Historic Architecture Sourcebook." Harris is a co-author (with Vern O. Knudsen) of "Acoustical Designing in Architecture," the most widely used textbook in the field, which has been translated into French, Japanese, and Chinese (the last is a pirated edition); he is the editor of and a contributor to another major acoustics text, "Handbook of Noise Control," and a co-editor (with the late Charles E. Crede) of the three-volume "Shock and Vibration Handbook," which runs to two thousand and twenty-seven pages; and he has written or collaborated on more than fifty technical papers for various scientific publications, such as the *Journal of the Acoustical Society of America* and the *Journal of the Audio Engineering Society*. Nevertheless, as an author-editor, Harris had never had as much fun as he was getting out of writing diction-

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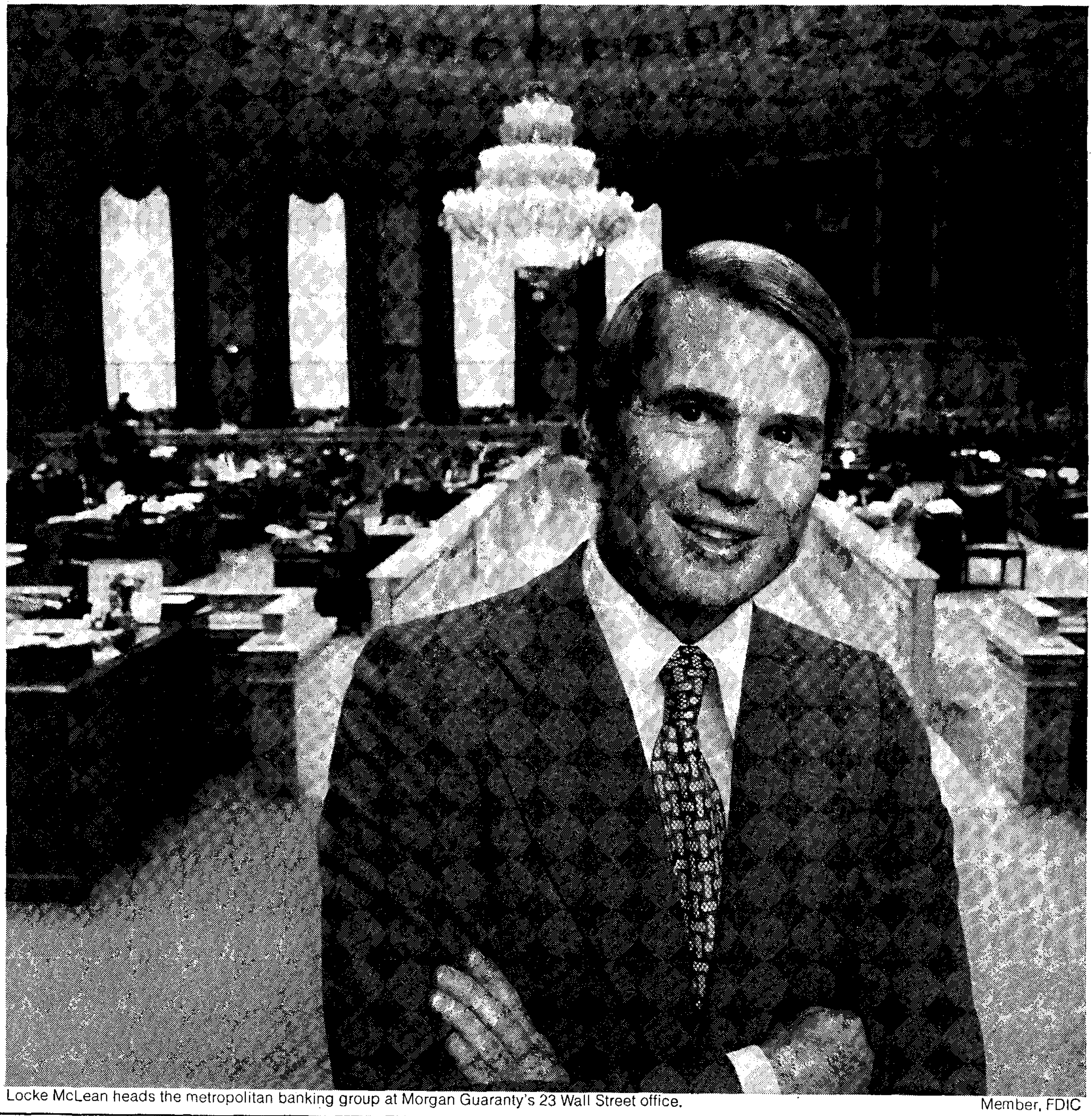

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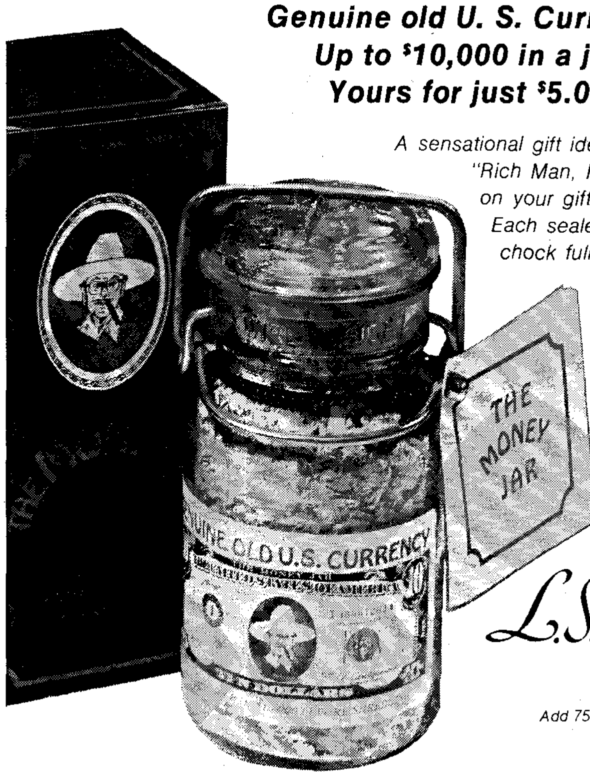

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aries. For the "Historic Architecture Sourcebook" he was conferring with thirty or forty specialists in the United States and abroad, and filling up box after box of three-by-five file cards with alphabetized names and architectural terms, plus definitions, and—perhaps the most fun of all—assembling an alphabetized collection of more than ten thousand pictures, mostly line drawings and engravings, from which he expected to select perhaps twenty-one hundred illustrations. Harris had found that dictionary-making has a practical advantage for a busy man—the portability of materials. He now customarily carries a handful of his file cards in his pocket or in a black leather dispatch case, and, given an idle moment or two, fishes one out and works at polishing a definition.

Harris had not heard from Ames because Ames, Mazzola, Moseley, and Fisher were in the process of deciding whether or not to go ahead. While their informal committee was so powerful that it hardly needed to consult anybody, consultation was the diplomatic thing, and there were scores of people to be spoken with, starting with the thirty-four members of Lincoln Center's board of directors. Then the board of directors of the Philharmonic needed to be brought into the picture, along with the members of the orchestra; its current conductor, Pierre Boulez; its managing director, Albert K. Webster; and Webster's staff. The members of the Lincoln Center Council, representing all the organizations in the agglomeration—the Metropolitan Opera, the New York City Ballet, the Film Society, the Juilliard School, the New York Shakespeare Festival, the New York City Opera, the Chamber Music Society, and the New York Public Library—had to be alerted. (There were twelve members, including Moseley and Mazzola, who already knew what was going on, and one other member who didn't need to be tipped off; he was Mark Schubart, director of Lincoln Center Institute, whose office is close to Ames's and Mazzola's, and who was being kept informed of developments as they occurred.) Rebuilding would be bound to make a mess of the Plaza, to mention the least of the problems that the Harris proposal could create, so it was only polite to tell everybody who might be affected what was being contemplated.

From the moment Harris had counselled rebuilding, thus opening up an array of possibilities, Fisher and Mose-

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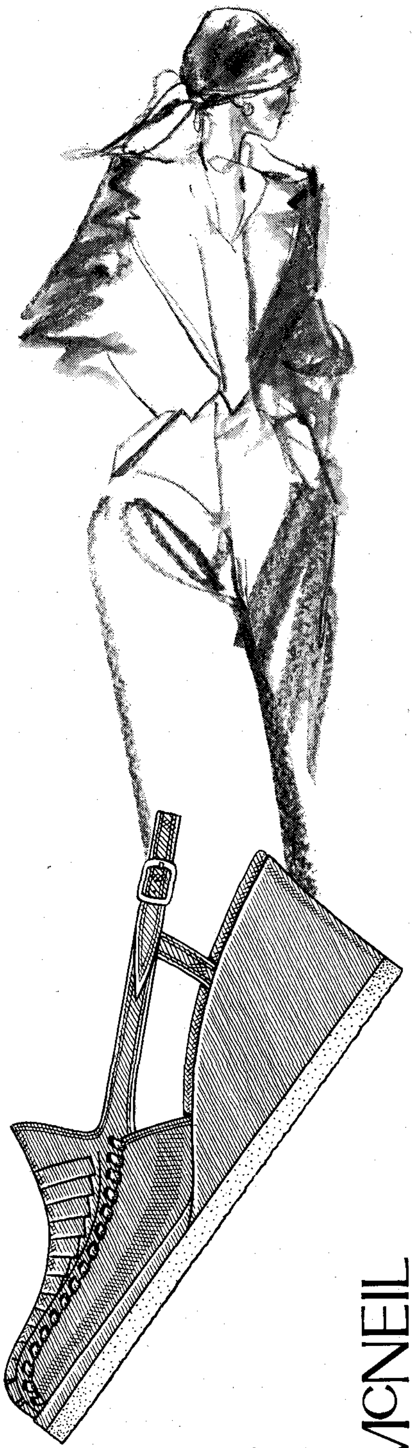

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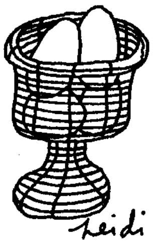
ley had been thinking about the kind of sound that would suit the Philharmonic best. Fisher mentioned a "perfect" hall—a word that Harris shies away from. The best that can be achieved is, as Harris expresses it, "a hall of acoustical excellence," and he specifies, "*for symphonic music*," because such excellence requires a single purpose. The Festspielhaus in Bayreuth, built by the composer Richard Wagner for music by Richard Wagner, may be the only true single-purpose auditorium in the world, but it is an opera house, not a concert hall. A concert hall is not designed to be used for opera, light opera, musical comedy, theatre, or lectures, but since orchestras play all kinds of music, the acoustics of the hall should enhance every kind. Sometimes the full orchestra plays, sometimes it is reduced in size. Orchestras often play concertos, and it is crucial that the solo instrument not be drowned out by the accompaniment. Some works, too, are scored for vocal soloists and chorus. Orchestras perform the music of several centuries' worth of composers. Some orchestras, including the Philharmonic, play to full houses; others are lucky to fill as many as eighty-five per cent of the seats. A concert hall of "acoustical excellence" must work well for that extended range of possibilities. As a practical matter, Fisher's use of the word "perfect" was supposed to mean merely "the best concert hall in the world."

Fisher and Moseley, whose experience as a concert pianist and as a soloist with the orchestra made him especially aware of the musicians' perspective, along with David M. Keiser, who had been the chairman of the board of the Philharmonic before Ames, and was chairman of the board of the Juilliard School and a pillar of strength on the Lincoln Center board, had been flying around the United States listening to concerts, checking to see whether they liked any hall better than Symphony Hall in Boston, which they all knew well and admired. (The Grosser Musikvereinssaal in Vienna and the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam had their partisans, but not in this triumvirate.) On this search they had found two such halls. One was Harris's three-year-old Concert Hall at the Kennedy Center and the other was Harris's brand-new Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis. All things considered, they preferred both to Boston.

Money was still a problem to the committee, but not nearly as great a problem as it had been, because Fisher had seen a possible solution. His ten-million-dollar gift to Lincoln Center in 1973, a capital fund for "maintaining, operating, and improving" the hall, had been in the form of a pledge. He had already delivered about five million dollars of this endowment, and, according to his plan, the remaining five million was to be paid in installments through 1978. Fisher thought he might instead give the entire balance to Lincoln Center right away. That would provide Lincoln Center with cash to pay for the rebuilding, although it would mean that Lincoln Center would be dipping into capital. The questions were, how much dipping into capital would be required, and would the State Supreme Court—which keeps an eye on earmarked gifts to nonprofit organizations—understand and approve the notion that the maintenance, operation, and improvement of the hall depended upon its insides being demolished? Fisher, a handsome, not quite white-haired man of sixty-eight, who speaks with a soft, husky voice, took the view that things could be worked out. His parents had arrived in New York from Russia a few years before Avery was born. Theirs was a large, prosperous, and extremely musical family; nearly everybody played an instrument, and young Avery studied the violin with Sam Franko, who in *his* youth had studied with Joseph Joachim and Henri Vieuxtemps. The Fishers could, and did, field a string quartet without calling in any outsiders; chamber music became Avery's great enthusiasm, and it still is. By Fisher's own reckoning, he is no more than a "good amateur" violinist, but he has been privately playing in string quartets and small chamber orchestras regularly for forty years, where he has held his own with professional musicians. In order to earn his living, after graduating from New York University's Washington Square College in 1929, Fisher went into advertising—graphics was his interest—and then into book designing, for Dodd, Mead. He became well known as a designer, and did many of Dodd, Mead's books, including Edwin Way Teale's "Grassroot Jungles." Early this year, Fisher designed the seventy-seven-year-old naturalist's latest book, "The American Seasons," which Dodd, Mead published in October; and Fisher was hired, on a free-lance basis, at Teale's suggestion. Accord-



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ing to Fisher, Teale asked his publishers, "Whatever became of that good young designer, Avery Fisher?" Then, in 1937, Fisher went into business for himself, but not into the graphics business. Besides music, he had another hobby—designing and building high-fidelity sound equipment for himself and his friends. He decided to start a company and see whether there was any money in manufacturing and selling his radios and record-players on a commercial scale. The Fisher Radio Corporation did extremely well. He sold it, in 1969, to the Emerson Electric Company for thirty-one million dollars, and since then most of his energy and a lot of his money has gone into music—especially music at Lincoln Center, where he is active on three boards of directors (the Center's, the Philharmonic's, and the Chamber Music Society's), and in the Green Mountains of Vermont, where he is a trustee of the Marlboro Music Festival. Fisher, in short, was anything but a gullible patron. He had been concerned with acoustics for as long as he could remember, and had made his fortune out of that concern: furthermore, given a good fiddle, he was personally prepared to demonstrate how a violin should sound.

No one knew within a million dollars or two how much demolition and rebuilding would cost. In 1962, the construction of Philharmonic Hall had cost about eighteen million dollars. In cubic feet, the auditorium itself accounted for only a quarter of the building's total interior space, with the rest occupied by promenade spaces, the Philharmonic offices and board room, locker and instrument-storage rooms, elevators, passageways, stairwells, lavatories, rehearsal rooms, and the like, but no one imagined that the answer to the big question in 1975 was eighteen million divided by four—although, as things worked out, four and a half million would have been about right. Tearing down a concert hall inside a building had never been done before, and it promised to be expensive. (One could hardly whack at the walls with a steel ball swinging on the end of a cable.) Besides, 1975 dollars were not 1962 dollars. There was a mitigating factor, though, which was that the construction industry in New York City was in a slump, so it was possible that hungry contractors would submit low bids. Of the many other unknowns, the greatest was the new hall's design. What were Harris and Johnson/Burgee going to think up? There had to be some limit on the fraction of the ten million dol-

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lars that it would be prudent for Lincoln Center to spend. Before going as far as signing contracts, Ames, Mazzola, Moseley, and Fisher needed a rational cost estimate.

FEBRUARY, 1975: Harris and Johnson began to work on a new Avery Fisher Hall. In principle, neither acoustical consultants nor architects work on speculation, but somehow an exception seemed suitable in this particular case. Members of Ames's staff are given to saying that Ames "can persuade anybody to do anything," and they may be right. Anyway, in late January, Ames had asked Harris and Johnson to make some preliminary plans. The idea was to go just far enough with the design to be able to describe it verbally in considerable detail—especially the construction niceties—without actually designing the hall. (The finished design, portrayed in architectural drawings and augmented by a volume of precise specifications, could keep Harris, Johnson, and Burgee, and Johnson/Burgee's draftsmen and consulting engineers, busy for the better part of a year.) The idea was for Harris and Johnson to get in touch with Carl Morse, a construction consultant and the head of the Morse/Diesel Construction Corporation, and tell Morse a whole lot about what they were going to design—on the assumption that they were going to design it—so that Morse and the experts on his staff could translate the concept into dollars. Then Lincoln Center would have a figure, which it might or might not be able to afford.

Harris and Johnson, within the first few minutes of their first conversation, found that they were agreed on many points. For one thing, the hall would be rectangular. Johnson knew from past association that as a rule Harris would always suggest a rectangle for a concert hall, although Bombay is the rule-testing exception. The hall there is to be used primarily not for Western but for Indian music, which needs a shorter reverberation time, and requires that the audience be as close as possible to the stage, in order to see the facial expressions of the musicians, especially when the percussionist on the hand drums and the sitar player engage in their exchanges. Therefore, Bombay is to be shaped rather like a Greek theatre—an arrangement that puts the last rows closer to the stage. For Western symphonic music, Harris likes the traditional rectangular shape. Once a rectangle was agreed on, Harris and Johnson could come close to predicting

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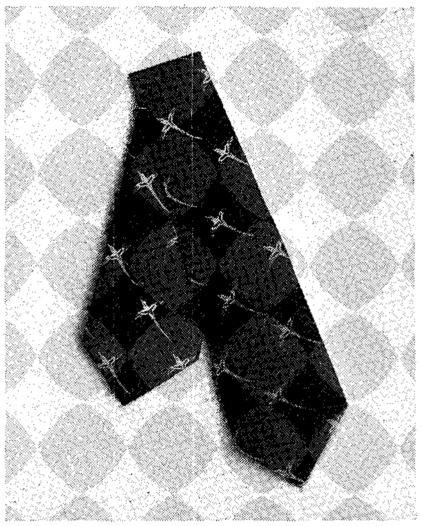

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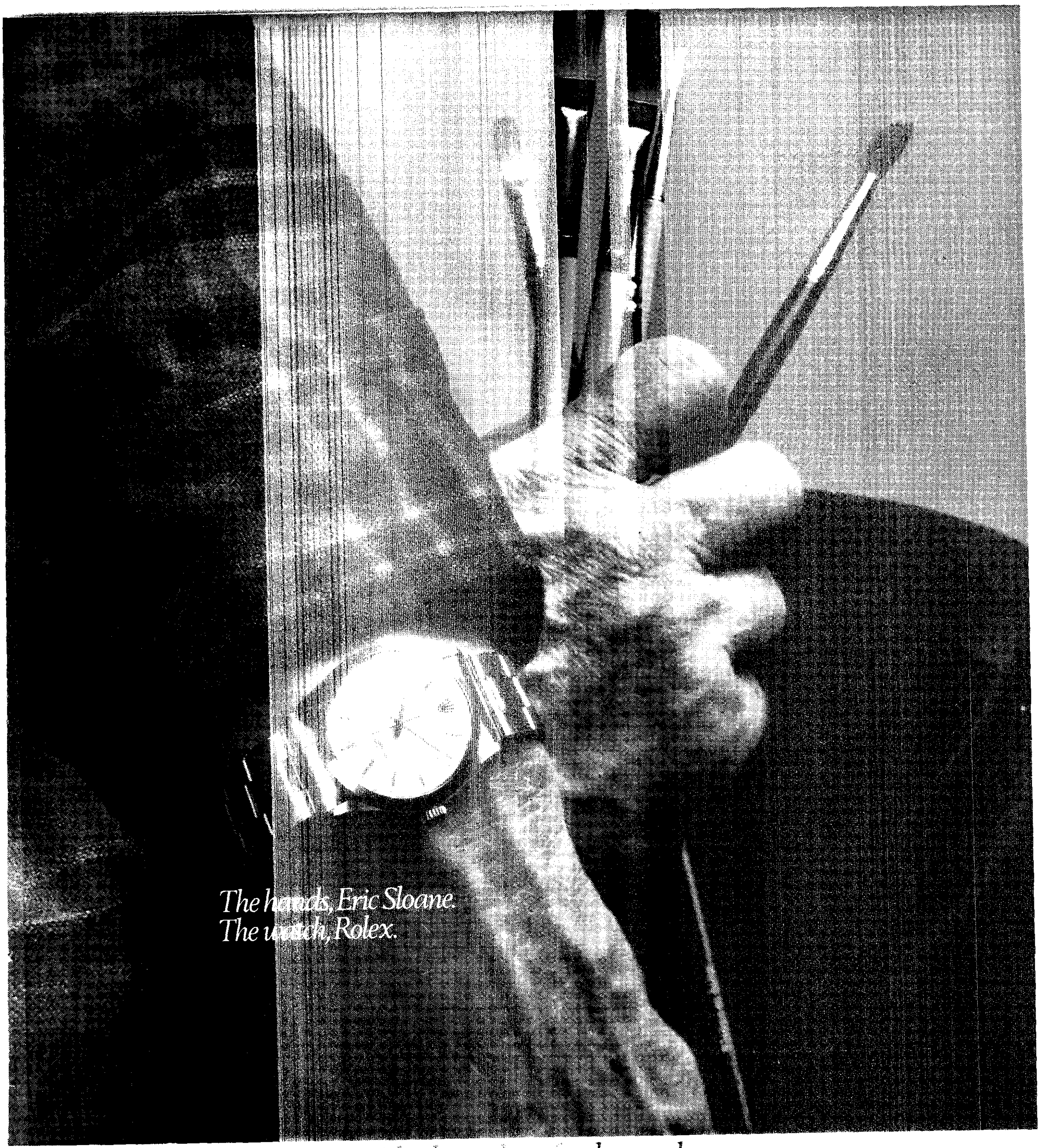

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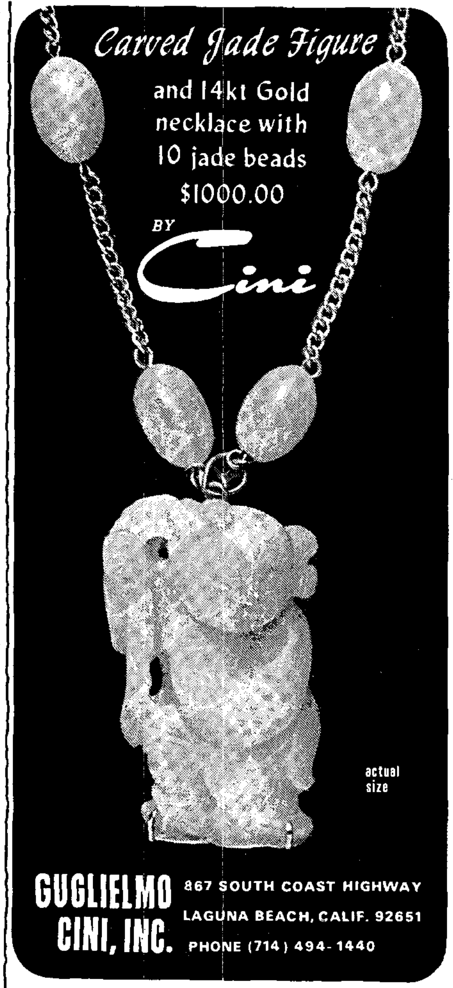
its dimensions—something like ninety feet by a hundred and twenty feet, not counting the stage. The auditorium could not be much bigger, because the upright girders set the limits; it could not be much smaller, because the hall's seating capacity, which was then two thousand eight hundred and thirty six, had to remain nearly the same. (It is now two thousand seven hundred and forty-two.) They discussed the balconies. Harris avoids deep balconies, because it is hard to attain even sound distribution beneath a deep overhang; he also likes to keep the opening between tiers as large as possible, so the sound can enter and bounce out again. They decided on three shallow balconies, with shallow boxes extending forward on both sides all the way to the front of the house.

Harris and Johnson met a number of times, usually with John Burgee joining their discussions, and usually at the Johnson/Burgee offices, high in the Seagram Building (which Mies van der Rohe and Johnson designed), on Park Avenue, with a magnificent view of the East River. They talked about what sort of facings the balconies might have, but they didn't try to go very far with that subject, since whatever the facings were to be, the cost would not be much affected. They talked at greater length about the ceiling, concluding that it would be intricate, because it would provide a major part of the hall's diffusion for all wavelengths, and that it would be heavy plaster, to minimize sound absorption. They agreed that the hall must contain lots of wood: a wooden floor for the auditorium, a wooden floor for the stage, wooden panelling on the walls, and a wooden shell behind the orchestra to help give its sound a powerful throw. By about the third or fourth conference, Harris, Johnson, and Burgee had agreed on a rather surprising idea: the stage would be framed by a great rectangular proscenium, less for acoustical than for aesthetic reasons: it would serve as a visual magnet, drawing all attention to the musicians onstage.

Having reached many such decisions, and having arrived at a point where they could begin to envision the new Avery Fisher Hall, Harris, Johnson, and Burgee felt pleased. Harris always thinks that the hall he is working on is going to be a little better than any he has done before. Each time, Harris believes, he profits, if only slightly, from having built the previous hall. Architecturally, Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis is much more radical than Kennedy, because the most conspicuous



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diffusing elements of the former design are what seem to be huge cubes set into the ceiling and cascading down the wall behind the stage; and, while Harris could understand that such boldness might not be to everyone's taste, he thought that the resultant acoustics could not be faulted. Kennedy is more conservative visually; its diffusive elements in the ceiling are concentric hexagonal patterns in coffered plaster, augmented by diffusing chandeliers, and, while the ceiling is intricate, it calls little attention to itself. But Fisher preferred the *sound* of Kennedy to the sound of Orchestra Hall. Harris agreed that the sounds were not exactly alike, but he thought that the difference was not significant. He pointed out that the sound of the new Avery Fisher Hall would also be unique, because two halls with identical acoustics could be achieved only if they were identical in every respect. As for Johnson and Burgee, they also liked the way the preliminary talks were going. They felt that the classic shape of the hall and its straight lines were a delight, and that what was evolving would express the traditional in contemporary terms—elegant, clean, dignified, and impressive, without a single Greek or Roman statue on the premises.

The time had come to talk with Carl Morse. Morse and several members of his staff joined Harris, Johnson, and Burgee at the Johnson/Burgee offices, and the group went over the imaginary hall part by part, discussing construction details rather than acoustical or architectural conceptions, and discussing them in terms of the work involved. For instance, Harris, Johnson, and Burgee told Morse that they had agreed that the floor of the auditorium, which would be about ten thousand square feet, should be made of oak three-quarters of an inch thick, nailed to three-quarter-inch plywood mounted on wooden two-by-fours over masonry supports, with a foot of

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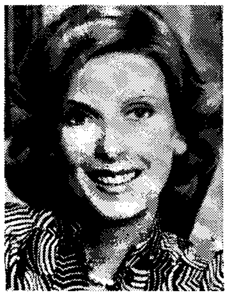

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air space underneath. Then they described the construction of the wood-panelled walls: the thickness of the panelling, and how it would be fastened on vertical strips of wood mounted on dense concrete blocks with compressed fibre glass filling the spaces between the concrete and the panelling. The walls would have a complexity of irregularities—indentations of assorted sizes every few feet. They talked about the ceiling, which in square feet would be approximately the same size as the floor. As far as construction materials and methods were concerned, the three men might almost have been describing Orchestra Hall, Kennedy, or, for that matter, Krannert. On and on they went, drawing occasional sketches, but mostly talking, while Morse and his staff took copious notes.

Then Morse and his people withdrew to their offices to make calculations on the basis of the information they had been given, and in doing so they added to the cost of the new hall the cost of demolishing the old one. (Demolition-cost estimates can be almost as tricky as building-cost estimates; while a structure is being torn down, any number of surprises may be encountered. And, indeed, in this case the wreckers discovered unexpected lumps of solid concrete under the auditorium's old floor, near the bases of the steel uprights.) Within a week or so, Morse had a total estimate. He told Ames what it was.

Ames called a meeting of the committee, and announced Morse's figure: three and a half million dollars.

"Well," said Avery Fisher, "I don't see anything wrong with that."

THE thing that was wrong with three and a half million, as the actual bills, twenty months later, showed, was that it was too low by nearly a million and a half. But then, Ames, Mazzola, Moseley, and Fisher were well aware that preliminary estimates are invariably low, and they were relieved that the sum was not greater. They were all ready to gamble that much, and even somewhat more, on their belief that Harris and Johnson/Burgee could deliver "a hall of acoustical excellence." Fisher, who had had the least difficulty contemplating complete rebuilding, was the calmest of the four. He felt that Harris was a little prickly whenever anyone invaded his territory of expertise, as Fisher had done on one or two occasions, but he was greatly impressed by Harris's candor and passion for detail; they were both qualities that reminded Fisher of

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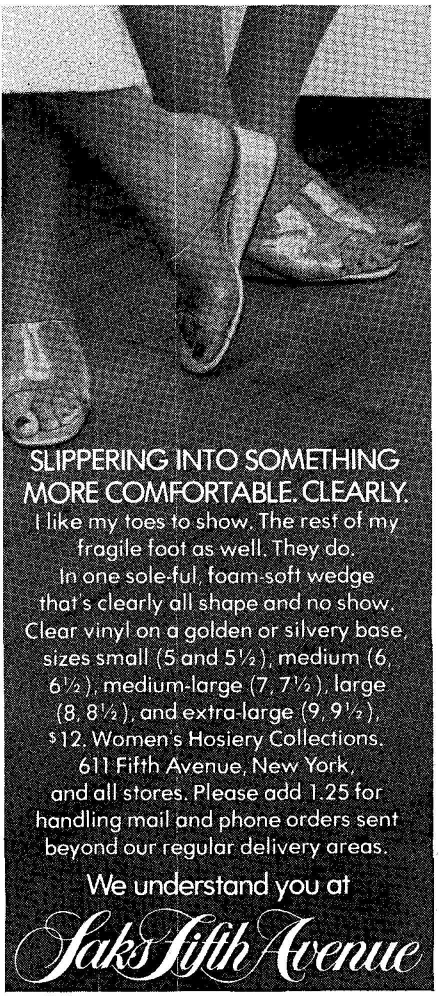

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himself. Ames was not worried, either. He believed that Harris, on his "track record," as Ames called it, deserved Lincoln Center's trust, and, besides, Ames had developed a certain gut feeling that Harris was a man who would deliver what he promised. Moseley thought that Harris, having done Krannert, Kennedy, and Orchestra Hall, could do another just as good, and that that would be enough to rejoice the Philharmonic. As for Mazzola, he looks a bit like a gambler; he is a giant, with the face and style of a Roman emperor, and he is a gourmet, bon vivant, and high-powered business executive. Mazzola was the only member of the committee who had previously dealt with Harris, and then only on the telephone, but he had been impressed. The air-conditioning tower on the roof of the Metropolitan Opera House (another building for which Harris had been a consultant) had been making a racket. Though inaudible in the building, the noise was disturbing to people outside, on the Plaza level, where the fountain is. Mazzola's workmen had struggled to quiet it, to no avail, and finally Mazzola had phoned Harris. Like a patient calling a doctor, Mazzola described the symptoms. "Well, three or four things could be wrong," Harris had said, "but I can give you a list of corrections to try, in the order you ought to try them." Then Harris had dictated a brief list. Suggestion No. 3 had solved the problem completely. Mazzola had made a mental note that Harris was a man who knew what he was talking about. Mazzola also liked the notion, which Harris had stressed, that everything about the new hall would be time-tested—and some aspects would have been tested for three-quarters of a century. In Mazzola's file cabinets, just outside his office door, he keeps a folder labelled "Philharmonic Halls I Have Known," with the details of all the refurbishings the place had been through, and he was pleased to think that nothing of an experimental nature was in contemplation. Mazzola was ready to take the plunge.

By the middle of March, the committee's recommendation had been approved unanimously by the board of the Philharmonic and the board of Lincoln Center, with Ames presiding over both meetings; the court's decision on allowing the use of Lincoln Center's endowment-fund maintenance money had been handed down, and it was favorable; contracts had been signed with Harris and Johnson/Burgee, finally rectifying their volun-

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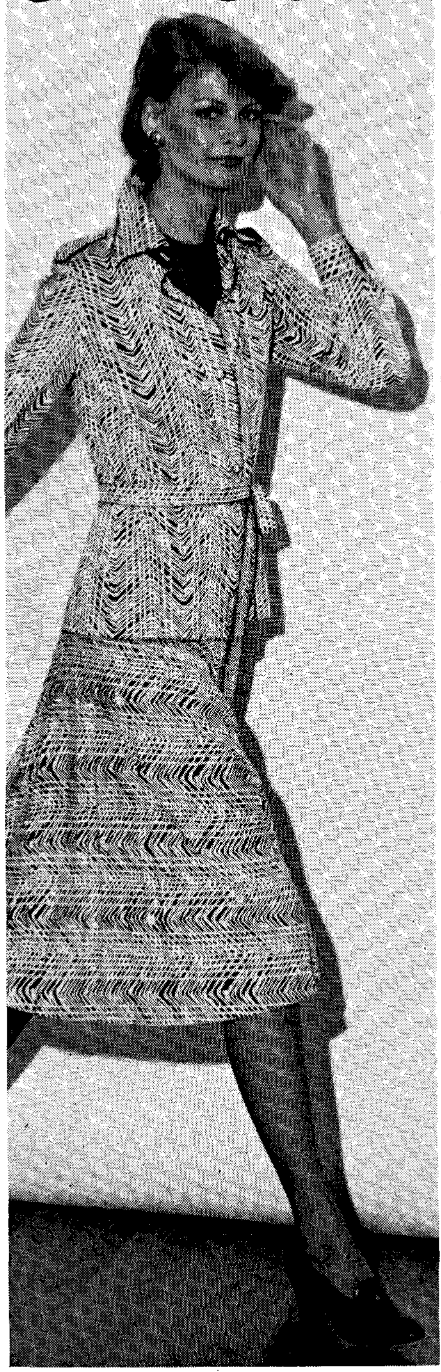

teer status. Lincoln Center's director of public information, John O'Keefe, set up a press conference for Tuesday the twenty-fifth. "It is clear that something has to be done," Ames explained to the assembled reporters. "We have to offer the best. The reputation of Lincoln Center stands on it. We also have a responsibility to the musicians who play in Fisher Hall. We have great confidence in Dr. Harris and Mr. Johnson, and we look forward to a hall equal to any in the world."

APRIL, 1975: Harris began attending Philharmonic rehearsals, sitting with the orchestra wherever there was an empty desk—for there was almost always at least one. He wanted to find out exactly what the musicians meant when they complained, as they had for over twelve years, that they could not hear properly onstage. He also wanted to get to know them, individually and as a group. Among the people he hoped to please, the musicians ranked very high. If in the end the Philharmonic itself did not like the new hall, no praise from the critics would make up for that failure. Harris had sometimes sat in with other clients' orchestras, and he wanted to sit in with the Philharmonic as often as possible. The fact that the West Side I.R.T. connects Lincoln Center with Columbia University enabled him to do this frequently.

After Harris sat through his first rehearsal with the Philharmonic—he had found a seat in the trumpet section—the musicians recovered quickly from their initial surprise. At every break, Harris, walking out with them and chatting backstage, was deluged with questions about acoustics, which he was happy to answer, and was told of their problems, which were multitudinous. An orchestra member's lot, to hear the orchestra member tell it, is not a happy one. Harris recognized that most of their acoustical complaints had merit, and he intended to relieve them of as many of them as he could.

JULY, 1975: Work on the plans and specifications was proceeding. There had been no real gap between the preliminary plans and the beginning of work on the final plans, one endeavor having led directly into the other. All told, Harris, Johnson, and Burgee had been designing for about six months, and they hoped they had gone more than halfway. Every few days, Harris would go down to the Johnson/Burgee offices. Some of the conferences were short. (A few took place over the

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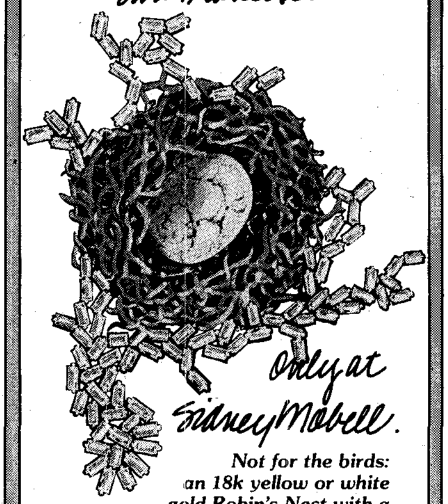

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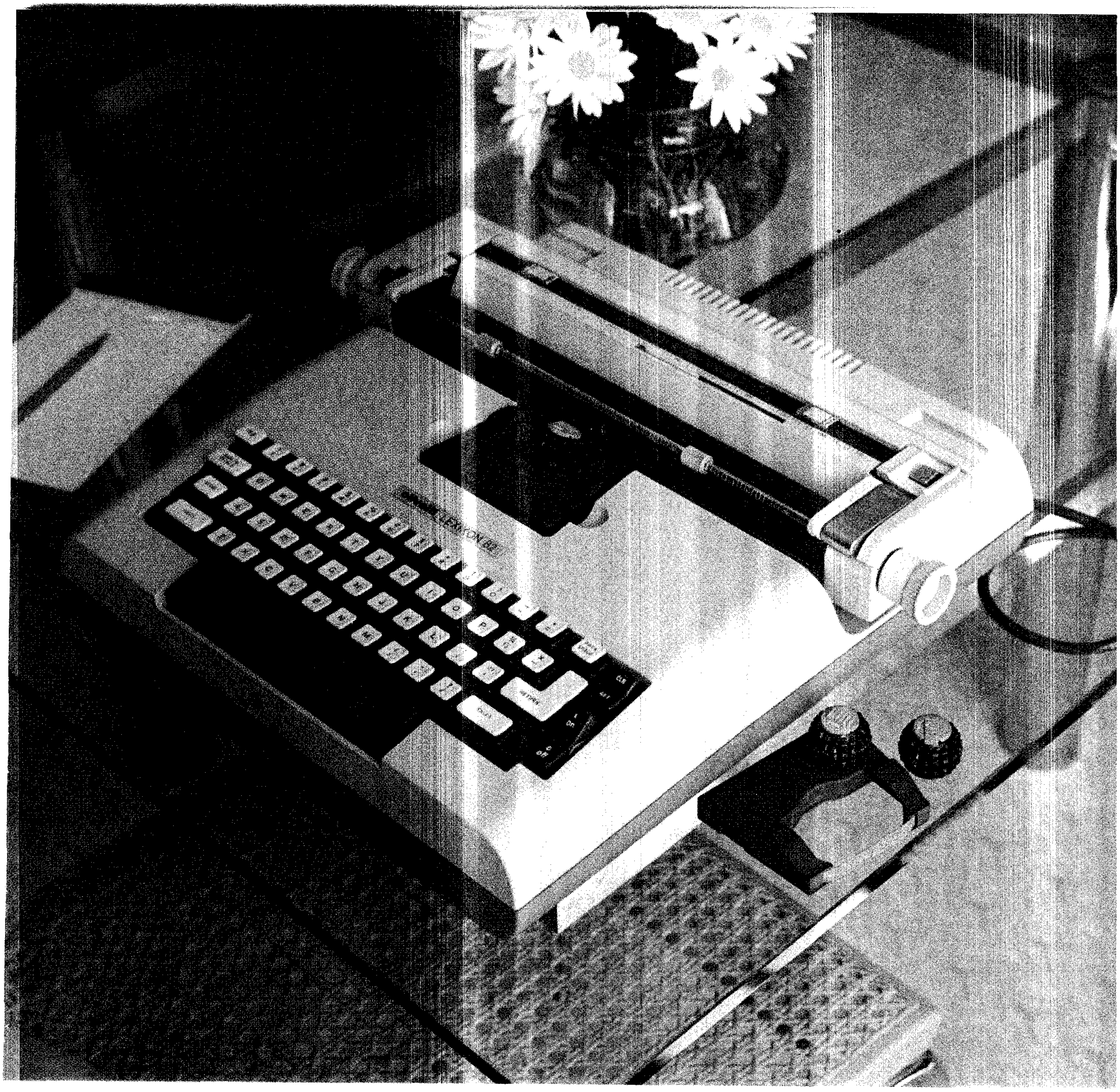

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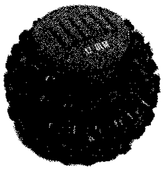

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telephone.) Others were long. Whatever was decided would be translated into technical drawings, precise and to scale. Copies would be made, and one delivered to Harris. Harris would study the plan and consider how the detail fitted into the total acoustical scheme, and would perhaps make marks on the drawing, or make a few notes in the margins. Then the three men would meet again. Johnson and Burgee would look at the marks Harris had made, and ponder what Harris's idea would do to their concept of the architectural scheme. They would propose an alteration, perhaps, and yet another variation would evolve, which would be turned over to the draftsmen for a new drawing. So the process went, sometimes quickly but more often slowly. Nothing could be settled by itself and put aside, because where acoustics are concerned all parts of the auditorium are interdependent: a minor change in the size, shape, or construction of any detail could call for compensating changes in almost everything else.

While Avery Fisher Hall was going to look something like Kennedy, the differences were significant. Kennedy, for instance, is lit by eleven large crystal chandeliers, which contribute to its sound diffusion. Avery Fisher Hall was not going to have any chandeliers; instead, it would have rows of globes arranged on the ceiling in bands, running across it from one side to the other. Although these globes—along with rows of light bulbs on the undersides of the boxes and balconies—would provide some diffusion for short wavelengths, most of the longer-wavelength diffusion would have to be supplied by the sculptured surfaces of the ceiling, the irregularities of the side walls, and the balcony facings. The basic rectangles of the two halls were nearly identical, but Kennedy has fewer rows of seats, because it has eight feet of room for standees behind the last row in the orchestra. (Avery Fisher would have at the rear corners of the topmost tier two desks, with two seats at each, for students wishing to read scores.) In total cubic volume, including the stage as well as the auditorium, Avery Fisher would be about the same size as Kennedy—a little more than six hundred and sixty thousand cubic feet.

Professor Sabine had figured out, before he was consulted about Symphony Hall, that reverberation time increases with cubic volume and decreases as absorption increases, and in honor of Sabine's discovery the unit of measurement for sound absorption is the sabin, even as the measure of sound level, the

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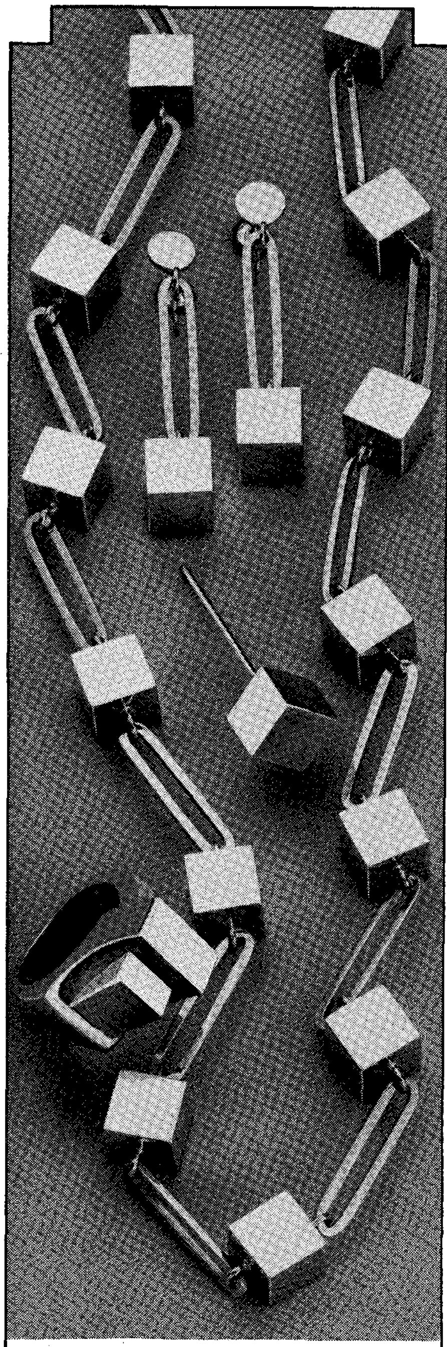

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bel—or, in its more frequently used fraction of ten, the decibel—honors Alexander Graham Bell. Harris had kept absorption at Kennedy extremely low, to give the auditorium liveness, and he knew he had to keep it extremely low at Avery Fisher. The clothes on a capacity audience absorb a great deal of sound, but capacity audiences are to be desired, not discouraged, and it was not Harris's place to urge the subscribers to wear very thin dresses or summer-weight suits. He did, however, suggest to Johnson and Burgee that the checking facilities be improved, in the hope that in winter most members of the audience would check their coats instead of holding them on their laps. This is no minor point. Few people realize that by checking their coats they help acoustics, but Harris tells of the managers of a good old auditorium who once called him up in distress because they thought their hall was somehow dying. That sounded unlikely. Harris questioned them closely and discovered that the hall still sounded all right in summer. Then, under his questioning, the hall's directors admitted that they had ripped out their coat checkroom. It was restored, and the hall sounded the way it used to.

Air is also absorptive, and its absorptive capacity varies as the temperature and humidity change. (That subject was part of Harris's most ambitious research project during the sixties, and he reported his results in "Absorption of Sound in Air Versus Humidity and Temperature," in the *Journal of the Acoustical Society of America* for February of 1966.) In addition to keeping Avery Fisher Hall comfortably air-conditioned, it was important to keep its relative humidity constant, at forty-five to fifty-five, for the sake of the orchestra's tonal balance. Harris wanted to eliminate all carpeting inside the hall except in the aisles, where it would be required to keep patrons from slipping and falling, and to muffle the noise of their footsteps when they arrived late or departed early. Carpet can be highly absorptive (as Harris's paper on the subject, "The Acoustical Properties of Carpet," had explained to readers of the *Journal of the Acoustical Society of America* for November of 1955). He recommended fairly non-absorptive, low-pile carpeting for the aisles. Johnson and Burgee envisioned the auditorium as being antique white, for the most part, trimmed with gold—gold velvet seats with oak backs, gold balcony facings, gold lighting fixtures, and a gold proscenium—and as having a dark wooden stage, to contrast dramati-

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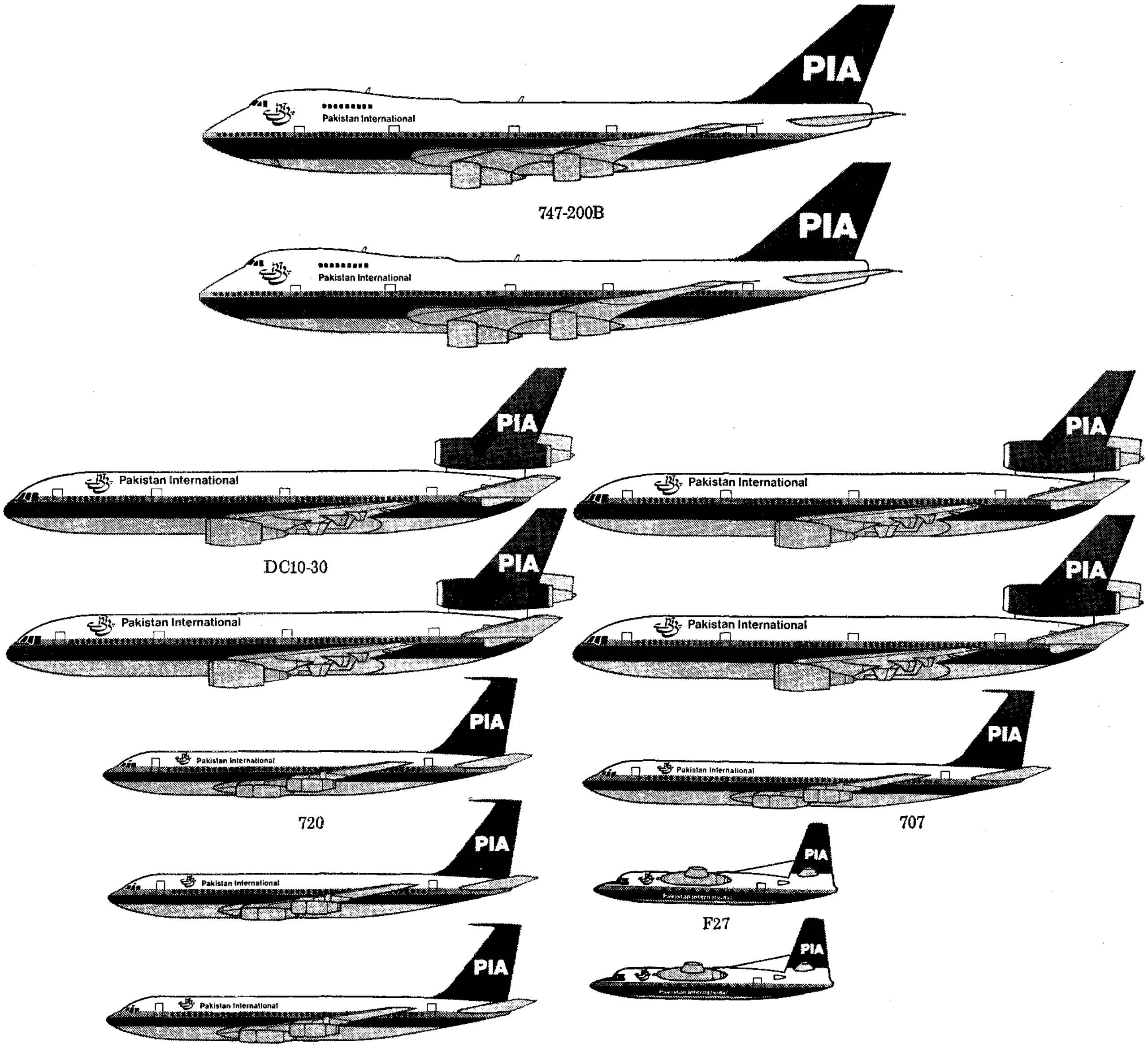

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cally with the rest of the house. Harris also stressed, as he had from the beginning of the preliminary planning, *how important it was to use heavy* building materials, along with construction techniques that would maximize the structure's solidity and rigidity—except for the floor of the auditorium and the floor of the stage, where some flexibility was wanted. Almost every material—even granite—absorbs some sound, if only an infinitesimal amount. But by the use of high-density plaster and massive concrete wall blocks, with materials attached to one another very tightly, and by the use of a strong framework where a light framework might ordinarily suffice, the amount of absorption could be kept to a minimum.

The ceiling, slightly more than ten thousand feet square, was a battlefield, where acoustics, architectural design, and architectural technology fought to a three-way accommodation. Johnson and Burgee felt that the ceiling ought not to attract attention at the expense of the stage. Harris agreed. Yet the ceiling had to do a lot of work acoustically. It did not need to be visually obtrusive, but it could hardly be simple. With the smoothest of smooth decay curves ever in mind, Harris required that the ceiling provide a multiplicity of diffusing obstacles of assorted sizes; that it be massive and rigid, to minimize absorption; and that it be solid, so that no sound could escape through holes or at the edges into the space above. The ceiling would be hung from the roof of the building on spring-mounted rods called isolators. The isolators were to prevent outside noise—vibrations in the structure of the outer building, or the roar of airplanes overhead—from penetrating the auditorium. If the roof shook, the ceiling would stay still. Each of the hundreds of isolator rods could support at least four hundred pounds of plaster on metal lath.

Harris suggested a ceiling studded with upside-down pyramids. The Johnson/Burgee draftsmen prepared a sketch. It looked terrible—like a bat's-eye view of the Siegfried Line. Johnson pointed out that if the pyramids were broken up into their component planes they would look less obtrusive. Another set of drawings. Visually, the second concept was an improvement, and acoustically nothing had been lost, but the truth was that neither Johnson and Burgee nor Harris really liked it, and they told each other so, in their private code of grunts, pencil marks, and meaningful silences. While counting up was difficult, since the end

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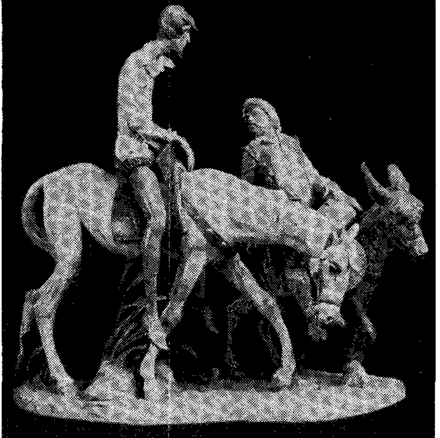

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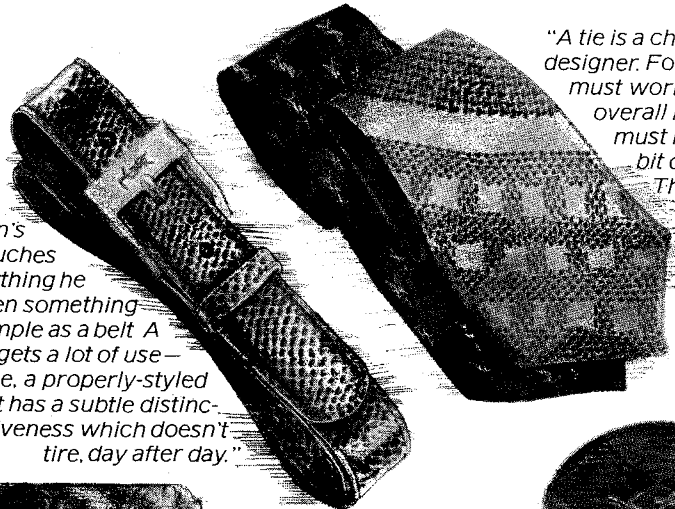

"A tie is a challenge to a designer. For though it must work as part of an overall look, so, too, must it have its own bit of personality. The tie you put on inevitably says something particular about you."

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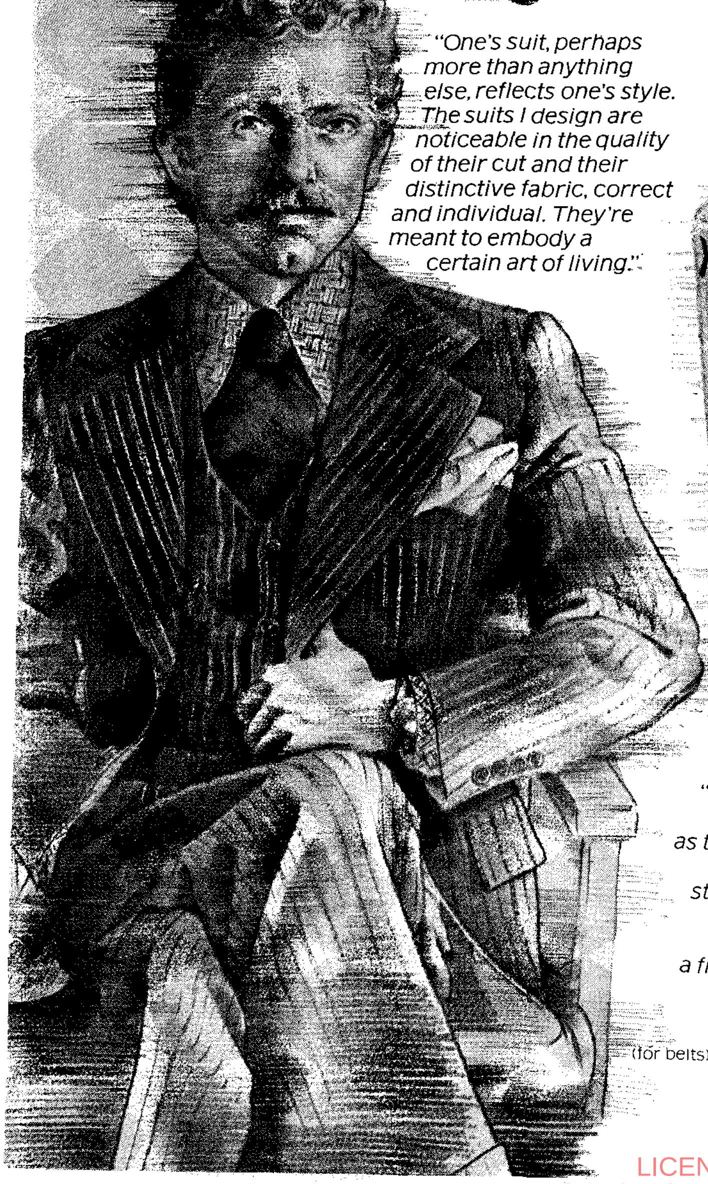
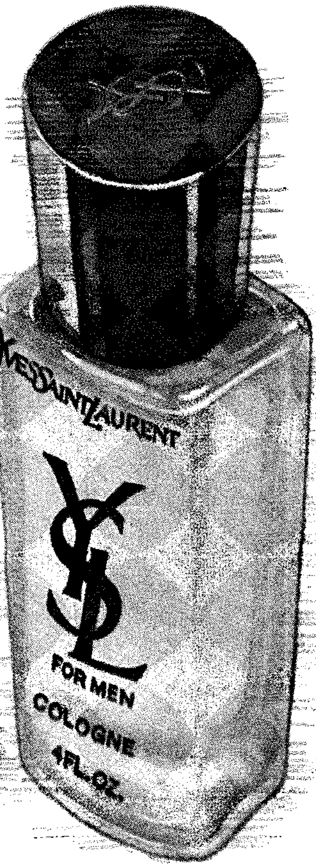


"One's suit, perhaps more than anything else, reflects one's style. The suits I design are noticeable in the quality of their cut and their distinctive fabric, correct and individual. They're meant to embody a certain art of living."



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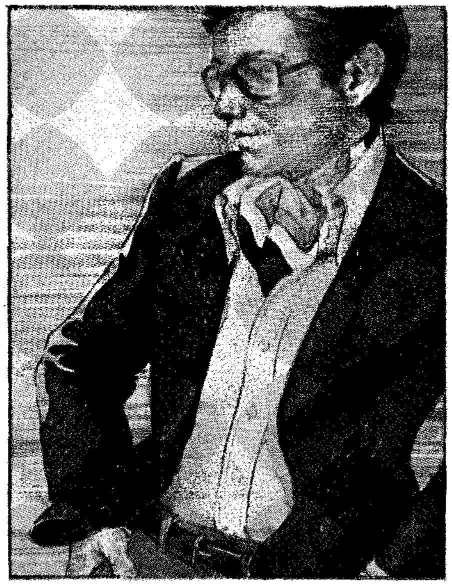

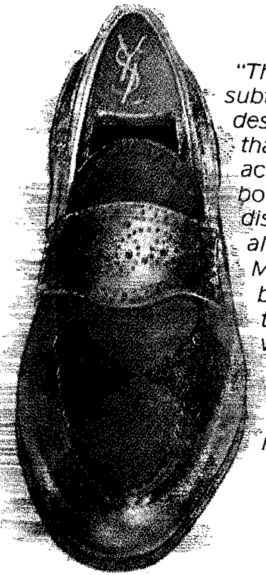

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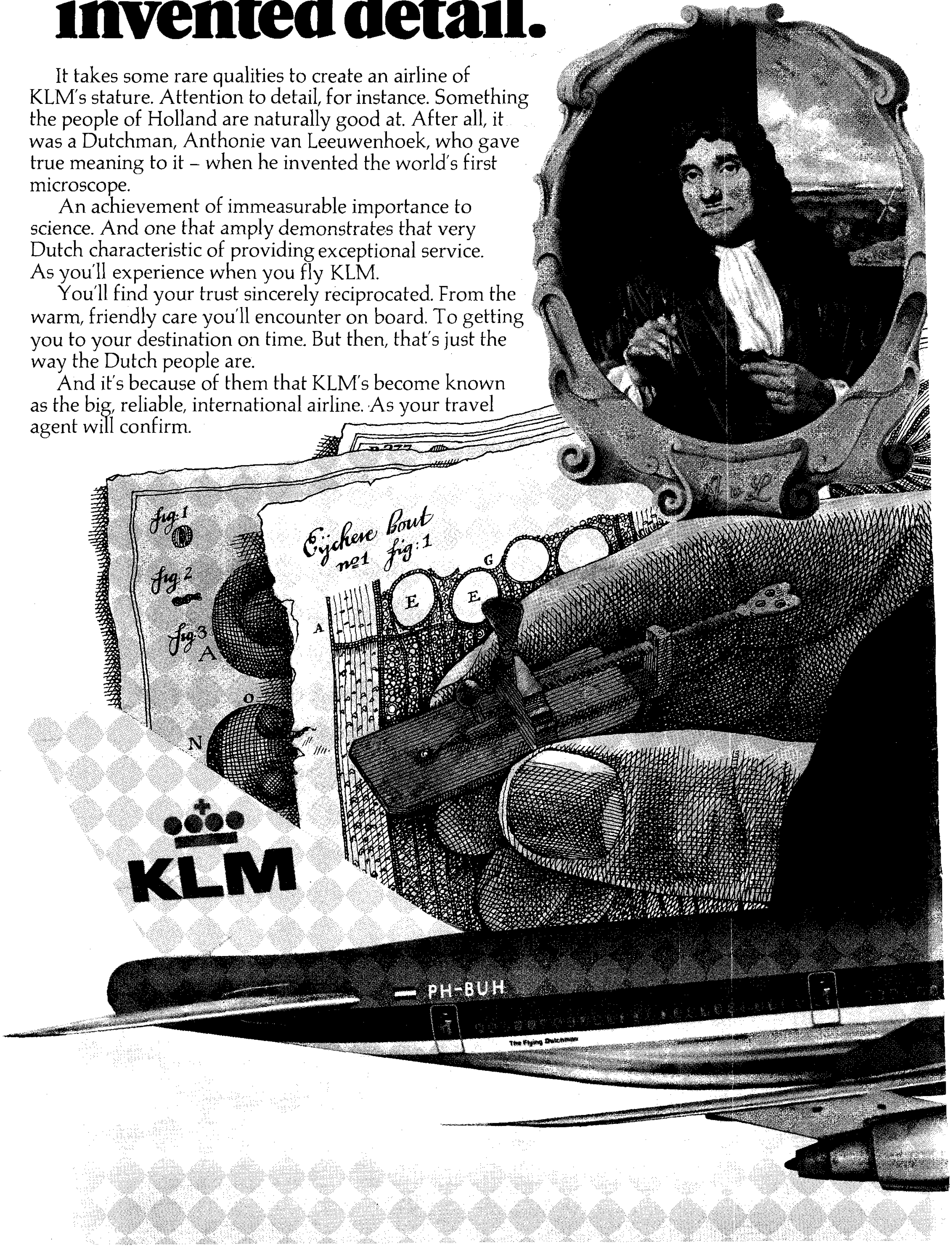

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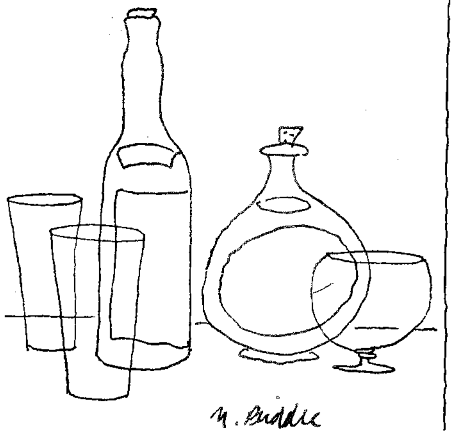
of one concept carried over into the beginning of the next, the three men went through no fewer than twelve distinct versions of the ceiling design, and were beginning to think they almost had it.

August, 1975: The Department of Buildings of the New York City Housing and Development Administration had a monkey wrench in hand, ready to throw into the Harris-Johnson-Burgee machinery. New York can be proud of the fact that its building code, and especially the fire-prevention sections of the code, is as stringent as any in the nation. The Department of Buildings reviews plans for new public places before construction. For places of public assembly, such as concert halls, this review covers the finishing materials. Whenever Harris, Johnson, and Burgee were sufficiently agreed on certain construction details, they submitted them to the Department of Buildings, rather than wait to get all the plans for everything in final form. The department took a poor view of the new wooden floor—particularly of the air space between the concrete underpinning and the plywood on which the oak flooring would be mounted. The department felt that in case of fire that air space might be hazardous. Would it be possible, the department wondered, to place the plywood underflooring directly on the concrete instead of mounting it on supports? Acoustically, the answer was no. The floor almost matched the floors at Champaign-Urbana, Washington, and Minneapolis, which had all met the local codes without difficulty—although that was irrelevant. The acoustical function of the air space was to give the floor a certain amount of flexibility, so that it could vibrate, if only slightly, in response to the sound of the orchestra, and allow the members of the audience, with their feet on the floor, to be able to feel the music as well as hear it. The Department of Buildings sug-



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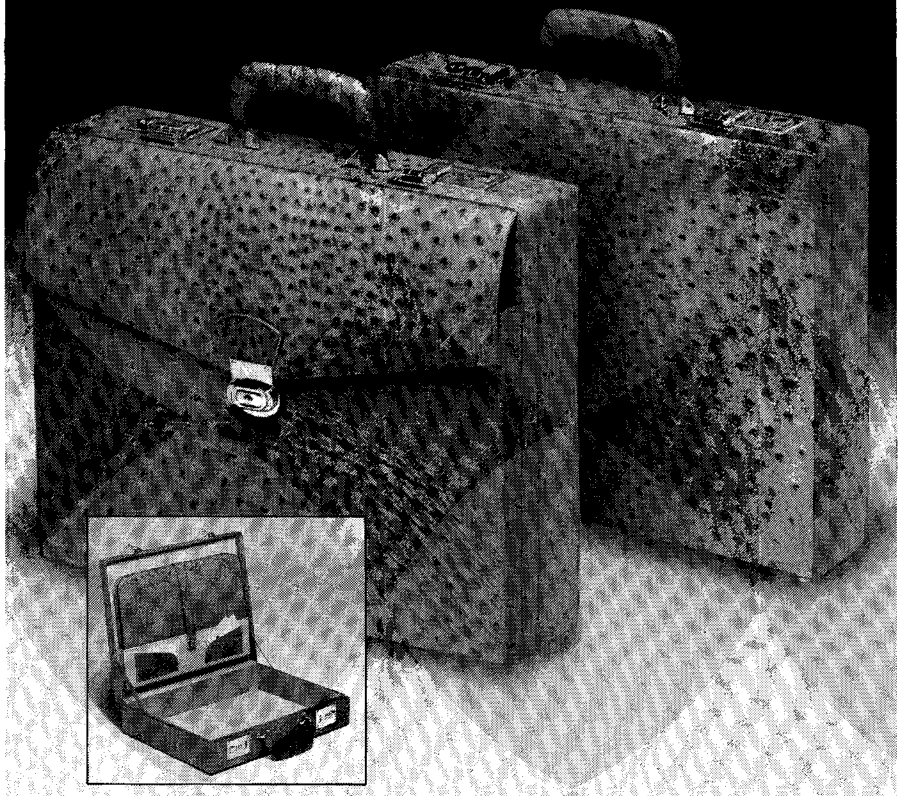

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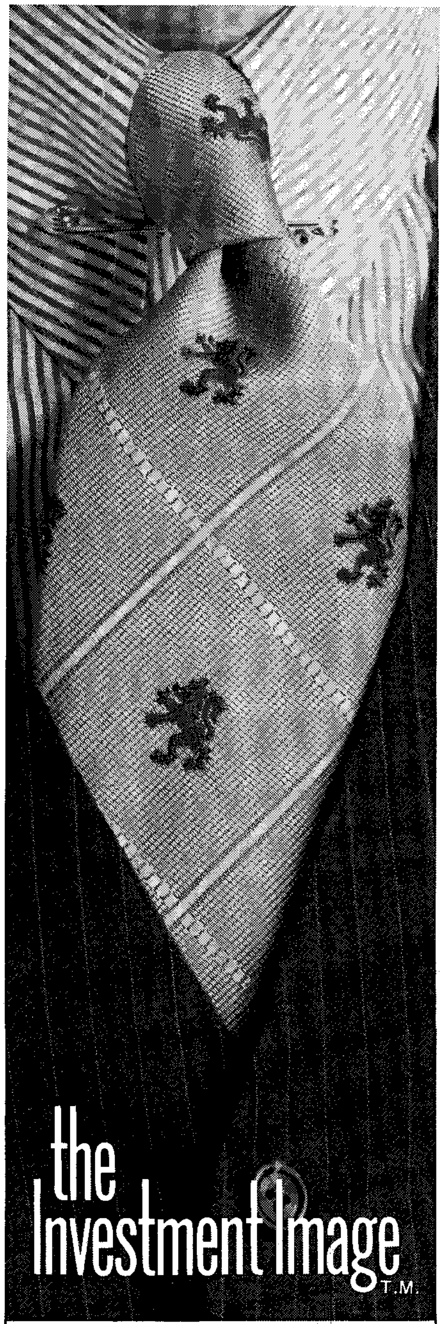

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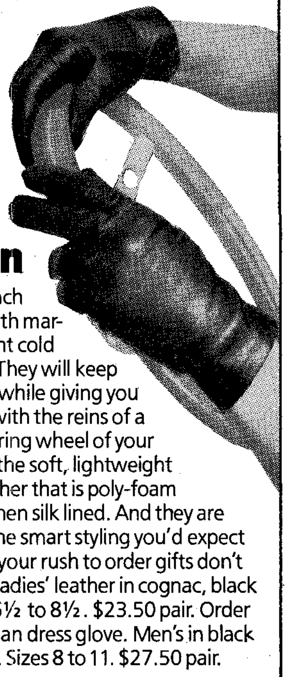
gested that the space be retained but filled with something nonflammable. The trouble there, Harris explained, was that filling in the space would change the acoustical value of the floor, and thus the acoustics of the entire hall. Could some material be cemented to the underside of the plywood which would fireproof the wood? Harris was not keen about that idea. "I do not like to gamble," he said. "I want to know in advance that I am going to win."

In the end, the impasse was broken. The air-conditioning system was to pull stale air out of the auditorium through holes in the floor. If smoke-detecting sensors could be installed near the exhaust fans, and some fire-resistant material installed below, but not touching, the plywood, the city code would be completely satisfied. Harris said that would have no effect on the acoustics one way or another.

NOVEMBER, 1975: Though Harris is a lexicographer, he seldom uses colorful words to describe the sound he hopes to achieve. Whenever he mentioned his acoustical goals to Johnson or Burgee, he spoke in value-free technical terms. Things were to be done for "diffusion" or "absorption" or "the reverberation time" or "dynamic range" or "smooth decay." The adjectives and adjectival phrases that music critics and musicians use to describe their concepts of good sound—such as "balanced," "blended," "bright," "brilliant," "colorful," "clear," "detailed," "distinct," "dynamic," "flowing," "fresh," "full," "honest," "immediate," "loud but not too loud," "mellow," "natural," "not boomy," "not mushy," "not shrill," "not too cool," "not too dry," "precise," "pure," "realistic," "resonant," "responsive," "reverberant but not too reverberant," "rich," "singing," "smooth," "solid," "strong," "true," "vital," "warm," "wonderful"—seemed to be missing from his vocabulary. If Harris wants to praise a hall's acoustics, his highest encomium is "It has an exciting sound." Beyond that, one has to guess how much he likes it by the enthusiasm in his voice. If he is asked, he admits that he regards Krannert, Kennedy, and Orchestra Hall as "exciting," but it is difficult to persuade him to go much beyond that; his favorite way of explaining the sound of his own halls is to say, "I think most people enjoy what they hear there."

For years, Harris has been saying that an acoustical consultant should try to design a concert hall not for himself



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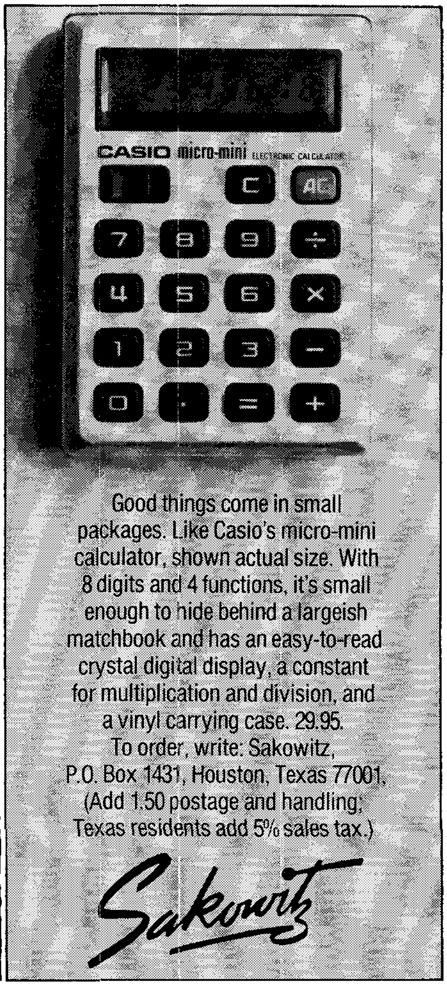

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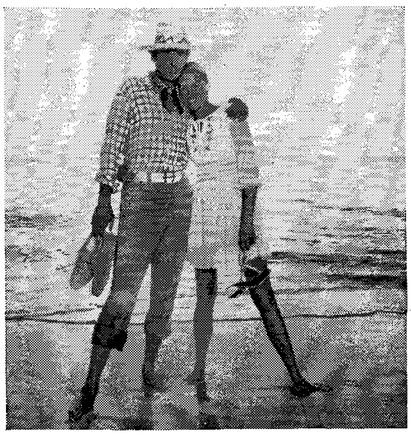

and his personal preferences but for what he thinks audiences want to hear, and for what musicians on the stage, with their conductor, need to hear to play their best. In Harris's opinion, the kind of sound that fulfills those requirements is a constant as old as the modern orchestra. He does not believe that it has been affected by high-fidelity equipment and the prevalence of recorded music in the home. (He has noticed, however, that concertgoers' manners are worse than they were before hi-fi; people forget they are not at home, and talk out loud, right through the music.) In part, Harris's reticence about describing an acoustical ideal reflects a feeling that such descriptions are wasted effort; statistically, he assumes, no sound can please all of the people all of the time. Still, the acoustics of Krannert, Kennedy, and Orchestra Hall are much more alike than they are different, and it is not difficult to deduce what Harris means by "exciting." To some extent, all of the critics' adjectives apply. "Exciting" means astonishingly live: reverberant and full at every frequency; marked by great clarity; with an extraordinary dynamic range, from triple pianissimo to double forte; balanced; and with a powerful bass.

DECEMBER, 1975: The fifteenth version of the ceiling looked good. For each of the sloping planes that had started out as the sides of pyramids there was now a matching plane, sloping at about the same angle in the opposite direction. The planes appeared to be rectangular, but none of them actually were; they had been carefully drawn to avoid right angles, if only by a few degrees. As a result, no two flat surfaces were exactly parallel. This was because Harris did not want any sound to become trapped—to bounce back and forth between parallel surfaces, instead of scattering. Some of the planes were no more than three inches long, for short-wavelength diffusion; some were twelve feet long, for long-wavelength diffusion; and the pattern of slopes was such that sounds with wavelengths longer than twelve feet would be diffused by a cluster of slopes that formed an obstacle on a larger scale. The plaster was to be applied on a metal-lath framework. There would be three layers of plaster on the lower side of the lathwork, and, finally, a coat of antique-white paint. There would also be a layer of plaster on the top side of the ceiling—a technique known as "back-plastering." All in all, it would be, in its detailing, the

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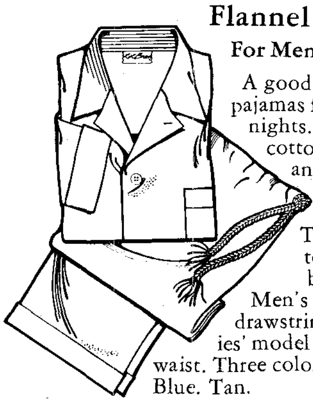

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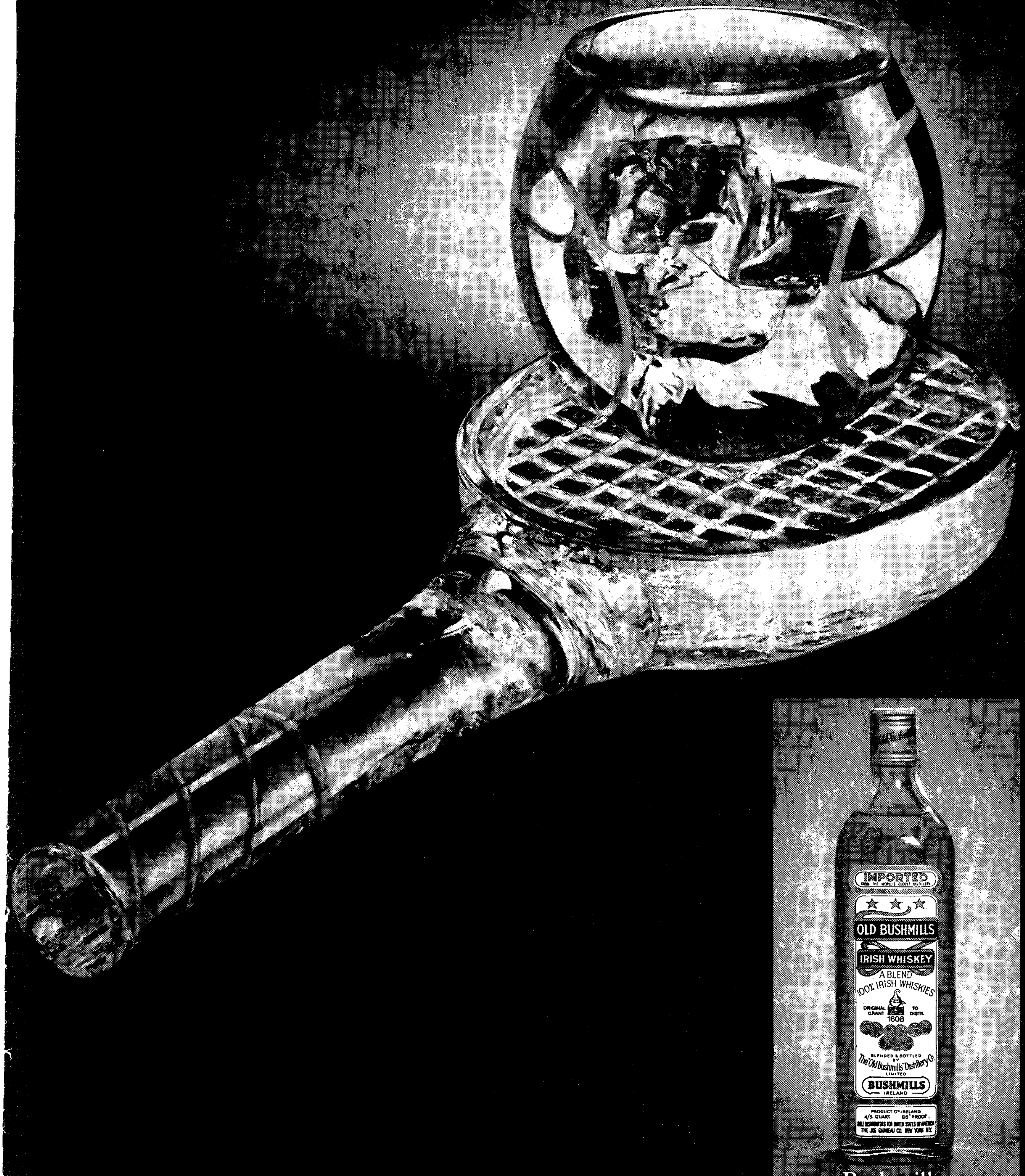
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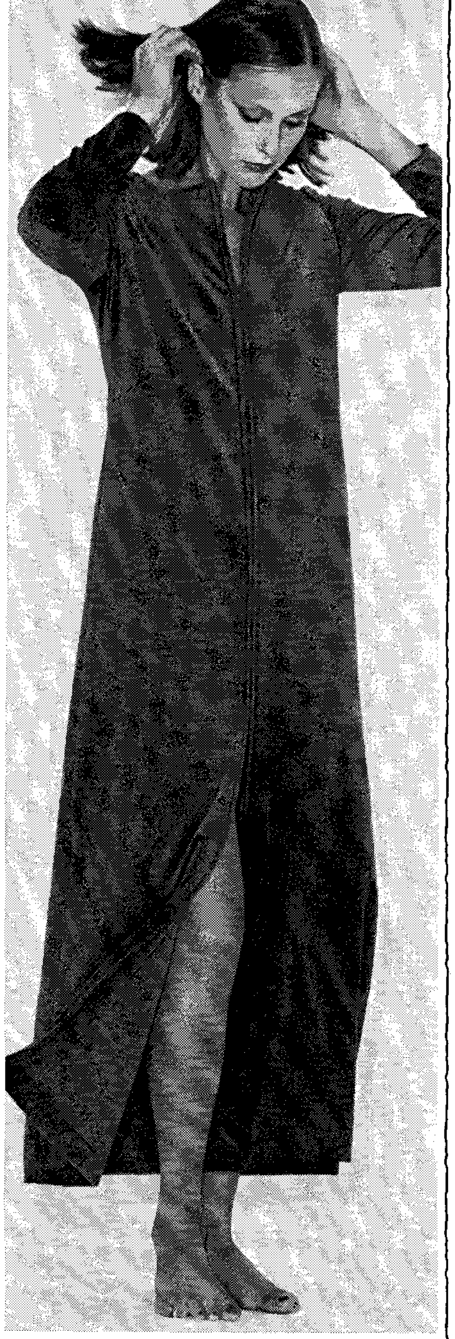

most complicated ceiling in the world. Yet the three men hoped that only a bored concertgoer with time to study the complexity of the slopes would pay any attention to it. "He will notice that it is not a flat ceiling, but he won't be especially interested," Johnson predicted. "He'll think that it is just a rough ceiling, rather rippled."

The balcony fronts, which looked extremely simple in the drawings, had evolved through a series of proposals almost as labyrinthine as the ceiling's. Harris had wanted a convex shape, and in the end the decision had been to make the balcony fronts semicylindrical, the quintessence of convexity—twenty-foot-long, hollow half-logs of heavy plaster, covered with gold leaf. They were to be stepped, overlapping a few feet, as the side boxes, moving back from the proscenium to the rear of the auditorium, were also to be stepped. No great acoustical point had been involved in that overlapping, but aesthetically it had been a puzzle. Johnson and Burgee had made full-scale models of the facings in their shop, and had fiddled around with them until they felt that the overlapping log ends looked just as they should.

JANUARY, 1976: The drawings and the specifications were finished and had gone out for bids. Morse was assembling a large force of subcontractors who would work under his supervision, but just who would work would depend—all other things being equal—on how much money they wanted for their parts of the project. Most of the bidders had track records of their own; Morse could not take a chance on using, say, a company that had never panelled wooden side walls as elaborate, and as acoustics-dominated, as the side walls that Harris, Johnson, and Burgee had designed. Many of the subcontractors would therefore be Lincoln Center veterans—companies whose employees had worked on other buildings in the complex, including the original Philharmonic Hall.

The finished plans included a good deal of remodelling that was only indirectly connected with the new auditorium. Ames, Mazzola, Moseley, and Fisher had decided to take advantage of the fact that Avery Fisher Hall would be out of commission for five months to make a number of other improvements. (Lincoln Center, the Charles A. Dana and William Randolph Hearst Foundations, Carl Morse, and the Philharmonic Society would share this expense.) For instance, concertgoers had always had to pick their way around the Philharmonic Café,

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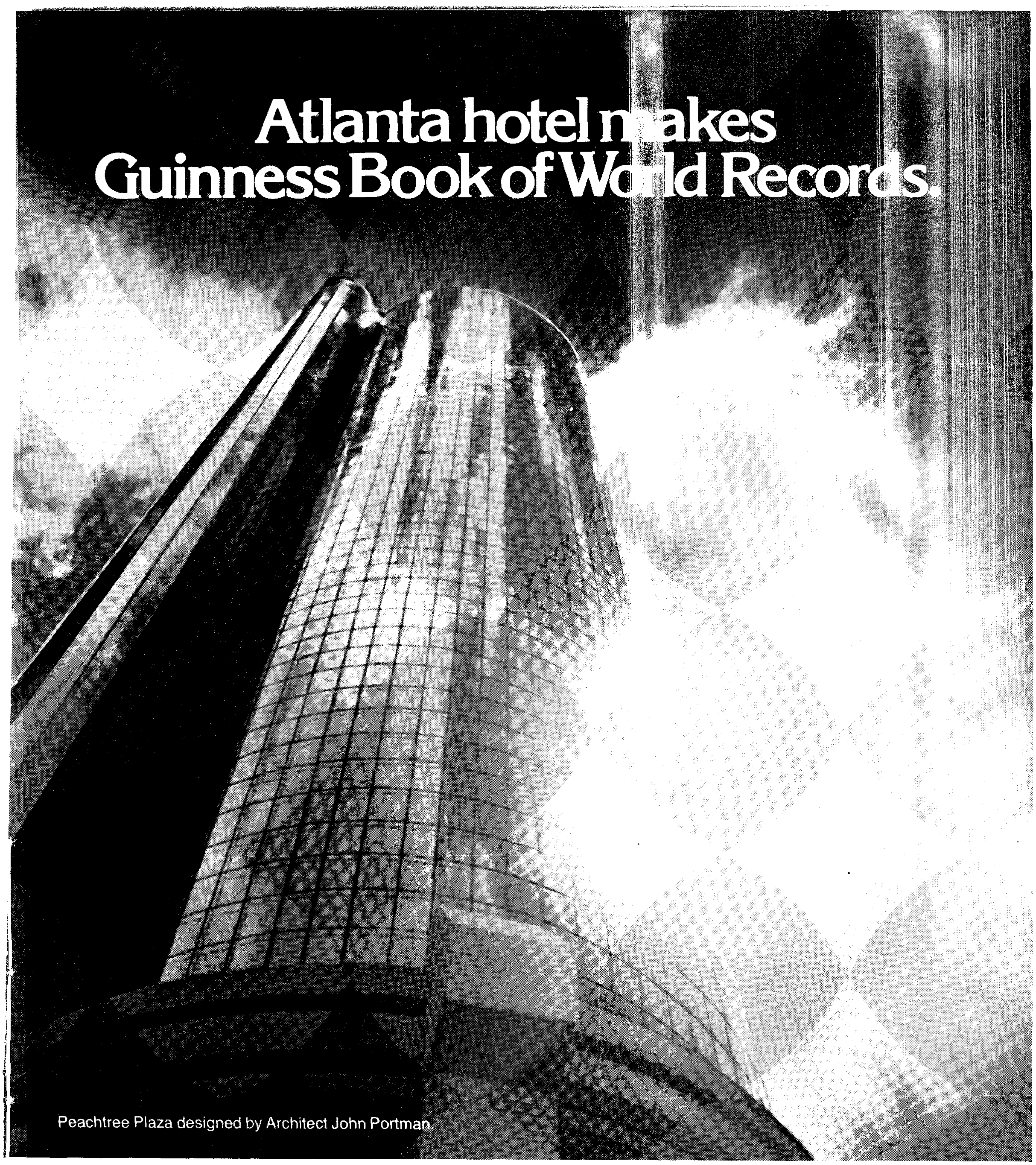

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the restaurant on the Plaza level, just inside the hall's front doors. The café had never made any money, so it would be eliminated, but not the bar just behind it. Eliminating the café would release space for a new box office, right inside the front doors, where strangers had always looked for it. (The old box office, most easily approached by entering the side doors, was hard to find.) There would also be room to maneuver between the front doors and the new box office, so that the ticket-takers could be repositioned and concertgoers could move more easily up the escalators and stairs to the auditorium level, one flight above. The musicians needed better locker rooms, better storage rooms for their instruments, and a better lounge, most of which would be located below the stage level. Visiting orchestras needed improved backstage facilities. The ceilings in the soundproof warmup rooms backstage were too low; in fact, a violinist could not play standing up for fear of stabbing the ceiling with the tip of his bow. In recent years, the number of women in the Philharmonic and all the other orchestras that played in the hall had increased by a good deal, and some arrangements had to be made for them. (Eliminating the old box office released some of the additional space required.) The fresh-air intake for the ventilation system was at the north, or Sixty-fifth Street, end of the building, only a few feet above the crosstown-bus stop, where M-29 buses often stood pouring diesel fumes out of their exhaust pipes. The air intake would be moved to the roof. The coat-checking rooms were so small that it took some time for the audience to get their coats back after a concert. These rooms would be enlarged, and the coat-checking system improved, to Harris's delight.

Before the end of the month, most of the bids had come in, and Morse was able to tell Ames, Mazzola, Moseley, and Fisher approximately what it would all come to—provided that nothing in the drawings or specifications was changed during the process of construction. The bids for the auditorium added up to four million dollars, or half a million over the preliminary estimate. The other changes, backstage and in the public areas, would come to a million more, making the total cost five million. (By the time the work had been completed in October, the numbers had risen to four million eight hundred and eighty-four thousand for the auditorium and a million four hundred and ninety-nine thousand for the other

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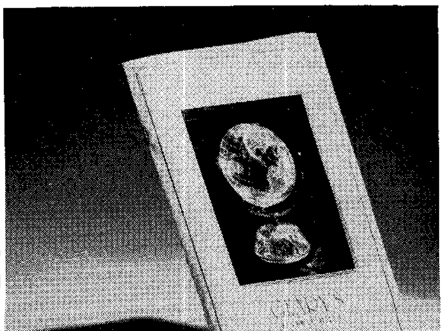

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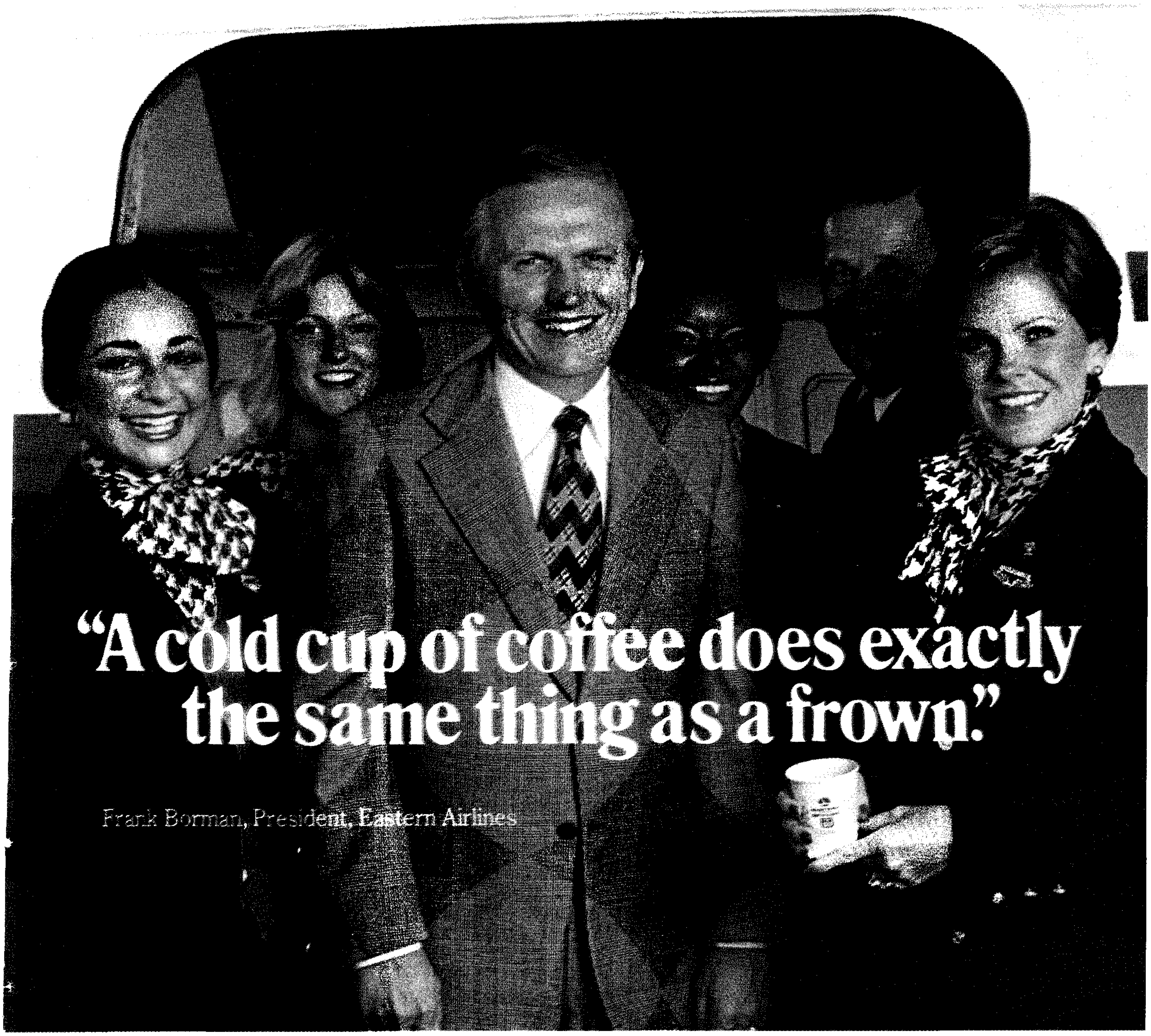
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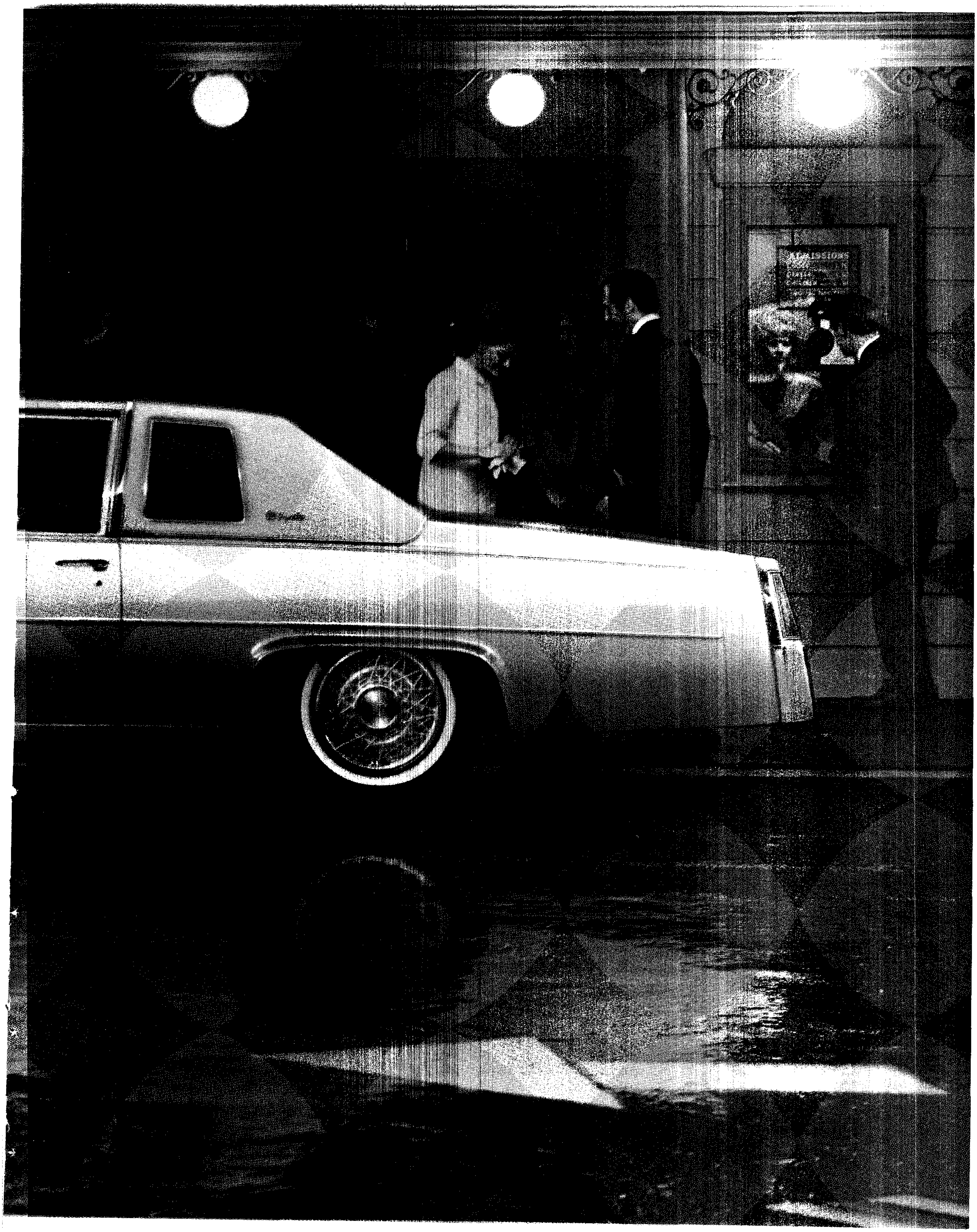

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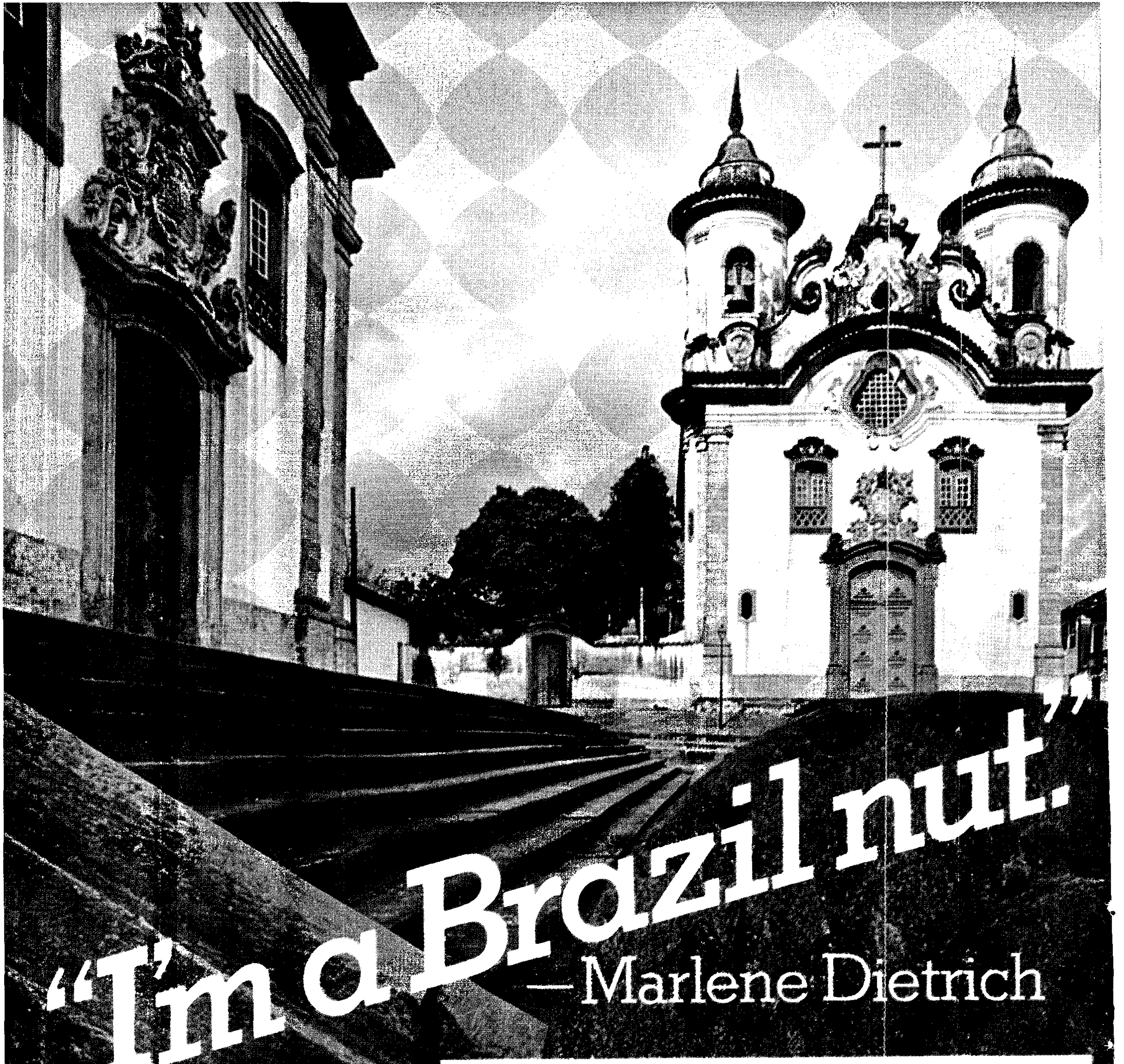

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areas, or a total of six million three hundred and eighty-three thousand.)

APRIL, 1976: As the Philharmonic's hundred-and-thirty-fourth season approached its end, O'Keefe called a press conference for the eighth—a little more than a year after the rebuilding project was first announced. (Everything had been set for months, but there were still tickets to be sold for concerts to be given in the old hall, so it had seemed foolish to rush to remind the public that the old hall's acoustics were faulty.) The press conference took place at eleven-fifteen in the Grand Promenade of Fisher Hall, beneath the two suspended sections of Richard Lippold's wire-and-metal-strip sculpture. The day was sunny and beautiful. Chairs had been arranged classroom style—ten rows of twelve chairs apiece, with an aisle down the center—and about a third of them were occupied. Seated in a row facing the class—and with the Henry Moore sculpture in front of the Vivian Beaumont Theatre at their backs—were Ames, Mazzola, Fisher, Johnson, Harris, Moseley, and Burgee. Mazzola, who had been breakfasting at Gracie Mansion with Mayor Beame and was wearing a "Big Apple" pin on the lapel of his dark-blue pinstripe suit, was the master of ceremonies. He introduced Ames, who described how Harris, Johnson, and Burgee had been working as a "real team." It was hard not to have confidence in the results, Ames said. Mazzola introduced Harris, who almost immediately asked whether any of the reporters had questions. Hands shot up.

"You say that you know the new hall is going to work," one reporter said. "Can you absolutely guarantee that?"

There was a momentary pause, and a sprinkling of laughter from other reporters. Harris smiled a small smile. "Well," Harris said, "all the greatest concert halls in the world are rectangular—not that every rectangular hall is good." That drew a little laughter, too. "And then, I am using no new techniques or materials," Harris continued, "but only the things I have used in other halls, which are generally regarded as halls of excellence."

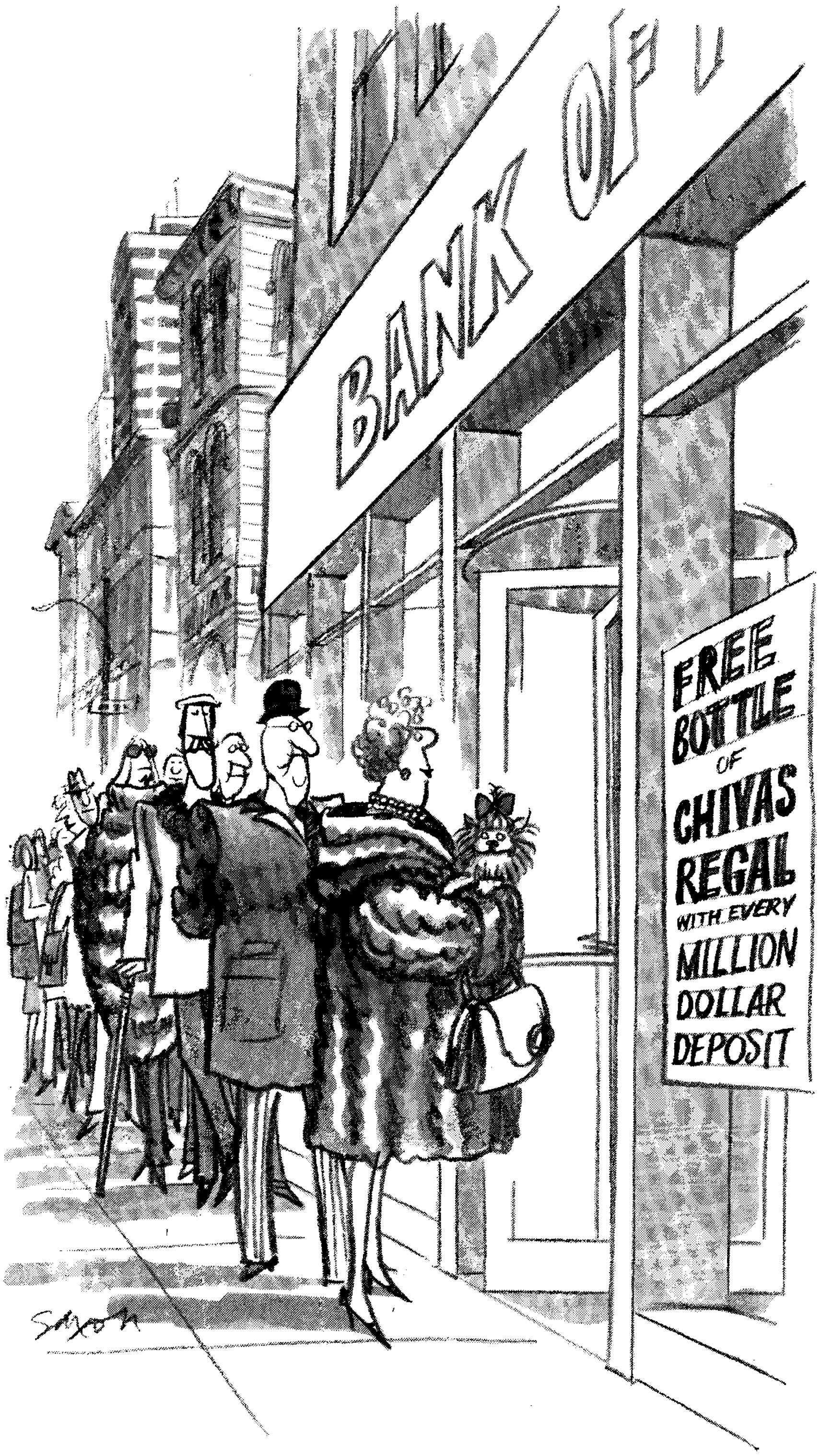
The questioner was not entirely satisfied.

"Can you *predict* how the new hall will sound?"

"I'd rather have you come and listen to a concert," Harris said.

"I'll come, but I am curious."

Harris nodded, acknowledging the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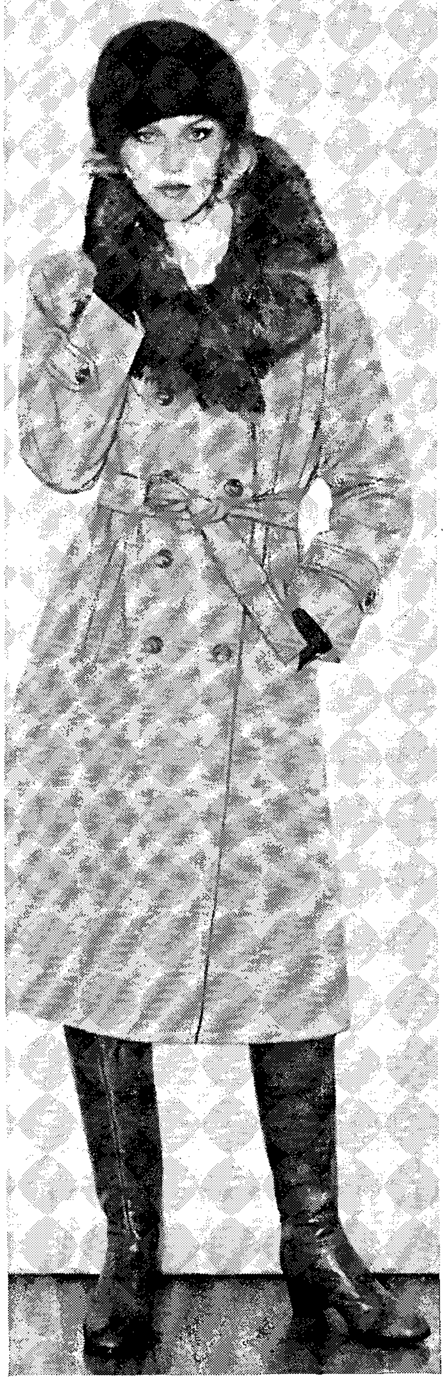

fairness of the point. "I expect that it will have a full bass," he said, "and more uniform dispersion of sound throughout the hall, and that the audiences and the performers will be happier."

May, 1976: On Thursday the thirteenth, Harris seized his last chance to sit in on a Philharmonic rehearsal. Boulez was rehearsing Mahler's Seventh Symphony for the final concert of the season, on the Saturday evening two days later—the last concert in the old hall. By now, having attended practice sessions on an irregular schedule—sometimes two or three in a week, sometimes one in three weeks—Harris had met all the musicians, and he knew several of them fairly well. The sight of Harris walking onstage and slipping into an empty chair had become so familiar that the orchestra members scarcely noticed him.

Harris, Johnson, and Burgee had finished their design for the stage, so Harris was not seeking last-minute revelations about the orchestra's plight. The new stage floor would be of wood, like the old floor, but it would be mounted in quite a different fashion; it was to be constructed much like the floor of the new auditorium—oak on plywood on masonry supports, over an air space. Harris expected that the new floor would be more resonant than the old. The cellists and bass players should appreciate that, because part of the sound that their instruments make is transmitted through the floor via the tailpins on which they rest; ideally, these musicians should be able to play as loudly as the conductor wants without straining their bow arms. There would be four ascending wooden risers, or platforms, at the rear of the stage for the brasses, the woodwinds, and the percussion. Seen from the audience, the brown oak walls and ceiling of the stage would form a receding series of diminishing rectangles, repeating the shape of the proscenium and faintly reminiscent of the inside of the bellows of an old-fashioned portrait-view camera; the rectangular rear wall of the stage would be about half as big as the proscenium's opening. The orchestra would be playing in an enclosure like a shell, and it was designed to reflect some sound into the auditorium and some right back to the orchestra—in delicate balance, adding to the powerful throw of sound from the stage and, at the same time, ending the musicians' complaints that they could not hear each other play. Harris had discovered, by the way, that at times the orchestra had

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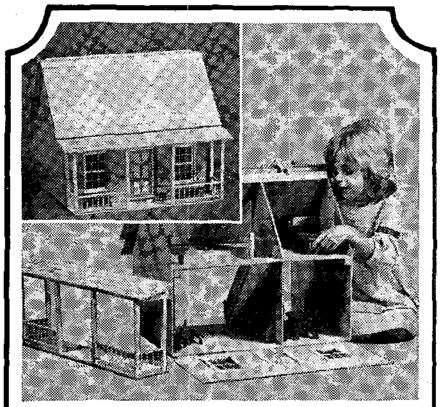

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had trouble seeing as well as hearing. He had been sitting with the flutes at an afternoon rehearsal some months earlier when somebody left the auditorium by a door at the back of the balcony. A shaft of blinding sunlight hit Harris in the face. "You know, that happens all the time when we give an afternoon performance," the principal flutist, Julius Baker, said. "Someone goes out on a bright afternoon, and we are blinded for several seconds. It is impossible to follow the score." In the new hall, there will be curtains seven feet beyond each of the doors at the rear of the hall. Unless the doors and the curtains are opened simultaneously, which is not likely while the orchestra is playing, the sun cannot shine in.

Harris had made a special point of attending the last rehearsal, because he wanted to make a ten-second speech to the musicians. The first break in the rehearsal, which had started at ten-fifteen in the morning, was at noon. When it was over, Harris, instead of Boulez, came out of the wings and mounted the podium. The orchestra, surprised, laughed and then applauded. "I just wanted to thank you for all your hospitality all these months," Harris said. "You have helped me, and I hope in the fall you are going to think that I have helped you."

On Saturday night, the concert ended at 10:42 P.M., and before eleven o'clock stagehands had begun to unfasten the auditorium seats and move them out into the lobbies. Meanwhile, Harris and his wife joined Mazzola, Moseley, and Boulez backstage. Boulez was wearing a construction worker's white hard hat, which Moseley had presented him for his final bow. He looked good in it—jaunty. Several of the musicians came up and told Harris that they would be happy to help with the demolition if he would give them sledgehammers. But there was no party or other ceremony to mark the occasion, which was, if not unhappy, bittersweet. The old hall had been the first out-and-out concert hall built in New York City since 1891, when Carnegie Hall was finished. It was less than fourteen years old, and it was about to be demolished.

IF Harris has a secret unknown to other acoustical consultants (he insists that he does not), it lies in the importance he attaches to what he calls "field inspection." From the moment construction starts, Harris begins to visit the site, in order to make sure that the workmen are doing the job described in

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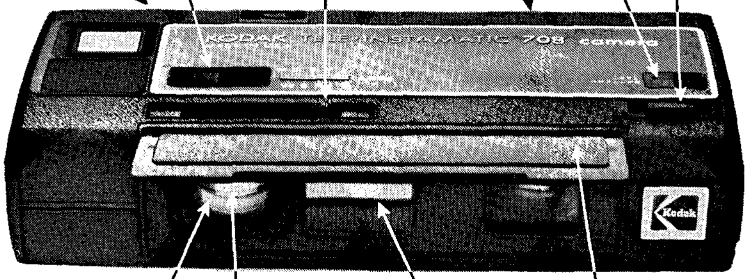

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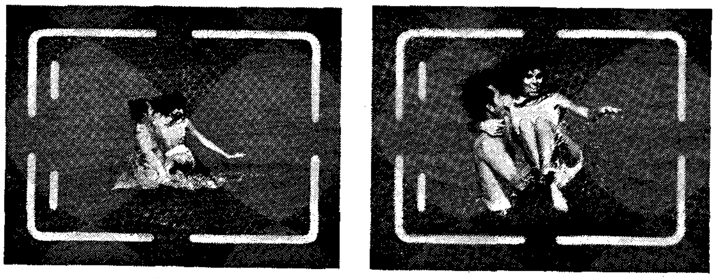

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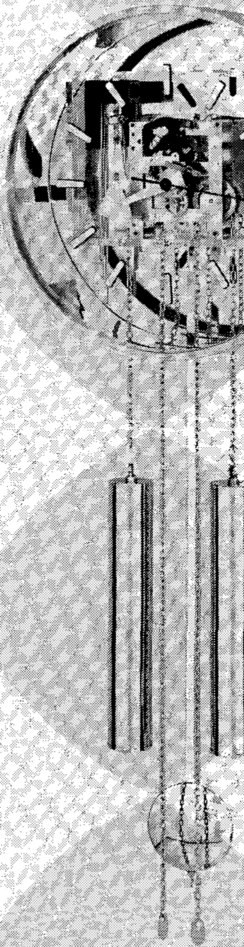

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the architect's blueprints and specifications. He starts out by making a visit every week or ten days, and the pace of his inspections gradually increases. The chances are that by the time a hall is close to completion he will be dropping in daily. Since Harris is not a consulting firm but a college professor who does consulting, he has no one to help him. He has no assistant, no staff—not even a secretary. (He does have a telephone-answering machine, and he occasionally hires typists and editorial assistants for specific tasks, mostly in connection with his work as a writer and editor.) In any case, it would be difficult for him to find an assistant to do field inspection. Harris sees construction work with trained eyes. He would have to find someone else who not only knew acoustics but had watched a lot of concert halls being built. Even so, Harris probably would not trust an assistant completely. Contractors may substitute cheaper materials, not imagining that the acoustics of the hall could be affected. Workmen may do sloppy work, not thinking about anything at all. Or, worse, workmen may decide to do a more elaborate job than the plans call for, believing that some oddity in the design must be an error. (Air-conditioning contractors, for instance, apparently thought they were helping by straightening out odd angles and turns in ducts, which Harris had designed that way in order to reduce noise.) No matter how meticulously plans have been drawn, unforeseen problems arise, and Harris likes to have a part in solving them, just to make sure that the acoustics won't suffer.

On Saturday, May 29th—just two weeks after the final concert—Harris made his third inspection trip. Demolition was in full swing but had a long way to go, and yet the construction work had already begun: the man in charge of the ornamental-plaster work, Amerigo Catani, had started to cast the semicylindrical balcony and box facings. The whole interior of the hall was filled with pipe scaffolding, creating the world's largest jungle gym. Workmen with pneumatic jackhammers had knocked down most of the two old ceilings and were nibbling at the side walls and the balconies. The racket was deafening; there was not only the jackhammers' noise but the crash of falling chunks of plaster and concrete. Catani had created a plaster-casting shop for himself, at some remove from the racket, on the third-tier promenade, toward the Sixty-fifth Street end of the building. He had so far cast half a doz-

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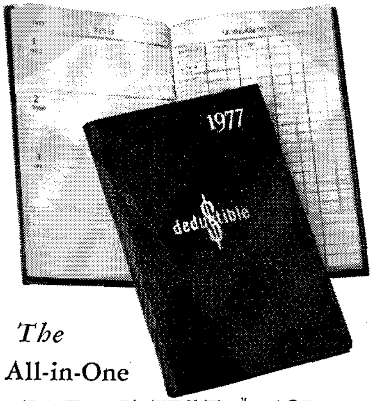

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en heavy plaster shells, using a semicircular horizontal mold, and had fitted a skeleton of curved metal rods and braces into the interior of two of them. He had taken these two down three flights in one of the big freight elevators, and, in a workshop in the basement, had set them up on sawhorses in simulated balcony-front position. On Harris's instructions, given the day before, Catani had tied the metal framework of rods and braces in place with long lengths of wood fibres that resembled hemp. Then he had back-plastered everything in place, covering the ties with rough lumps of plaster and, in effect, bonding the framework and the shell together, so that nothing was loose to rattle or buzz and each section had considerable rigidity.

Harris was stopping by to inspect the two samples, which, if Harris approved them, would serve as models for a hundred or more that Catani still had to make. Harris and Catani had worked together before—on the balcony facings for the Metropolitan Opera House, in 1966. Each man had considerable regard for the other's competence. Harris looked closely at the internal structure of the section. "Is the plaster dry?" he asked.

"It's fairly dry," Catani said.

Harris took hold of the framework and tried to jiggle it. It was rock solid. Catani's attention was fixed on Harris's every move. Catani is in his early sixties (there are no youthful ornamental plasterers), with an olive complexion and a deeply lined, impressive face. He is short and thickset and, in a slow-moving fashion, agile.

"I had some trouble getting this plaster," Catani said. "They don't carry enough of it in the builders' supply houses. Nobody uses plaster of this grade except dentists and sculptors."

"It looks better than it did yesterday," Harris said.

"It is better," Catani said. "You know, this material for the ties is costing me a hundred and eighty dollars a bale. Can you believe that?"

Harris agreed that the price was steep. "I don't see why it should be

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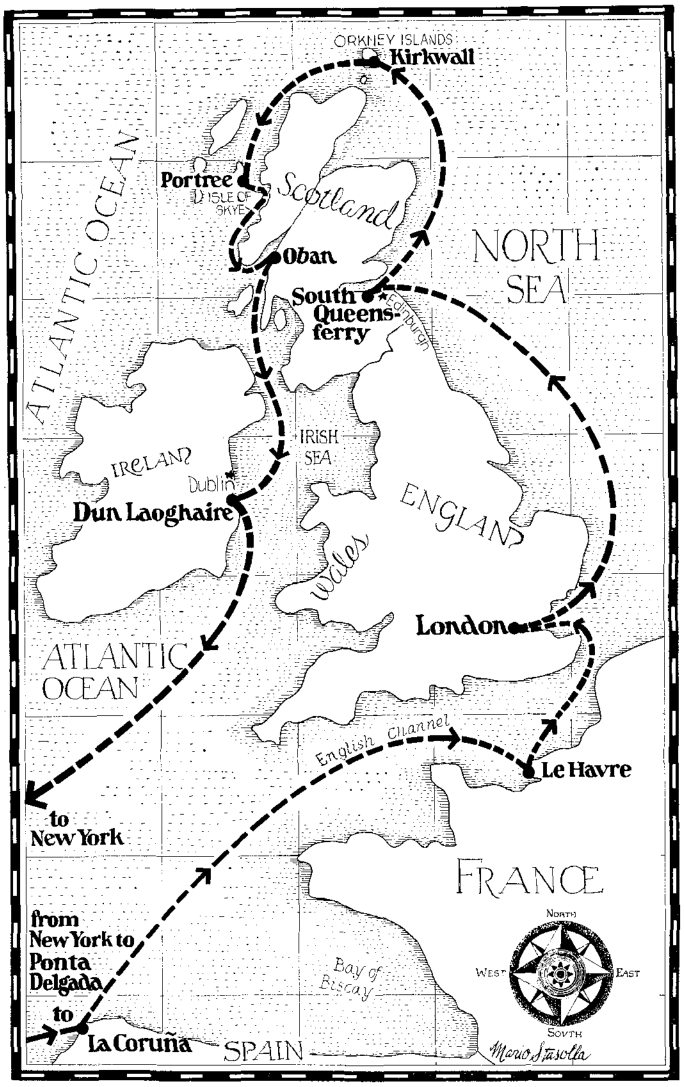

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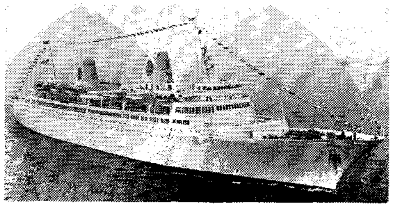

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that expensive," he said. "Isn't there something simpler you could use—some old-fashioned material?"

Catani shook his head. "This *is* the old-fashioned material," he said.

Harris walked around the castings and began slapping their convex surfaces with the flat palm of his hand. He slapped them all over, from right to left and back. He slapped their upper sides and he slapped their lower sides. The facings were like dead drums, and each slap was a dull thunk. However, the thunks varied considerably in pitch, and that was just what Harris wanted. Although the balcony facings, being convex, would make for good diffusion, they would also, like everything else in the hall, absorb a little sound. They would absorb some at all wavelengths, but how much low-frequency absorption there would be, compared to the middle- and high-frequency absorption, would depend in large measure on their resonances.

"That sounds good," Harris said. "But I notice that on both of these you've mounted the center rod of the framework exactly in the middle of the casting. I wonder if you couldn't offset that an inch or so?"

Catani looked thoughtful. "Well, sure," he said. "That wouldn't cost us anything."

"I'd like them all to be a little different," Harris said. "Make one an inch off-center this way, and the next an inch that way. Or two inches. Keep varying the placement. Because"—Harris slapped the plaster twice—"the more variety we get in that sound the better."

Catani nodded. "You're the boss," he said. "That's just how we'll do it."

JULY, 1976: Five months is a short time in which to demolish one auditorium and build another, and by the middle of July two-fifths of the time was gone. More than nine thousand tons of concrete, plaster, and wood had been painstakingly carted out of the building in dump trucks that were self-propelled but had to be steered by hand—after they had been loaded by hand—mostly up wooden ramps that had been laid on the remnants of the old floor, through gaping holes in the rear wall of the auditorium, where doors had once been, across the east end of the Grand Promenade, and out through the space left after four of the towering glass windows facing east had been removed. (They were scheduled for replacement in October.) There the debris had been dumped into a wooden chute, where it slid down into

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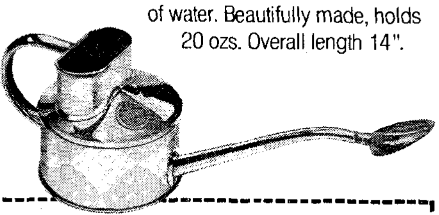

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trailer bins parked in the taxi-access road and subsequently hauled away. There were many more tons to go, because the demolition was far from complete. At the same time, new materials were arriving—bags of plaster and cement, concrete blocks, steel rods and girders—and were being stored in all the public areas except that part of the third-tier promenade where Catani had his workshop. Water and air hoses and electric cables snaked around over the floors and into the auditorium—or the cavern where the auditorium had been. Everything—including the leaves of the big rubber trees in round cement pots in the Grand Promenade—was covered with a whitish film of plaster dust. Nearly four hundred workmen were on the job. A few were at work at almost any time of day or night, but most of them arrived at eight in the morning and worked until four in the afternoon, like construction workers on any job. Their superintendent was Ernest Benzoni—known to everyone as Ernie—who represented the Morse/Diesel Construction Corporation. His command post was a long, narrow room in the basement, outfitted with a desk, three chairs, a couple of four-drawer file cabinets, and a telephone, and was brilliantly lit by bare fluorescent tubes on the ceiling. Along most of one long wall was a shelf, slanted like an artist's or draftsman's drawing board. On it, in mild disorder, were all the drawings for the new hall, ready for quick reference. Benzoni had the book of specifications broken down into sections—mechanical systems, masonry, plastering, and so on—with each section in its own loose-leaf binder. In one corner of the room, under a table, there was a rack with nine niches for the kind of walkie-talkie radios that the New York City policemen carry. Benzoni communicated with his subordinates all over the building by radio, and the crackling and squawking of the instruments were almost as nerve-racking as the noise of the jackhammers.

Harris stopped by in the afternoon of Friday the twenty-third, on his way home from Columbia, signed himself in (a "Visitors' Register" was kept at the stage door, on Sixty-fifth Street, which had become the main entrance during construction), and walked quickly through a maze of corridors and outer rooms to Benzoni's sanctum. It was Harris's tenth visit to the site since the end of May.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Harris," Benzoni said, with faintly mocking formality. Benzoni is tall, deeply suntanned,

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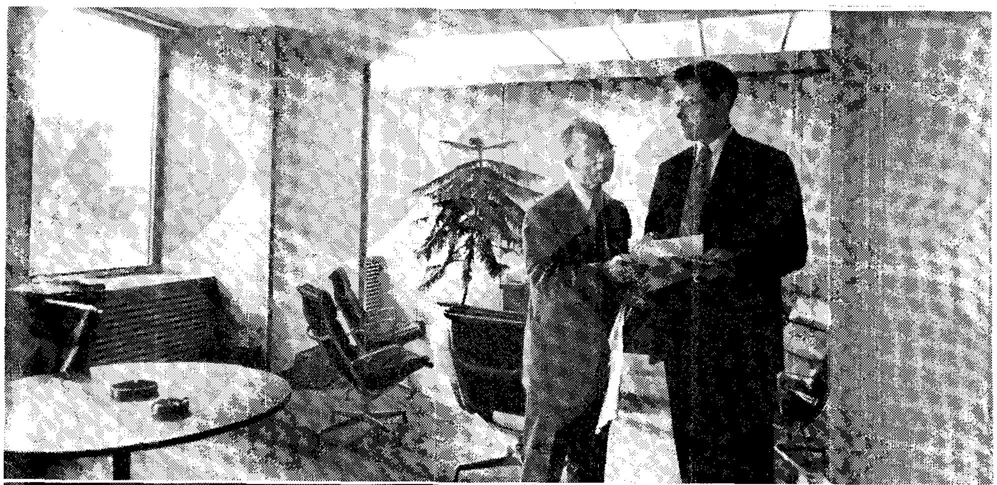


Photography by Joel Meyerowitz

With Michael Botwinick, Director, Brooklyn Museum.

When he was interviewed at Yale Law School, James Q. Riordan was asked about his Brooklyn College baseball career. Just how serious was his interest in the sport?

"Very," Riordan said.

"Then," said the admissions officer, "pursue that interest, young man."

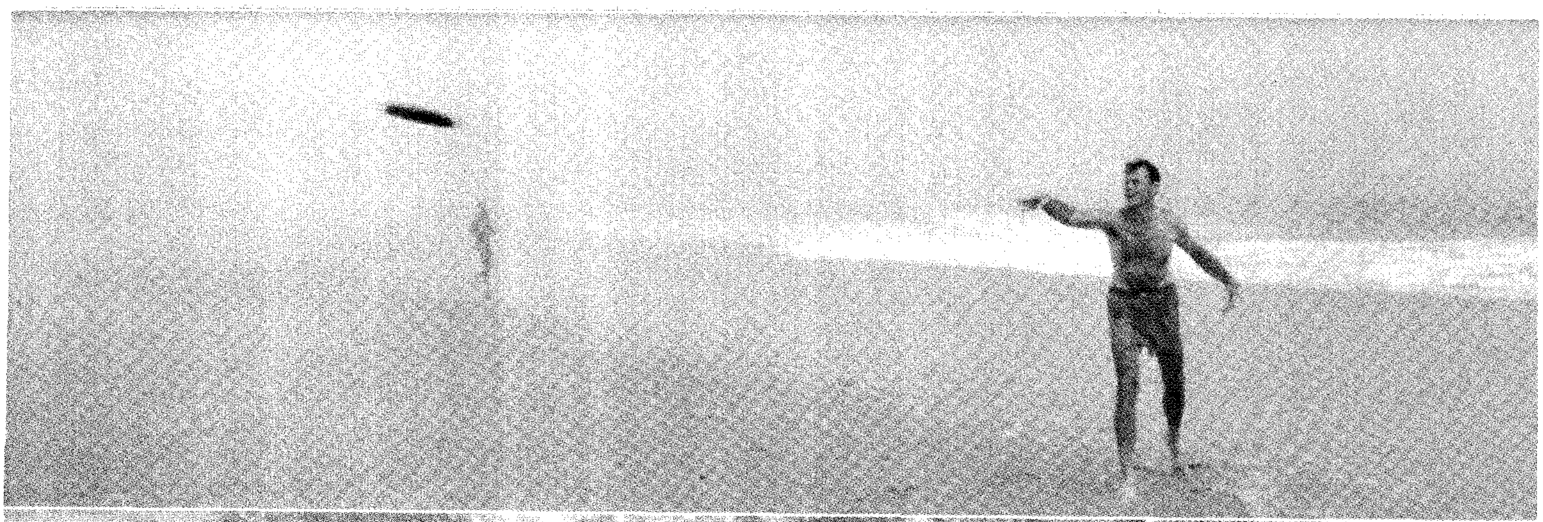
So Riordan played minor league baseball for a season and at last got a chance to talk to the great General Manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Branch Rickey, about his prospects for a major league career.

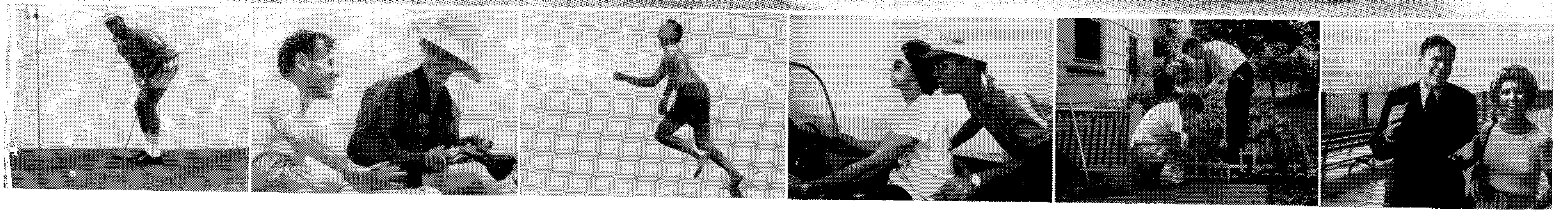
"I hear you want to be a lawyer," Rickey said. "Well, I think you ought to do that."

So it was back to law school, this time Columbia. After graduating in 1949, Riordan worked for two law firms and for the government before joining Mobil. Today, at 49, Riordan is Senior Vice President of Finance, and oversees everything from cash flow worldwide to acquisitions and mergers. Strong opinions about the relationship between money and oil guide his decisions.

"You have to pay for the replacement of each unit of energy that you use or the next generation won't have any fuel. We have to develop other energy sources such as coal and solar and nuclear power."

Riordan and his wife, Gloria, have four children: Harris, 21; Susan, 19; Jim, 18; and Ruth, 16. They spend summer weekends on Long Island where Riordan swims, golfs, gardens, and has developed a mean spin with a frisbee.





"I like to use my muscles playing golf or tennis, working in the garden, doing something physical so that you don't get so far away from the animal that you basically are."

But Brooklyn, where he lives with his family, is still Riordan's first love. He's Treasurer of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts & Sciences, parent institute of the Brooklyn Museum, and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden.

"If you were born in Brooklyn, you grew up in the museum, just like you grew up in Ebbets Field—but the museum is still here."

Riordan thinks that innovation, to be productive, must be rooted in discovery. That's one reason he reads Scientific American each month.

"Scientific American? It's my monthly mind-stretcher. What I like about the magazine is its clear-eyed approach. I have confidence in your authors' methodology, they're not trying to load the answers, they're not out to sell you something. Generally, they report what they can honestly say and prove."

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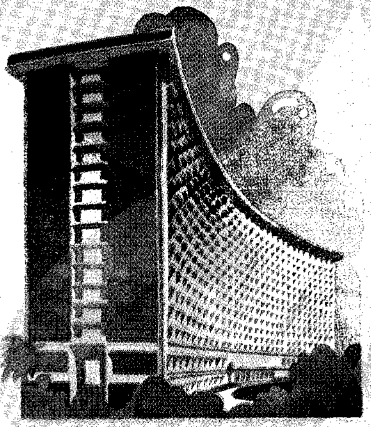

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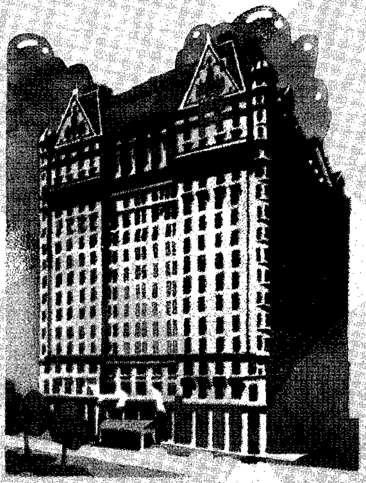

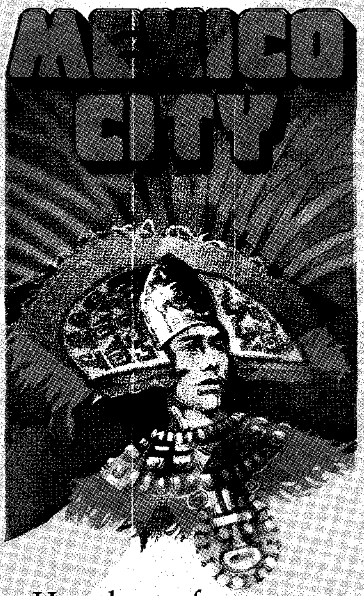

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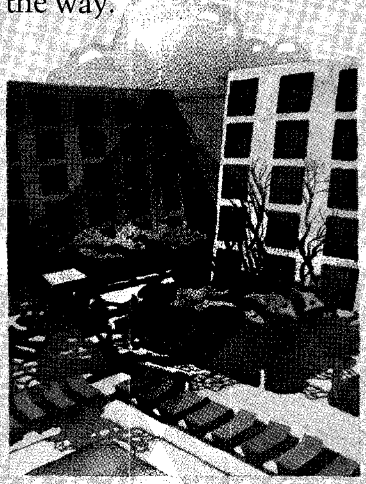

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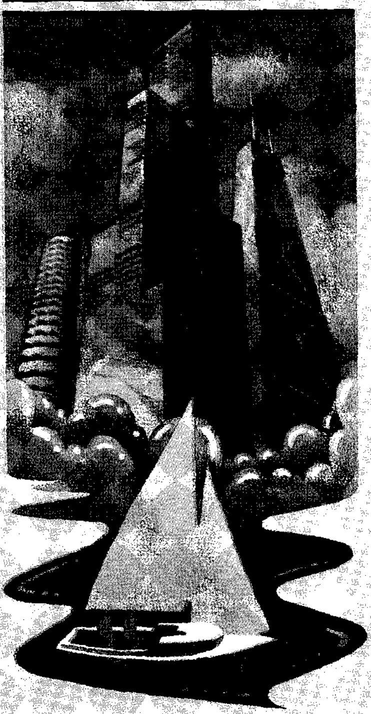

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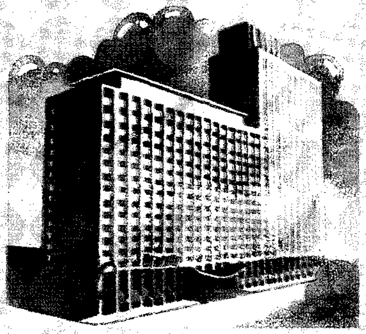

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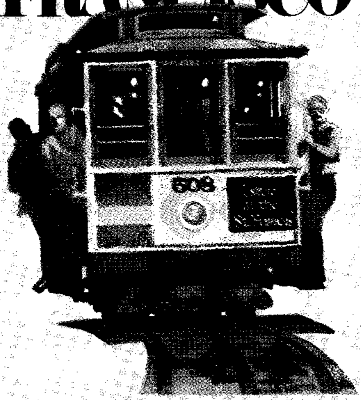

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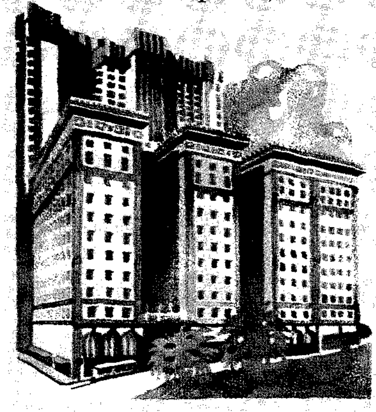

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Chicago	Continental Plaza
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Detroit	Detroit Plaza (March 1977)
Detroit (Southfield)	Michigan Inn
Honolulu	Ilikai
Houston	Houston Oaks, Galleria Plaza (Jan. 1978)
Kansas City, MO	Crown Center
Los Angeles	Century Plaza, Los Angeles Bonaventure (Jan. 1977)
New York	The Plaza
Pittsburgh	Carlton House
Portland, OR	Benson
San Francisco	Miyako, St. Francis
Seattle	Olympic, Washington Plaza, Space Needle Restaurant
Washington, D.C.	Mayflower
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Sydney	(Affiliated) Wentworth
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Edmonton	Edmonton Plaza
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Winnipeg	Winnipeg Inn
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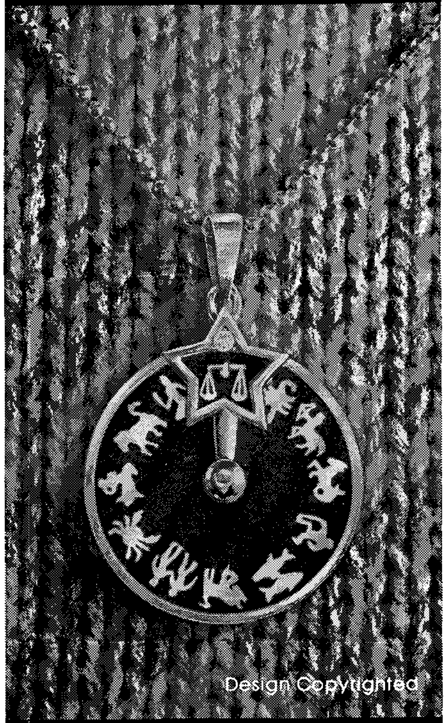

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"Hi, Ernie," Harris said. Harris was wearing a checked madras sports jacket, and now he took it off and hung it up on a hook on the wall. "Got any problems?"

"I've got nothing but problems," Benzoni said. It is true that from a foreman's point of view construction-site problems come so fast all day long that they overlap, but what Benzoni meant was that he did not have any serious problems.

However, Benzoni *was* concerned about the mountings for the side-wall wooden panels. The concrete-block walls were going up fast, and it would soon be time to start fitting some of the prefabricated panelling in place. Harris and Benzoni conferred about this for five or ten minutes and decided to mount two panels, experimentally, in two slightly different ways. Harris could decide which way was preferable, perhaps on his next inspection.

Benzoni moved to the shelf with the blueprints on it and opened up the sheaf of drawings to one that showed the ceiling design in great detail. Harris stood beside him. Benzoni tapped the drawing with his pencil. "I've been studying this ceiling," he said. "Who in the world ever dreamed this thing up?"

"Oh, that's architecture," Harris said. "The architects and I sort of batted the thing back and forth."

"I looked at the plans, and I said forget it. It can't be done. It can't be built. But slowly, the more I looked at it, I began to see some sense to it," Benzoni said. Benzoni was not serious. His story was elaborate hyperbole—a form of construction-foreman humor. He understood the ceiling perfectly, and, in fact, had invented an ingenious large-scale template, which fitted flat against the lathwork and showed the workmen the precise angle of pitch for each of the ceiling's planes. "Has there ever been a ceiling this complicated?" Benzoni asked.

"Well, the Minneapolis ceiling is pretty complicated," Harris said.

"But this one is more complicated, isn't it?"

Harris nodded.

Benzoni looked enormously pleased. "Well, I've got news for you," he said. "One whole section of it is up, and the scratch plaster is already on." (Scratch plaster is a rough coat, incised with closely spaced lines to give the second coat a surface it can adhere to.)

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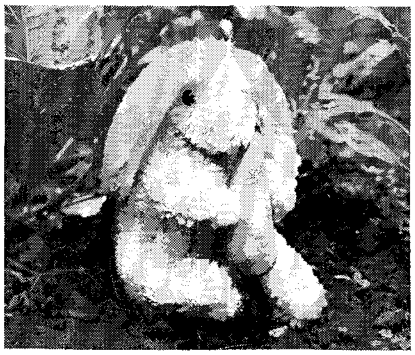

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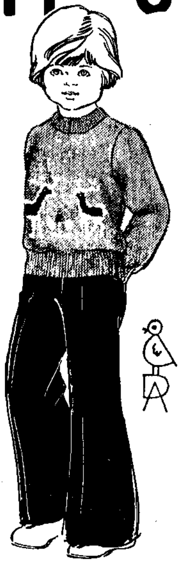

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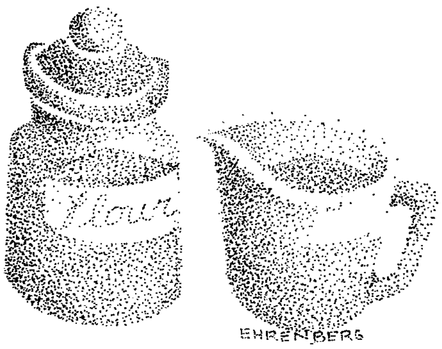
Harris's eyes opened wide. He had been waiting impatiently to see the actual ceiling begin to take form. He quickly opened a file drawer in which he kept his white hard hat, put the hat on, rushed to the freight elevators, rode to the top floor, climbed a ladder, and walked out on the temporary wooden flooring on the scaffolding's topmost level. If one looked down between the planks, the distance to the floor was fifty feet—five stories—but Harris has spent so much time on scaffolding and on catwalks between roofs and ceilings that he has learned to ignore heights.

The plastered section of the lathwork was still wet. It was a soft gray and smelled like bread dough. Compared to the thousands of square feet still to go (the metalworkers had assembled only part of the lathwork for the ceiling), the plastered section was small—perhaps fifteen feet wide and thirty feet long. Still, the much discussed planes had emerged in their very bold relief, the distance from the top of the deepest indentation to the lowest angular extension being about two feet.

Harris examined the ceiling carefully. In some spots, the plaster was too thin, but on the whole the work looked good to him. After a few minutes, Harris went back down to Benzoni's office to compliment him.

Benzoni was already aware of the thin spots, and assured Harris that they would be fixed. "After it's finished," Benzoni said, "I believe you could show this ceiling to any builder, and tell him, 'Make me one like this,' and he would never be able to do it. I just hope it works. This ceiling may be my specialty for the rest of my life. I may go on making this same ceiling again and again, all over the world, until I retire."

August, 1976: Harris was on vacation. He was spending the first three weeks of August in a rented house at Truro, near the tip of Cape Cod. He had not forgotten Avery Fisher Hall, but his wife had persuaded



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him that some time away from work in the course of the year was good common sense. Harris agreed—he loves fishing and clamming—provided he could make a quick trip to New York every week or ten days to make sure that all was going well at Lincoln Center.

On Wednesday the eleventh, at 7:57 A.M., Harris was in Benzoni's office. (He had lost half a day's time on account of Hurricane Belle.)

"I thought you were on vacation," Benzoni said.

"This *is* my vacation," Harris replied. He asked Benzoni how he was feeling.

"My head is filled with the work," Benzoni said. "I think of nothing except getting the work out. Please do not ask me if we are on schedule. I imagine that we *are* on schedule, but who knows?"

The ideal completion date, as of August, was October 10th, and everyone hoped it would not be much later than October 15th, so that the orchestra would have a few days to get ready for the opening concert, on the evening of Tuesday, October 19th—Boulez conducting the Brahms Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, with Nathan Milstein as the soloist, and the 1910 version of Stravinsky's "The Firebird." In that case, the evening before, the orchestra would play a special workmen's concert—a sort of preview to which all those who had worked on the project would be invited. But if for any reason completion was delayed, the regular subscription season, which was due to start on October 21st, might begin at the Beacon Theatre, an old movie house at Broadway and Seventy-fourth Street, where the acoustics are not a bit bad, despite a large balcony overhang, because its designer took delight in coffered ceilings, chandeliers, ornamental plastering, and statues. In *that* case, the opening concert would be postponed to an indefinite future day, and Harris would be greatly disappointed, for he wanted the orchestra to have as much rehearsal time in the new hall as possible before it, and the new acoustics, went on full public display together. The Philharmonic musicians, of course, are highly professional, and the orchestra can be flown anywhere in the world and play well in auditoriums it has never heard of, much less played in. Nevertheless, Harris thought that the orchestra should have time to adjust to the liveliness of the new Avery Fisher Hall—the more time the better. Harris draws an analogy, with qualifications, between concert halls and

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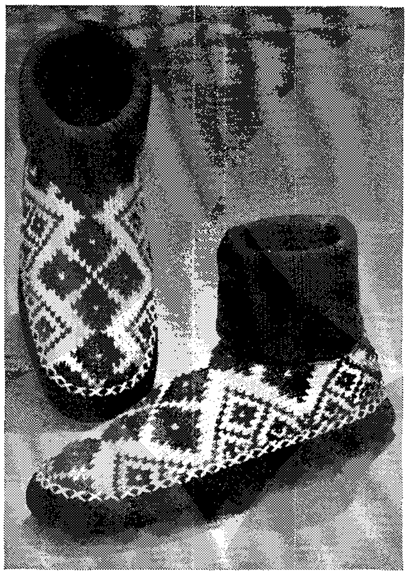

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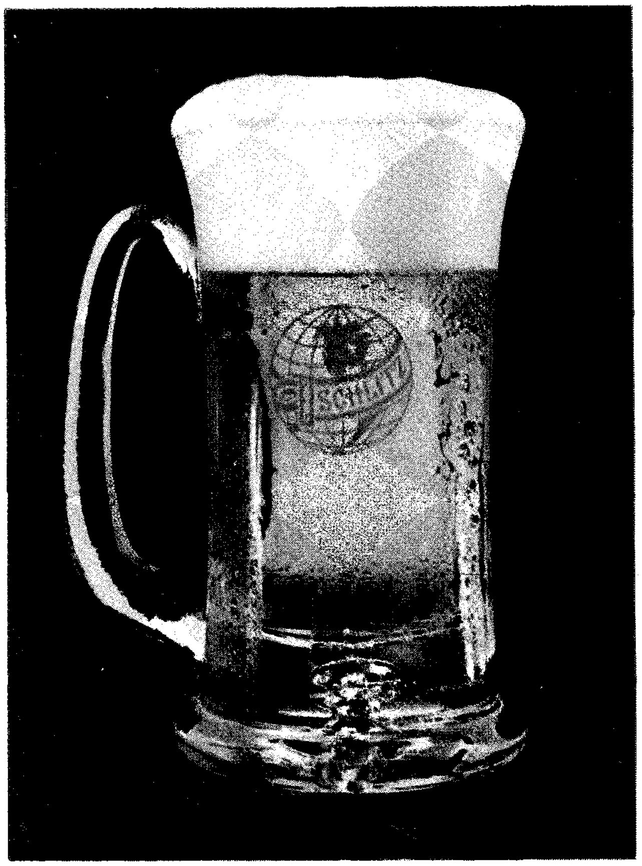

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musical instruments. "No matter how good a violinist you are," he points out, "you cannot get the full tone out of a Stradivarius when playing it for the first time."

"I'd like you to take another look at the wall panels," Benzoni said. "And we've got a couple of the balcony facings in place, and we may be running into a little problem there."

Harris hung his jacket—this one of faded blue linen—on a hook, and put on his hard hat. Benzoni was accompanying Harris on this inspection, along with several other supervisors: a man from Morse/Diesel; Tom Bellingham, of Johnson/Burgee; and one of Benzoni's assistant foremen. The group moved toward the freight elevators. The corridors were crowded with hard-hatted construction workers waiting to be lifted to the levels where their work was. They were mostly young and big, and were full of conversation, mostly teasing. They wore fancy sports shirts and T-shirts. One youthful behemoth, weighing at least two hundred and twenty-five pounds, was wearing a T-shirt bearing the words "Long Island Little League." As Benzoni, who was leading the group, with Harris right behind him, approached, the construction workers moved aside, in deference to the boss. Catani was standing at the elevators, looking worried. He told Benzoni that he had hired an additional ornamental plasterer, who had been expected to report that morning but had not shown up. Benzoni took his walkie-talkie off his belt, pushed a button, and blew into the microphone. The radio squawked back, with an accompanying crackle of static.

"Have you got somebody in front looking for Mr. Catani?" Benzoni asked.

The answer was unintelligible.

"Mr. Catani, the ornamental plasterer," Benzoni added.

Squeals from the radio.

"They've got him," Benzoni said. "They're sending him back."

Catani looked greatly relieved. "He's a good man," Catani said. "And I couldn't find him until yesterday."

The scaffolding was still in place, but from the rear of the third-tier balcony, where Harris and the group entered the auditorium, it was possible to perceive a hint of the finished hall—the long straight lines of the stepped boxes, a piece of the ceiling, the fronts of the balconies. Things were much quieter than they had been, because demolition was over and the jackhammers had stopped. The machinery that was now in use—mechanical concrete surfacers, compressors to pump ceiling plaster from the Plaza level to the top of the scaffolding—was merely noisy.

The specifications said that the prefabricated wooden panels could not be considered properly attached until they had been "impact tested." In practice, the impact test consisted of Harris's hitting them, sometimes with the palm of his hand, sometimes with his fist, in much the same way he had slapped the balcony facings. Fitting the panels had been a problem, because the concrete-block walls were not perfectly plumb-line straight. Adjustments had been made in the vertical wooden strips, known as grounds, that were nailed to the blocks, and in the thickness of the compressed fibre glass between the panels and the walls. Harris eased his way along the side-box underpinnings to a place where several panels had been mounted. While everybody—and especially the carpenter who had done the mounting, the day before—watched rather apprehensively, Harris slapped and pounded and listened. Then he started up a ladder, reached out, and slapped higher up. "Yes," Harris said. "I think that's going to be all right."

The group moved on to the box where two of Catani's castings were in place, fitted against the front edge of the floor. Catani and his new assistant were waiting. Catani looked a little uneasy. Harris knelt down, reached over, and slapped the convex surface. He tried to wiggle the mounting brackets with his fingers, but they did not move. Benzoni casually stepped off the ledge he was standing on, thirty-five feet in the air, hooked an arm around one of the scaffold's pipes, and stood on a rod two inches wide in midair so that he could get a better view of the proceedings. Harris shifted his position, and hit the facing from a slightly different angle. He stood up straight.

"No," Harris said. "That isn't going to work. We will have to get some more plaster in there." Harris conferred with Benzoni. Benzoni talked to Catani. Catani's new assistant looked bewildered. Harris talked to Benzoni some more.

Benzoni, who had been frowning, was finally convinced. "Oh, sure," he said. "We can get some plaster in there all right. And we'll do it."

SEPTEMBER, 1976: Early on Monday the thirteenth, Harris dropped off corrected page proofs of his "Historic Architecture Sourcebook" at Mc-

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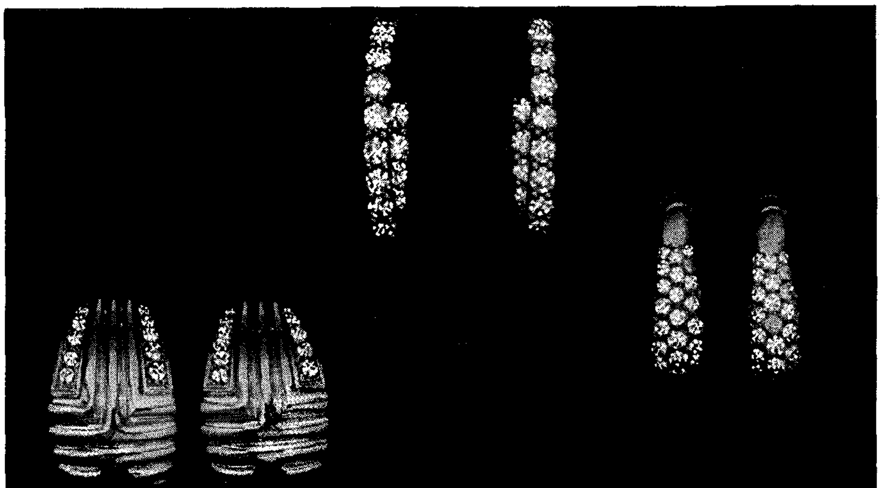

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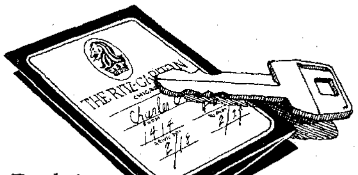

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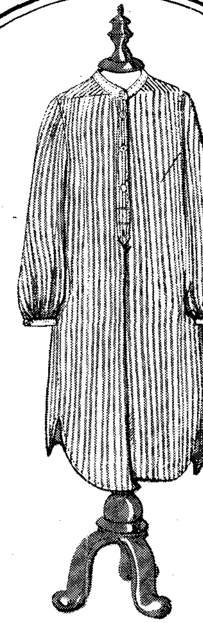
Graw-Hill's offices, at Sixth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, and took the subway to Lincoln Center. He got his hard hat from Benzoni's office, and in a matter of minutes he was examining the wooden floor of the hall. For the past two weeks, Harris had been visiting the site almost daily. Half the scaffolding had been removed—the half farthest from the stage—since the ceiling there had been given its final coat of antique-white paint. Nearly all the plywood underflooring was in place; it had been laid around the pipe feet of the scaffolding while the scaffolding was up, leaving small round holes to be plugged after the scaffolding came down. Carpenters were at work laying the oak floor. Starting from the back, they had completed almost a quarter of the total area. The boards, of random lengths and only two and a half inches wide, ran across the hall from side to side. The wood was white oak, which was to be stained dark brown. All but two sections of the balcony facings were mounted. Across the three balcony fronts, where the facings were not stepped but ran in straight horizontals for nearly seventy feet, they made a bold chalk-white pattern. Many of the rows of small lights beneath the front edges of the balconies and boxes were in place and had been turned on to test the wiring before the fixtures were completed. For the first time since May, the auditorium was brightly lit.

With one month left, much of the work still to be done was on the stage and in the area immediately surrounding it. Most of the dark-oak wall panels were in place, covered with temporary protective fibre board and plastic sheeting. (Plaster dust might discolor them; an accidental blow—say, by a piece of pipe as the scaffolding was dismantled—could make a dent that would be hard to repair.) But the carpenters were just starting on the oak floor and risers on the stage, and its front wall had not been built. Harris examined the rear and side stage panels closely, and slapped several of them with his fist. They sounded solid.

All summer, Morse had reported to Ames at intervals on the progress of the work—always optimistically. Now the Philharmonic needed to be told with certainty whether the opening concert could be held on the evening of Tuesday, October 19th. Shortly after eleven o'clock, Morse, who had been inspecting the hall since before nine o'clock, promised that the work would be finished no later than the eighteenth—in time to allow the orchestra to give the workmen's concert



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that evening. This was encouraging but Harris hoped that Morse could do even better. In Harris's opinion, a week of rehearsals in the new hall, getting used to the new acoustics, would not be a bit too much.

DURING Harris's mid-September field inspections, while the finishers—plasterers, carpenters, painters, electricians, air-conditioning installers—were swarming over the site, one of the questions in the forefront of his mind concerned the hall's dynamic range. He hoped it would be extraordinarily wide, so that the contrast between pianissimo and fortissimo would be dazzling. For the quiet end of the spread, Harris had inherited a building with good insulation against outside noises—trucks, airplanes, helicopters, subway trains. He had improved upon this protection by the fortresslike construction of the new auditorium's walls, ceiling, and floors. As for inside noises, the old air-conditioning presented problems. The ducts had all been replaced, and were all lined with sound-absorbing material; there were flexible connection joints, resilient hangers, sound traps, and sound barriers. The velocity of the air in the system was to be low, in order to keep it from making an audible whoosh as it entered the hall through slots in the ceiling and grilles above the balconies and boxes. Air-conditioning systems are rated for noise on a special decibel scale—the Noise Criterion Scale. Harris aimed for a level no higher than NC-20, at which the air-conditioning would pass for noiseless, because two thousand seven hundred and forty-two people, even at their most rapt, make about that much noise, and one sound would mask the other. Harris was alert for any sign that a ventilation duct had been damaged (a bent metal flange might whistle) or had been carelessly installed (a duct touching a pipe might rattle). If everything went right, the audience would be able to hear a chair scraped on the stage floor, and if a trumpet player dropped his mouthpiece the noise would be audible in the last seat of the top tier.

While insulation against outside noise sets the low end of a hall's dynamic range, a sum of positive qualities—not merely the absence of noise—determines the high end. The orchestra should be able to produce a spine-tingling fortissimo of tremendous power—an impossibility in a dead hall, no matter how much physical energy the musicians put into their bowing, blowing, beating, and so on. Given an equal effort on the musician's part, an instru-

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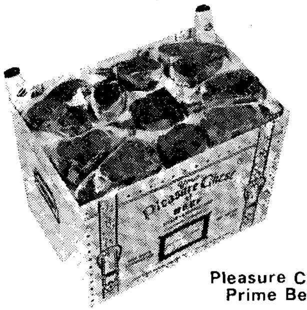

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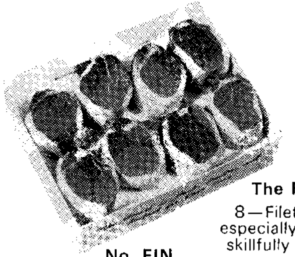

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ment sounds louder in a live hall with plenty of diffusion than in a dead hall. If the audience hears the correct proportions of direct and reflected sound, the orchestra can be at once loud and musical—especially if earlier pianissimos have been marvellously delicate. A forte can be well balanced, with all sections taking their proper part, all instruments in character (the clarinets sounding like clarinets, the cellos like cellos, and so on), and each choir clear and finely detailed, without great exertion by any section. (As Harris had come to know the Philharmonic musicians, one after another had expressed the same wish: that his instrument could be heard without his having to "force." That was not mere laziness, for forcing distorts an instrument's harmonics and spoils its natural timbre.)

Harris has often described a good hall as a "tight" hall, meaning one in which a minimum amount of sound escapes through cracks or holes before the audience has had a chance to savor the music fully—a flaw that Harris calls "wasting sound," or "throwing sound away." Sounds die their natural deaths by absorption soon enough; there is no sense in letting them out into spaces above the ceiling or into the promenade areas or into the basement, where they would be of use to no one. So Harris was concerned that all the doors were sound-tight when they were closed. They were heavy metal doors, to begin with, certified as "soundproof" and gasketed. When they were properly hung, they sealed themselves against sound leakage at their tops and sides as they closed, and, as they latched, a sealing device at the bottom of the door moved down a quarter of an inch, closing off the crack at the bottom. The ceiling light fixtures were another possible avenue for escaping sound. They were designed so that each row could be lowered on cables—like a circus trapeze—to the orchestra floor if a bulb needed changing or a socket had to be repaired. When one of the trapezes was raised and in place, however, it nestled into a sound-seal: above the first seal there was a second seal, and above the second a third. That seemed enough to discourage almost any errant sound. Harris checked to see that this triple-defense system fitted as had been planned. The air-conditioning vents also needed attention. Much of the incoming air was to enter through great ceiling slots—each four inches wide and about eighty feet long. Inevitably, some sound would escape through these apertures, but in order to minimize the loss the ceiling slots were shielded from the orchestra by plaster beams; a certain

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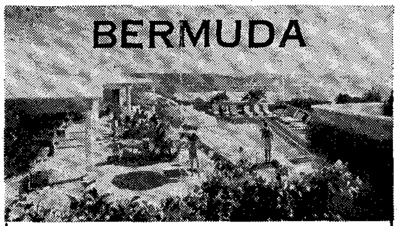

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amount of reflected sound would get away, but the direct sound would bounce off the beams before it reached the slots. All the air went out through holes in the floor the size of dinner plates. Most of them were covered with raised fittings that resembled mushroom caps, which would reflect some sound while the stale air passed under their raised edges. The mushroom caps were under the seats, which would be under the patrons. Sound loss through the floor would be minimal.

BY September 20th, almost all the flooring had been laid in the body of the hall, and about a third of it had been stained dark brown. All the scaffolding was down, but only temporarily; the schedule called for some of it to be reërected for work on the stage ceiling and the balcony fronts. Carpenters were finishing the front stage riser. There were workmen on all three balcony tiers, pursuing their specialties. To meet the deadline, less than a month away, they were following each other as quickly as possible. Plasterers were plastering the ceiling above the second balcony while, just a few feet away, painters were rolling a final coat of antique-white paint on the wall panelling behind the second tier of boxes. Some of the gold seats had arrived, in a giant trailer truck, which was parked on Sixty-fifth Street. Their installation was to begin, starting at the rear of the orchestra, either that night or the following morning.

Harris had been escorting a friend around the site. They stood on the stage and looked out to the back of the hall. "You can really begin to see it," Harris said. "Almost as if it were finished. But there's a tremendous amount of work yet to be done. Not quite a month to go. If this were an ordinary construction job, you would say they needed another three months."

OCTOBER, 1976: With two and a half weeks remaining, Lincoln Center, Inc., was maintaining an official air of quiet confidence in the forthcoming acoustics, but the suspense was high. Ames, Mazzola, Moseley, and Fisher were refraining from predictions, and even the Philharmonic's flyer for the 1976-77 subscription season, which had already been mailed, refrained from premature boasting. It mentioned the fact that the concerts would be presented in a *new* Avery Fisher Hall, but it left prospective subscribers some leeway to guess what "new" might mean:

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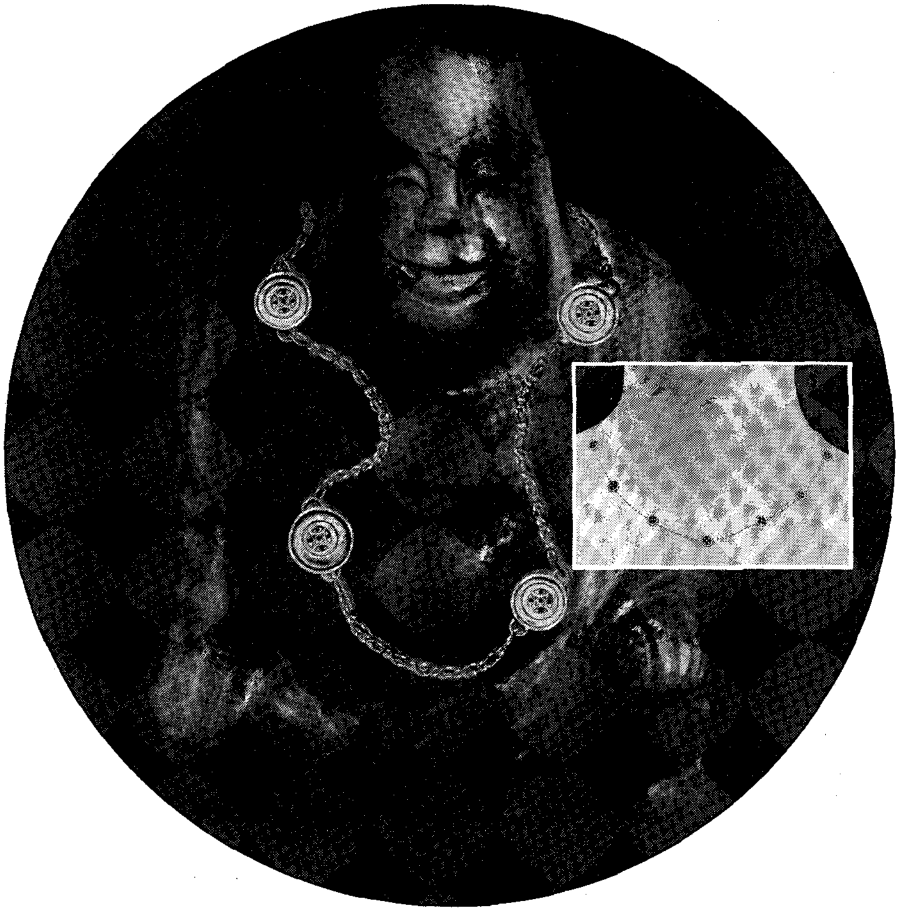

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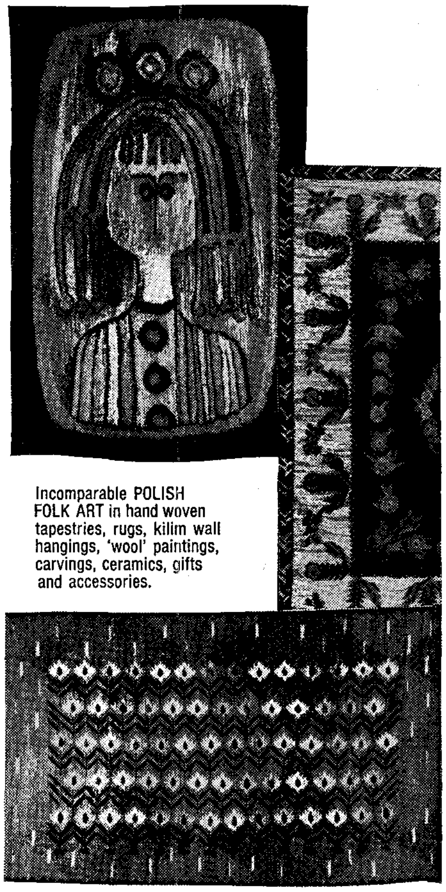
As Mazzola had explained to an interviewer early in the summer, during the demolition phase of the work, the public-relations strategy was "to stick to the substance." Mazzola, personifying assurance, had said, "When we are ready to open, *we* are certainly not going to say, 'The sound will be great.' All we are going to say is 'Come and listen.' The acoustics will have to sell themselves."

Harris was cheerful. That might have been taken as an affirmative clue, except that Harris had seemed cheerful even when he was worried. Twenty-one months earlier, he had promised Lincoln Center a hall of excellence, and it was evident that he had no thought of wasting time by repeating himself. On Saturday, October 2nd, Harris stopped in for his daily visit at about noon. Compared to earlier Saturdays, the auditorium was quiet. No more than two dozen men were at work, and some of them were sprucing up the public areas outside the hall proper: painters in the Grand Promenade, on mechanical ladders, were changing the fifty-foot columns and the fronts of the three overhanging promenades to dark brown from their previous cream and dark green, and a crew of workmen was cleaning the steps by scattering bright-green sawdust on them and then sweeping it up. The Lippold sculpture had been dusted, frond by frond. Sections of plate glass that had been removed for debris disposal were back in place. Inside the auditorium, carpenters were working on the two rear stage risers, and electricians were tinkering with the lights in the stage ceiling. Other electricians were fitting long brass strips underneath the facings of the balconies and the side boxes—the visible part of the fixtures that, all told, were to hold more than five hundred light bulbs, which would outline the bottom edges of all three tiers. Painters were getting the balcony and the proscenium and the forward edges of the sections of the orchestra shell ready for their gold leaf—putting on a coat of yellow-brown filler, then spackling wherever the surface was not perfectly smooth, and putting on a second coat of filler. The gold leaf was not supposed to be applied until all work with power saws had been finished and the hall had been cleaned thoroughly,



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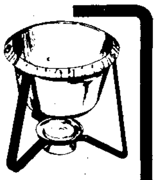

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because dust in the air or on the surfaces to be covered could spoil the process. Ernie Benzoni hoped that the gold-leafers could start by that Monday at the latest.

HARRIS was eager to test the noisiness of the air-conditioning system as soon as possible. If the "silence" exceeded NC-20 for any seat location anywhere in the house, and if the trouble could not be repaired in time, the opening concert might have to be postponed. On Wednesday, October 6th, the system was ready to be turned on for the first time. Harris came down from Columbia late in the afternoon, carrying his sound-level meter in its black leather case. He had understood that all the workmen would be finished for the day at five o'clock, which would have suited him—even the quietest work, or a whisper, would spoil his measurements. To his disappointment, there had been a last-minute change. A dozen workmen—two gold-leafers, four seat-installers, four painters, and a pair of electricians—were still at work, and they planned to continue for several hours.

The new air-conditioning has seven component systems, each with its own blower, designated AC-1 through AC-7. AC-1, which ventilates the stage, could not be turned on, because the gold-leafers were working in that area. A rush of air, a change in temperature, or a change in humidity might damage the gold leaf they had just applied. Harris did what he could. He had the man in the control room in the basement turn circuits AC-2 through AC-7 to full power. At Harris's request, an assistant foreman announced a surprise ten-minute coffee break for all hands. Harris, accompanied by Ray Kallberg, who represented Syska & Hennessy, the mechanical engineers for the hall, took a few preliminary readings in the orchestra and some in the top tier of the balcony. Harris's meter was the size and shape of a carton of extra-long cigarettes, with a narrow extension at one end housing its microphone. He balanced the meter against his belt, pointed the microphone toward the nearest air outlet, manipulated the dials, and read out series of numbers in a calm but concerned tone of voice. As Harris read, Kallberg plotted the numbers on a piece of paper with the NC-20 curve marked on it. Harris's meter, an octave-band analyzer, divides sound into eight frequency ranges, each an octave wide, and each designated by its middle frequency—62.5, 125, 250,

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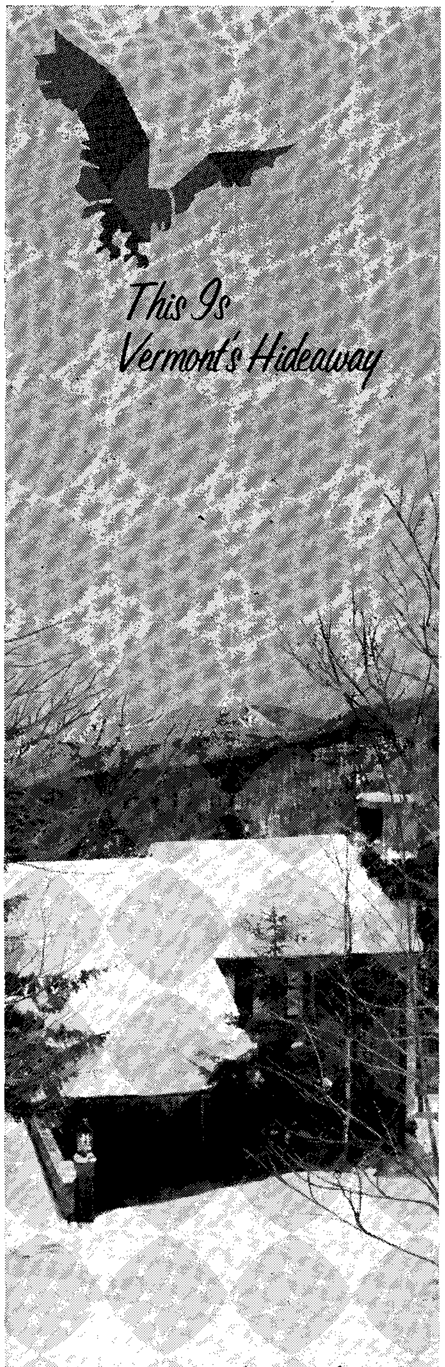

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500, 1000, 2000, 4000, and 8000 cycles per second. To ordinary ears, the noise in the hall was nonexistent, except when, from time to time, the workmen whispered and were immediately asked to keep quiet. To Harris's meter, and to Harris's ears, however, and according to the X marks Kallberg entered on his chart, the air-conditioning was a little too noisy in the higher octave bands—something like NC-25, instead of NC-20. "The good thing," Harris said, "is that we seem to be all right in the low frequencies. If we were getting too much noise at sixty-two point five or one-twenty-five, that could be really big trouble—maybe with the fans or in the ducts. But of course I'll have to come back and take a complete set of measurements when we can turn on AC-1, too. And I hope we will be able to locate the problem in the higher frequencies."

That was easier said than done. The finishers were again working around the clock, hoping that the hall—the stage, in particular—would be near enough completion for orchestra rehearsals on Wednesday the thirteenth and Thursday the fourteenth. Harris needed at least a full half hour of silence to test the noise level with all circuits operating. Much as he hated to delay the other work, he arranged for a half-hour intermission from midnight on the twelfth to twelve-thirty on the morning of the thirteenth. "All right, quiet everybody!" shouted an assistant foreman. "You're on, Dr. Harris, and this is costing about a thousand dollars a minute."

Ernie Benzoni, who had been working since eight o'clock in the morning, followed Harris and Kallberg around the stage as Harris took several readings. AC-1 was a little noisy. AC-5 and AC-6, the two circuits that air-condition the executive offices, had not seemed troublesome before, but now were adding to the noise. (Harris's meter could detect the difference when AC-5 and AC-6 were shut down completely, leaving the rest on full.) All in all, the noise level on the stage was only slightly above NC-20, but it was enough above it to upset Harris. He decided, nonetheless, that the rehearsal should go ahead, as tentatively scheduled. At 12:45 A.M.—a few minutes later than planned—the workmen were back on their jobs.

Before he went home that night, Harris discovered part of the explanation for the stage noise.

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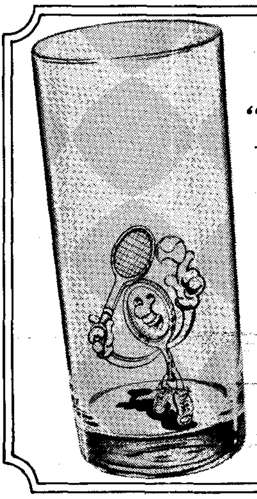

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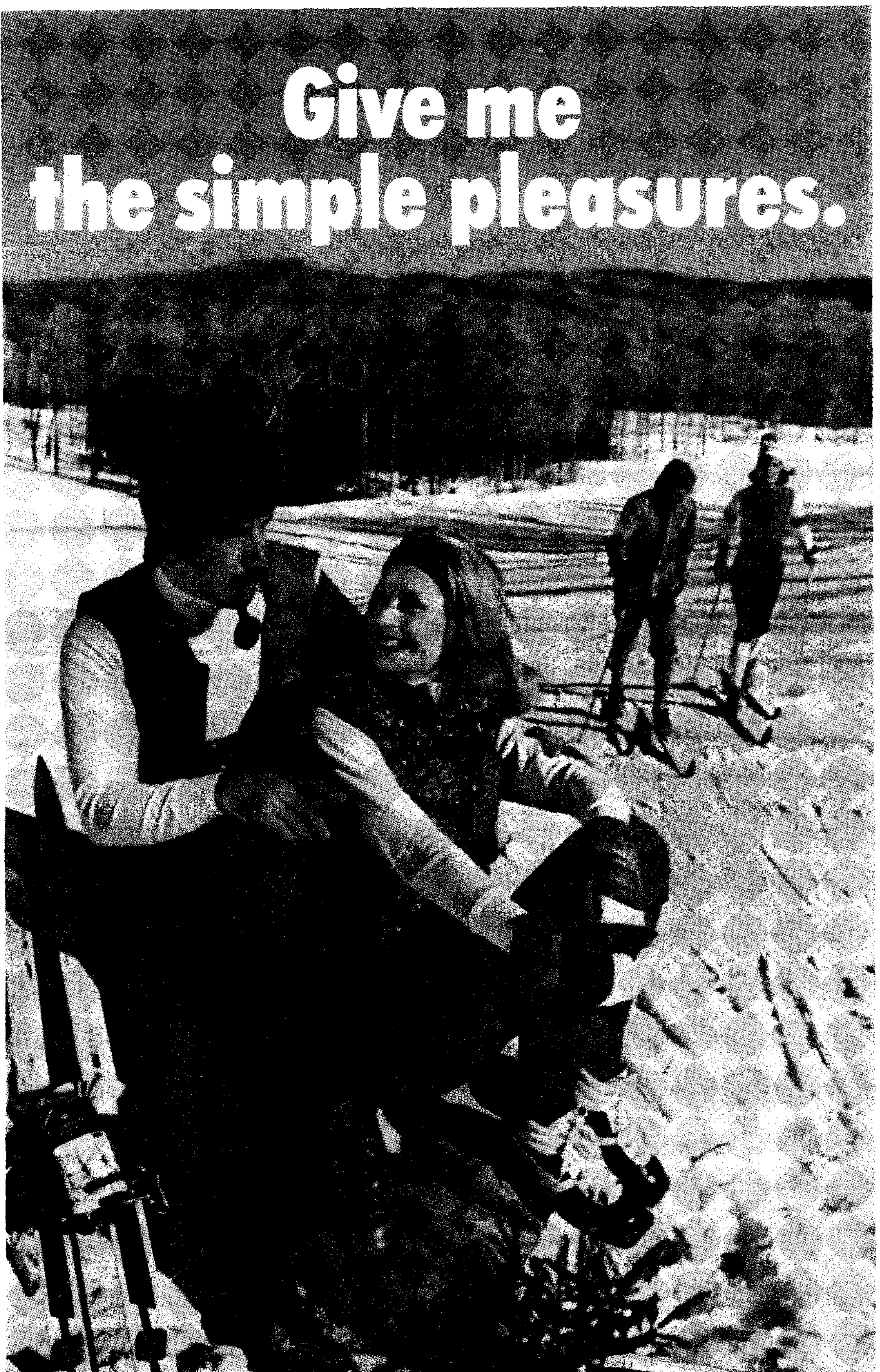
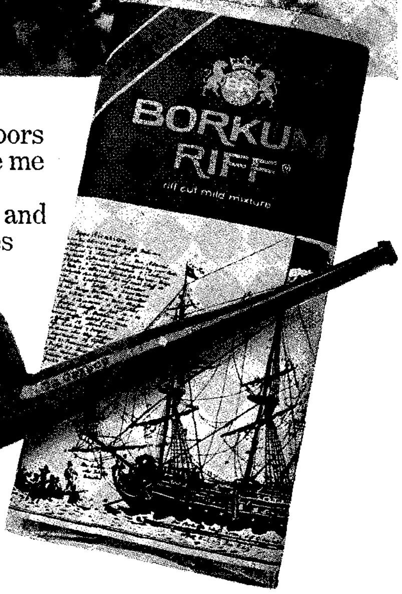
pletely finished. Benzoni thought they could be finished before 10 A.M., when the rehearsal was to start. Then, to make sure that the orchestra wouldn't be distressed, AC-5 and AC-6 could be kept turned off until the rehearsal was over. "What's important," Harris told Benzoni, "is to turn the air-conditioning on a couple of hours ahead of time, and then to keep the humidity just as constant as you can."

Wednesday's rehearsals went well. The orchestra seemed happy, even though the new locker rooms were still a mess and the music was interrupted from time to time by banging and hammering. Harris was at the hall all day and well into the evening, trying to track down the noises. Thursday's rehearsals went better. Harris was greatly pleased by the number of compliments he got from orchestra members. At 10 P.M. on Friday the fifteenth, Harris retested the air-conditioning noise. The completed walls in the dimmer room had been covered with sound-absorptive board, but the return air system for AC-1 was still making a slight noise. At a little past midnight, Harris crawled into a space beneath the stage and decided that a bent turning-vane inside one of the air ducts, at a rounded bend, must be causing the trouble. The turning-vane was not absolutely essential, and if it was causing the noise it would be better to get rid of it. On Saturday morning, October 16th, a workman opened up the duct. He removed the turning-vane and saw, to his surprise, a clutter of rubble—bits of cement or plaster that had fallen into the air passageway. That small pile of debris had been constricting the flow of air, increasing its velocity, and creating a noisy turbulence. It was cleaned out. Sound-absorptive material was added to the duct. By late that afternoon, AC-1 was fixed. With all the air-conditioning turned on, the noise level at all seat locations was no higher than NC-20. No one would be able to hear a thing.

BY the afternoon of Monday, October 18th, the orchestra had rehearsed in Avery Fisher Hall four times, and Harris was elated by the musicians' response. There were bound to be some, he assumed, who did not like the new hall, but he had not heard any complaints. He had attended all the rehearsals, and dozens of the musicians had made a point of thanking him. They had all mentioned how well they could hear themselves and the other sections. One of the double-bass players had talked about being





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able to *feel* his instrument producing, and he had meant "feel" it with his toes. The principal horn player, John Cerminaro, was delighted with not having to force. "I think you've added twenty years to my professional life," he said. Avery Fisher, who had been listening since the first rehearsal, said that the first sound of the strings tuning up was all he had needed. Moseley was tremendously pleased, and so were Ames and Mazzola. Boulez felt that the clarity of the sound was a delight.

Harris's spirits were high and he was also tired. He had practically lived at Avery Fisher Hall for the past week, and had stayed long past midnight on three occasions. Harris had heard what he most wanted to hear: the sound, which was extraordinarily clear, died away evenly, bespeaking a decay curve of admirable smoothness, and justifying all his efforts to endow the auditorium with plenty of diffusion.

Later on Monday afternoon, Harris sat in his apartment, waiting to be interviewed by Irving Lowens, the music critic for the Washington *Star*. Had it not been for that appointment, Harris would have taken a nap, to be fresh for the preliminary concert that night in honor of the construction workers. As it was, he sat chatting with a friend. "You know something?" Harris said. "That Philip Johnson is an amazing architect. I should say Johnson and Burgee, because they are a real partnership. I have been over every inch of that place with them, time and time again, for the better part of two years. We've talked and talked, and thrashed over the drawings. But I didn't really *see* everything they were doing until just these past few days. What a marvellous place to give a concert!"

A PLAN to exclude critics and reporters from the workmen's concert had collapsed, under pressure, some days earlier. Instead, the Philharmonic was welcoming the press but requesting that nothing be written about the acoustics until after the gala opening concert the following night, October 19th. At least an hour before starting time, which was eight-thirty, most of the capacity audience—construction workers, their wives and children, music critics, newspaper reporters, architectural critics, contractors, subcontractors, managers, agents, musical celebrities, Lincoln Center brass hats, and the orchestra's guarantors, sponsors, and patrons who could not stand the suspense for another twenty-four hours—were in the building, ex-

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ploring the new hall. They looked much like an ordinary Philharmonic audience—that is to say, well-dressed—but their prevailing mood was giggly, like that of high-school seniors at their graduation exercises. Ames, Fisher, Moseley, Johnson, Burgee, Mazzola, and their parties were in the first-tier side boxes, near the stage. (Harris's plan was to move around and listen from a variety of places.) They looked cheerful. While the orchestra was waiting for Boulez to make his entrance, several of the musicians spotted friends or relatives in the audience, and waved to them. Boulez appeared, and *he* looked cheerful, too. The house quieted. Just before Boulez raised his arms to conduct "The Star-Spangled Banner," one of the second violins scraped his chair, ever so slightly. He got a reproving look from a violist, not far away.

The program consisted of the second and fourth movements of Mahler's Symphony No. 9 and excerpts from "The Firebird." Some time after the concert was over, Dr. and Mrs. Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Ames were still standing in the Grand Promenade, accepting congratulations and saying good night, as if they were hosts at a party—as was the case. Their faces showed their own pleasure. Ames seemed a trifle reserved about expressing his opinion, as if he feared that he might be accused of having tried to influence others' judgments. However, he was responding with great warmth to the nice things that were being said to him about the sound of the hall. Someone said to Ames that the pianissimo at the end of the Mahler had been remarkable for its delicacy and beauty. "Indeed so," Ames said, beaming. "Remarkable. I don't believe I have ever heard a pianissimo quite like that anywhere else in the world." —BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.

•

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Notes on Evolving Heroes, Morals, Audiences

IN "Jaws," which may be the most cheerfully perverse scare movie ever made, the disasters don't come on schedule the way they do in most disaster pictures, and your guts never settle down to a timetable. Even while you're convulsed with laughter, you're still apprehensive, because the editing rhythms are very tricky, and the shock images loom up huge, right on top of you. There are parts of "Jaws" that suggest what Eisenstein might have done if he hadn't intellectualized himself out of reach—if he'd given in to the bourgeois child in himself. While having a drink with an older Hollywood director, I said that I'd been amazed by the assurance with which Steven Spielberg, the young director of "Jaws," had toyed with the film frame. The older director said, "He must never have seen a play; he's the first one of us who doesn't think in terms of the proscenium arch. With him, there's nothing but the camera lens."

It's not only the visual technique of "Jaws" that's different. The other big disaster movies are essentially the same as the pre-Vietnam films, but "Jaws" isn't. It belongs to the pulpiest sci-fi monster-movie tradition, yet it stands some of the old conventions on their head. Though "Jaws" has more zest than a Woody Allen picture, and a lot more electricity, it's funny in a Woody Allen way. When the three protagonists are in their tiny boat, you feel that Robert Shaw, the malevolent old shark hunter, is so manly that he wants to get them all killed; he's so manly he's homicidal. It's not sharks who are his enemies; it's other men. When he begins showing off his wounds, the bookish ichthyologist, Richard Dreyfuss, strings along with him at first, and matches him scar for scar. But when the ichthyologist is outclassed in the number of scars he can exhibit, he opens his shirt, looks down at his hairy chest, and with a put-on artist's grin says, "You see that? Right there? That was Mary Ellen Moffit—she broke my heart." When Shaw squeezes an empty beer can flat, Dreyfuss satirizes him by crumpling a Styrofoam cup. The director, identifying with the Dreyfuss character, sets up bare-chested heroism as a joke and scores off it all through the movie. The third protagonist, acted by Roy Scheider, is a former New York City policeman who has just escaped the city dangers and found a haven as chief of police in a resort community on an island. There, feeling totally inadequate in his new situation, he confronts primal terror. But the fool on board the little boat isn't the chief of police who doesn't know one end of a boat from the other, or the bookman, either. It's Shaw, the obsessively masculine fisherman, who thinks he's got to prove himself by fighting the shark practically single-handed. Shaw personalizes the shark, turns him into a fourth character—his enemy. This fisherman is such a macho pain that it's harrowingly funny when he's gobbled up; a flamboyant actor like Robert Shaw, who wears a proscenium arch around him, has to be kidded.

The high point of the film's humor is our seeing Shaw get it; this nut Ahab, with his hyper-masculine basso-profundo speeches, stands in for all the men who have to show they're tougher than anybody. The shark's cavernous jaws demonstrate how little his toughness finally adds up to. If one imagines George C. Scott or Anthony Quinn in the Robert Shaw role, these anti-macho jokes expand into a satire of movie heroism.

THE actor who has put our new, ambivalent feelings about the warrior male to account is Jack Nicholson. Despite his excessive dynamism (and maybe partly because of it), this satirical actor has probably gone further into the tragicomedy of hardhat macho than any other actor. He exposes cracks in barroom-character armor and makes those cracks funny, in a low-down, grungy way. With his horny leers and his little-boy cockiness and one-upmanship, he illuminates the sources of male bravado. His whole acting style is based on the little guy coming on strong, because being a tough guy is the only ideal he's ever aspired to. This little guy doesn't make it, of course; Nicholson is the macho loser-hero. (In an earlier era, Nicholson would probably have played big guys.)

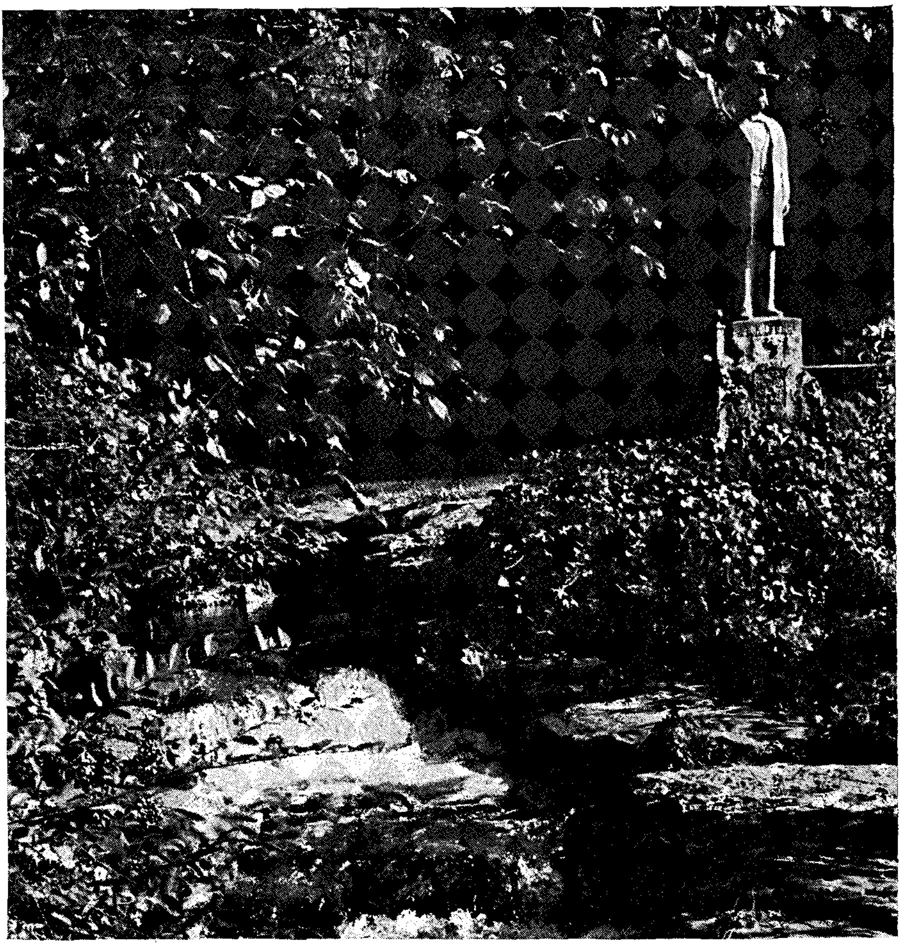
When you see the celebration of adolescent male fantasies in the film "The Yakuza," directed by Sydney Pollack, or in a John Milius picture—"Dillinger" or "The Wind and the Lion"—you may wonder of the filmmakers, "Are these boys being naughty just because they're old enough not to be scolded by their mothers?" That's the kind of naughtiness Jack Nicholson keeps us aware of; he includes it in his performances. He's the kind of actor who gives you a character and then lets you follow him around the corner and watch as he reacts to what he just pulled off back there.

THE most ambiguous bumper sticker I've ever seen was "God Bless John Wayne," though it wasn't ambiguous for the people who had put it on—they had also plastered two decals for the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association on their car windows. Yet even their assertive clinging to the old Wayne image—the very one that he can't cling to anymore himself—speaks of the changes they must feel around them. They want something that can't come back.

In recent years, John Wayne has been looking for a new image, and that great bulk has been falling flat. You can see now that, though Wayne was never much of an actor, there was a ham underneath just the same; he'd rather turn his mythic Western hero into a clown than quit. Wayne is so transparent an actor that he's foolishly likable, and so when he tries to play a Clint Eastwood city-cop role (as in "McQ"), you may feel embarrassed for him. (You don't get embarrassed by anything Clint Eastwood does; he's so hollow you don't have to feel a thing.)

In "The Shootist," Wayne attempts to go back and complete his Western legend, but it's always dangerous when a movie sets out to be a classic, and the director, Don Siegel, who has an enjoyably trashy talent, has been so paralyzed by his high intentions that he's made a piece of solemn, unenjoyable trash. "The Shootist" has no emotional movement, despite Wayne, who has the dignity here that he'd lost in "Rooster Cogburn." As an aged gunfighter dying of cancer, he's a noble figure; he knows the movie is trucking him out to exhibit that nobility, and he's got the farewell-tour catch in the throat. He's like an old dancer who can only do a few steps yet does them with great pride and style. The film, however, is a rigged setup. There's no conflict, no tension in his encounters with the small-minded townspeople; the old man, with his Westerner's code, is always morally superior. The bad operators in town want to get him, but he's such a nice guy you can't figure out what they've got against him, and in the climax he arbitrarily selects the three men in town who need killing without our ever understanding what they've done. In 1976, after the Western hero is dead, how can movies go on bringing us the message that he's dying? "The Shootist" digs him up to rebury him, and then has the gall to tell the story of how other people want to exploit him. Siegel has no real interest in the code; he's in his element when he stages the final shoot-out, but there's no rationale for it—no greed, no anger, and no moral drive.

THE stirring, emotionally satisfying early Westerns had a narrative push forward, a belief in the future of a people. That epic spirit has—understandably—been missing from recent Westerns. It comes back in a new form in the surprising "The Return of a Man Called Horse;" in this Western, the surge of elation comes from the spiritual rebirth of an Indian tribe. The hero is John Morgan, an English lord, played by Richard Harris. In the earlier "A Man Called Horse," Morgan was captured by the Yellow Hand, a tribe of the Sioux nation; he was accepted as a brother, and, free, returned to his own country. The new picture, directed by Irvin Kershner, is about how, once having known that brotherhood and accepted its magical religion, he is lost as a white man. We see Morgan in his English mansion, and his face shows that he's split off from the life around him; his soul has become Indian. The early part of the film, which cuts from an attack on the Yellow Hand to a foxhunt in England, has an emotional power that is almost comparable to that of the early scenes of "The Godfather, Part II," and the sequence that replaces the usual cattle drive is of supernal landscapes—the dark shapes of buffalo running over the blinding pale-green meadows. Despite a pulpy script and the sometimes awkward acting, "The Return of a Man Called Horse" may be the first Hollywood epic in which the rituals of the Indians make sense. Driven off their land, their braves killed, their young women enslaved, the Yellow Hand have become so weak that they have even lost the will to hunt buffalo. Morgan and some of the children take on themselves the burden of suffering. When, through this sacrifice, the Yellow Hand satisfy their gods, they are able to triumph over their enemies and regain their homeland, and the English lord is content to be one of the tribe. This Western, with its Old Testament mysticism, which appears to be authen-



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tically Indian as well, is a startlingly affirmative vision.

A FEW decades ago, if a character in a novel did something irrational—that is, out of character—the other people in the book would say, "It's so unlike John to have done that," and we'd read on for chapters to find out why he had behaved so uncharacteristically. The characters in movies also used to operate from a fixed position: if they were proper, they were supposed to look proper, and behave within certain patterns. What we call spontaneity now would have been called irrationality then. But since there are no set codes of behavior today, we accept the irrational. We like the diversion of surprising behavior in movies; we don't respond to those Charlton Heston heroes who lack irrational impulses. And we don't want overelaborated motivation—we want just enough for us to get the sense of what a person is about.

In "Dog Day Afternoon," we don't want any explanation of how it is that Sonny (Al Pacino) lives in both heterosexual and homosexual marriages. We accept the idea because we don't really believe in patterns of behavior anymore—only in behavior. Sonny, who is trapped in the middle of robbing a bank, with a crowd gathering in the street outside, is a working-class man who got into this mess by trying to raise money for Leon (Chris Sarandon) to have a sex-change operation, yet the audience doesn't laugh. The most touching element in the film is Sonny's inability to handle all the responsibilities he has assumed. Though he is half-crazed by his situation, he is trying to do the right thing by everybody—his wife and children, the suicidal Leon, the hostages in the bank. In the sequence in which Sonny dictates his will, we can see that inside this ludicrous bungling robber there's a complicatedly unhappy man, operating out of a sense of noblesse oblige.

The structure of "Dog Day Afternoon" loosens in the last three-quarters of an hour, but that was the part I particularly cared for. This picture is one of the most satisfying of all the movies starring New York City because the director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Frank Pierson, having established that Sonny's grandstanding gets the street crowd on his side against the cops, and that even the tellers are on his side, let us move into the dark, confused areas of Sonny's frustrations and don't explain everything to us. They trust us to feel without our being told how to feel. They prepare us for

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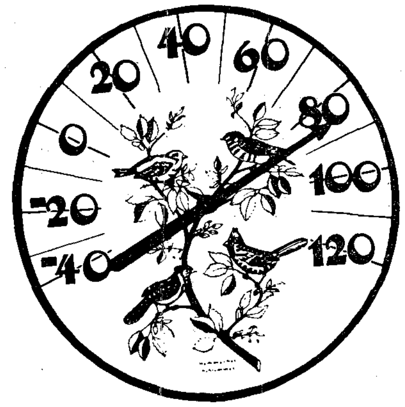

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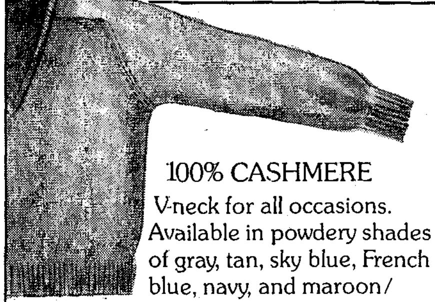

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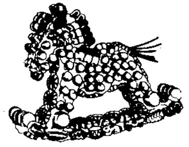

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a confrontation scene between Sonny and Leon, and it never comes, but even that is all right, because of the way that Pacino and Sarandon handle their contact by telephone; Sonny's anxiety and Leon's distress are so pure that there's no appeal for sympathy—no star kitsch to separate us from the nakedness of the feelings on the screen.

This kind of male acting is becoming much more common in movies. In the past, the corruption of stardom has often meant that the actor was afraid of carrying a role through and exposing the insides of a character; a star began to have so large a stake in his own image that he was afraid of what the audience might think of the revelation. But new stars such as Pacino and Nicholson and Gene Hackman and Robert De Niro go as far into their characters as they can psychologically allow themselves to go; that's how they work. Robert Redford *could* do that, but he has been holding back—he doesn't want you not to like the people he plays.

Yet if Redford is the closest thing we've got to the self-congratulatory American Protestant Eagle who flourished in the Second World War movies, that eagle has had his wings clipped. Redford, with his glamorous remoteness and passivity, combines the romantic appeal of the inverts and the matinée idols of those days with a new, uneasy consciousness that is supposed to account for his passivity. The new heroes don't soar; they can barely see straight. The myopically spacey Timothy Bottoms plays such characters as the gentlest and least harmful of the representative Americans in "The White Dawn;" he's frazzled, out of it, ineffective. One of the reasons that there are so few women's roles is that men have coöpted them. In earlier decades, if a hero wanted something he went out and got it. Uncertainty was the basis of many of the women stars' roles; the women asked, "Do I dare?" and sat at home, wheedly and plotting. Now that the men are so uncertain, what could a woman wheedle out of them?

IN primitive societies, and in this country until quite recently, a man proved his courage by exposing himself to a dangerous test. If there's any equivalent to that now, it's exposing himself to the danger of going crazy—so crazy that he loses the capacity to feel. (And women do it, too.)

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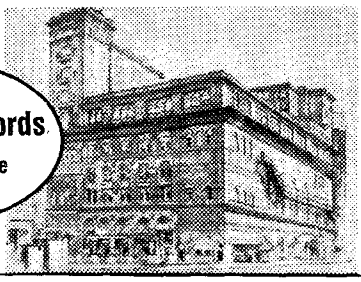

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responsibility for their acts. And in the past if a movie hero broke the law because he felt he had to, we could respect him for it, because we knew—as he did—that there would be consequences, and not only legal and social consequences but moral ones, too. Now we're in a period when we know that most wrongdoing—the worst wrongdoing especially—isn't socially punished. And it's terribly apparent that the wrongdoers face no moral consequences. So it's not surprising that the standard action-movie heroes today aren't men who, after searching their consciences, violate the law; the heroes now are lawbreakers at heart. What appears to separate them from the villains is that they're lawbreakers trying to confirm that they're courageous men. Whether they seek this confirmation of their masculinity on the police force or in crime or, like the rebel McMurphy, in an insane asylum, they're all lawless. On TV, when cops like Baretta (who's all heart) or the slimy-smart Starsky and Hutch club someone on the head, they explain that there was no other way. The law doesn't apply to them, and reading a prisoner his Miranda rights is just a joke, since they know their prisoners are guilty. And lawbreakers like the Burt Reynolds heroes know that if they're arrested the cops will kick the hell out of them, so the Miranda rights are a joke to them, too. The bond between the lawless cops and the lawbreakers is contempt for the law.

When there doesn't appear to be any alternative to Clint Eastwood's relentless law-givers and Burt Reynolds' self-satisfied lawbreakers, it's easy to see why we get Ken Russell and "Tommy," who isn't a man, but a numb child. It's as if the tough-guy movies said, "Either you feel our way, or you feel nothing." Androgynous catatonia is the answer to repulsive macho. The alternative to "Macon County Line" and "Walking Tall" and "White Line Fever" sure as hell isn't Fred Astaire anymore; it's closer to David Bowie.

NICOLAS ROEG'S "The Man Who Fell to Earth," which stars David Bowie, is "The Little Prince" for young adults; the hero, a stranger on earth, is purity made erotic. He doesn't have a human sex drive; he isn't even equipped for it—naked, he's as devoid of sex differentiation as a child in sleepers. (He seems to be the first movie hero to have had his crotch airbrushed.) Yet there's true insolence in Bowie's lesbian-Christ leering, and

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his forlorn, limp manner and chalky pallor are alluringly tainted. Lighted like the woman of mystery in thirties movies, he's the most romantic figure in recent pictures—the modern version of the James Dean lost-boy myth. Nicolas Roeg has a talent for eerily easy, soft, ambiguous sex—for the sexiness of passivity. In his "Don't Look Now," Donald Sutherland practically oozed passivity—which was the only interesting quality he had. And at the beginning of "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (which was shot in this country with an American cast except for Bowie), when the stranger splashes down in a lake in the Southwest and drinks water like a vampire gulping down his lifeblood, one is drawn in, fascinated by the obliqueness and by the promise of an erotic sci-fi story. It is and it isn't. The stranger, though non-human, has visions of the wife and kiddies he has left—an old-fashioned nuclear family on the planet Anthea. He has come to earth to obtain the water that will save his people, who are dying from drought, but he is corrupted, is distracted from his mission, and then is so damaged that he cannot return. Although Roeg and his screenwriter, Paul Mayersberg, pack layers of tragic political allegory into "The Man Who Fell to Earth," none of the layers is very strong, or even very clear. The plot, about big-business machinations, is so uninvolving that one watches Bowie traipsing around—looking like Katharine Hepburn in her transvestite role in "Sylvia Scarlett"—and either tunes out or allows the film, with its perverse pathos, to become a sci-fi framework for a sex-role-confusion fantasy. The wilted solitary stranger who is better than we are and yet falls prey to our corrupt human estate can be said to represent everyone who feels misunderstood, everyone who feels sexually immature or "different," everyone who has lost his way, everyone who has failed his holy family, and so the film is a gigantic launching pad for anything that viewers want to drift to.

A former cinematographer, Roeg has more visual strategies than almost any director one can think of. He can charge a desolate landscape so that it seems ominously alive, familiar yet only half recognizable, and he photographs skyscrapers with such lyric glitter that the United States seems to be showing off for him (the better to be despoiled). The people pass through, floating, using the country without seeing its beauty. Roeg's cutting can create a magical feeling of waste and evil, but at other times his Marienbadish jumpiness is just

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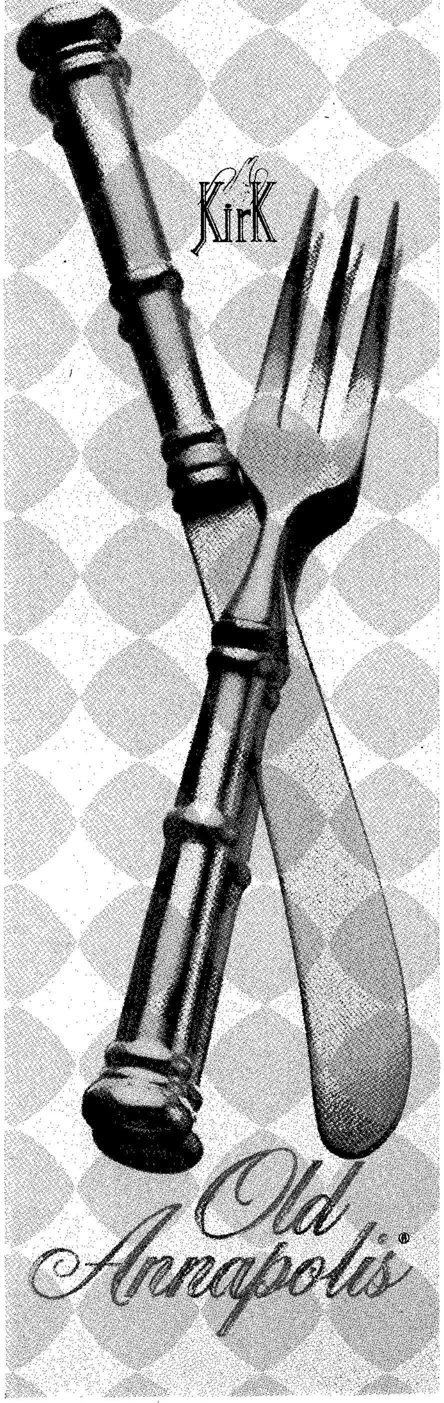

trickery he can't resist. In "The Man Who Fell to Earth," the unease and sense of disconnectedness between characters also disconnect us. Roeg teases us with a malaise that he then moralizes about. His effects stay on the surface; they become off-puttingly abstract, and his lyricism goes sentimental—as most other Christ movies do. In "Blow-Up" and "The Passenger," Antonioni showed a talent (and a propensity) for mystification; it would be a present to audiences if just once he would use his talent frivolously—if, instead of his usual opaque metaphysical mystery, he'd make a simple trashy mystery, preferably in those *Réalités* travel spots he's drawn to. And it would be a blessing if Nicolas Roeg—perhaps the most visually seductive of directors, a man who can make impotence sexy—turned himself loose on the romance of waste. Given a subject that would release the sensuousness of his work, he could come up with a beauty of a film.

Bowie's self-mocking androgyny is not a quality that one associates with the heroes of imperial nations. Imperial movie heroes are just about gone, and even much of what comes out on the American screen as sexism isn't necessarily the result of conviction; it may be the sexist result of simple convenience. In the movies or on television, the two cops in the police car don't have to think about each other. When a cop-hero's partner is shot, it's supposed to be worse than anything, but the reason it's worse than anything is always explained *after* he's been shot. Then the survivor—let's call him Frank—explains that Jim took the bullet for him, that Jim was the one Frank spent more time with than anyone else. And Frank's wife can say, "Frank and Jim were more married than we are"—and she says it sympathetically. She understands. The theme of mateship is such a clean, visible bond. It doesn't have the hidden traps of the relationship between men and women, or between lovers of the same sex. In a number of movies, the actors playing the two cops seem palpably embarrassed by the notion that women are those creatures who come into the story for a minute and you jump them. Some are embarrassed that that's all you do with them; others are relieved that that's all you have to do—because if there's anything more it may involve the problem of what men are supposed to be in relation to women.

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with that pain. Besides, with the Supreme Court decision leaving the determination of what is pornography to the communities, almost any treatment of the psychology of sex may get a film into serious legal problems. The porno filmmakers, whose investment may be thirty-five thousand dollars a picture, are closed in one city, hop to another, and come back with a few cuts or a different title. Porno films are all over the place, so it looks as if the screen is wide-open, but actually the studios aren't taking chances on sexual themes.

THE changes in movies, responding to the changes in the national psychology, have come about mostly unconsciously. The comedies now are almost all made by Jewish directors—directors who are themselves anarchic comics. Comedies are no longer about how to win or how to be a success, but about trying to function in the general craziness. Some of the veteran directors may face insoluble problems—a director's craft isn't enough to see him through when that craft is itself an expression of the old, fixed patterns. In a country where the Protestant ethic doesn't seem to have worked out too well, it makes sense that directors of Catholic background—Francis Ford Coppola and Brian De Palma, of Italian-Catholic parents; Martin Scorsese, of Sicilian origins; Robert Altman, from a German-Catholic family in Kansas City, Missouri—speak to the way Americans feel now. These men have grown up with a sense of sin and a deep-seated feeling that things aren't going to get much better in this life. They're not uplifters or reformers, like some of the Protestant directors of an earlier era, or muckraking idealists, like some of the earlier Jewish directors. Pictures such as "Mean Streets" and "Taxi Driver," "California Split" and "Nashville," "The Godfather, Part II" and the new "Carrie" combine elements of ritual and of poetry in their heightened realism. The Catholic directors examine American experience in emotional terms, without much illusion—in fact, with macabre humor. The Western heroes faced choices between right and wrong; these directors didn't grow up on right-and-wrong but on good-and-evil—and then they lost the good.

IF "Jaws" represents a new affability about the tough American male, it also contains a token of a new ruthlessness. There's a lull in the action, a becalmed interlude, which is filled by a long monologue delivered by Robert

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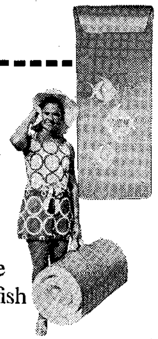

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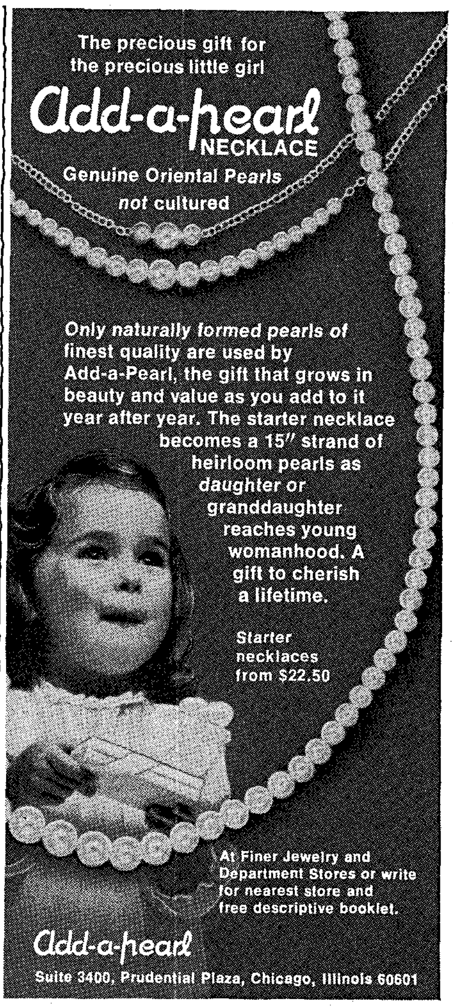
Shaw. He tells the ultimate shark horror story—it's worse, even, than anything that we see in the movie. The story he tells concerns the men of the Indianapolis, a heavy cruiser that was torpedoed after delivering key elements of the atomic bombs to be dropped on Japan. As Shaw, in drunken, sepulchral tones, describes the events, the survivors were attacked by sharks, which returned day after day, using the ever-smaller group of survivors as a feeding ground. Actually, it is not known how many of the Indianapolis crew died because of sharks, or how many died from exposure, or from injuries sustained when the ship was hit. The monologue, conceived by Howard Sackler, embellished to a length of nine pages by John Milius, and then trimmed by Spielberg and Shaw to a feasible length, could easily have dealt with a fictitious ship, but using the correct name gave it an extra plausibility. In the rest of "Jaws," we're worked over right in the open, but in this Indianapolis episode we're fooled by a hidden confusion of historical fact and sadistic fantasy. The writers probably didn't consider—or were simply indifferent to—the nightmarish pain that their gothic embroidery would give to the relatives of the men who died in those waters.

THE only morality that many of the best young filmmakers appear to have is an aesthetic morality. They may show us geysers of blood that tear us apart, but they're true to what they think is good filmmaking. In their movies, the human logic is secondary to the aesthetic logic. A movie is like a musical composition to them: they'll put in a bloody climax because they need it at a certain point. They're not afraid of the manipulative possibilities of the medium; they revel in those possibilities and play with them. Catholic imagery has a kind of ruthlessness anyway—the bleeding Jesus, the pierced, suffering saints. But even without a Catholic background, Spielberg is as ruthlessly manipulative as Scorsese or De Palma (though he doesn't rely on instinct as much as they do—he plans, like Eisenstein). Film is their common religion. For some people in the audience, their films may be too shocking; they overwhelm us emotionally in a way that more crudely manipulative directors don't, and so people tend to become much more outraged by a "Taxi Driver" than by a "Towering Inferno."

New action films often seem to be trying so hard to beat the tube that



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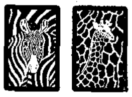


they reach right out to grab us—not with the technique of a Steven Spielberg but by crowding out any aesthetic distance. There has always been an element of dread in the pleasure of suspense movies, but it was tangled up with childish, fairy-tale excitement and the knowledge that the characters we cared about would come out safe; the dread was part of the fun. But in many current movies the suspense is nothing more than dread. The only thing that keeps us watching some films is the fear of what the moviemakers are going to throw at us next. We don't anticipate the climactic scenes pleasurably; we await them anxiously, and after the usual two hours of assault the punishment stops, and we go home relieved, yet helplessly angry.

On the basis that they can't say they were bored, large numbers of people seem willing to accept heavily advertised shock-and-dread pictures (such as "Marathon Man") as entertainment. But in a neat cultural switch, a sizable number of educated people who used to complain of Hollywood's innocuous pampering, and who went to foreign films for adult entertainment, now escape to bland French romances, such as the Lelouch pictures or "Cousin, Cousine," to find the same innocent reassurance that the mass audience used to obtain. They've become afraid of American movies, and not just of the junk but of "The Godfather, Part II," "Nashville," and the best this country has to offer. They're turning to Europe for cuddly sentiments—for make-out movies. The success of "Cousin, Cousine," a rhythmless, mediocre piece of moviemaking, may be in part attributable to its winsome heroine (Marie-Christine Barrault), who is sexy in a fleshy smiling-nun way, and in part to its silliness. With its wholesome carnality, "Cousin, Cousine" is so pro-life that it treats sex like breakfast cereal. It features adultery without dirt—adultery as carefree nonconformity—and the way the chorus of understanding kids applauds the parents' displays of innocent happy sensuality this could be the first Disney True Life Adventure about people.

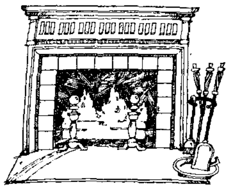
—PAULINE KAEL

•

CORRECTION

The Herald incorrectly reported Tuesday that a midget wrestler was thrown onto the lap of Mrs. Emilia Alexander at a Sunday night bout. It was a full-sized wrestler that landed in Mrs. Alexander's lap.—*Rutland (Vt.) Daily Herald.*

Well, that's more like it!



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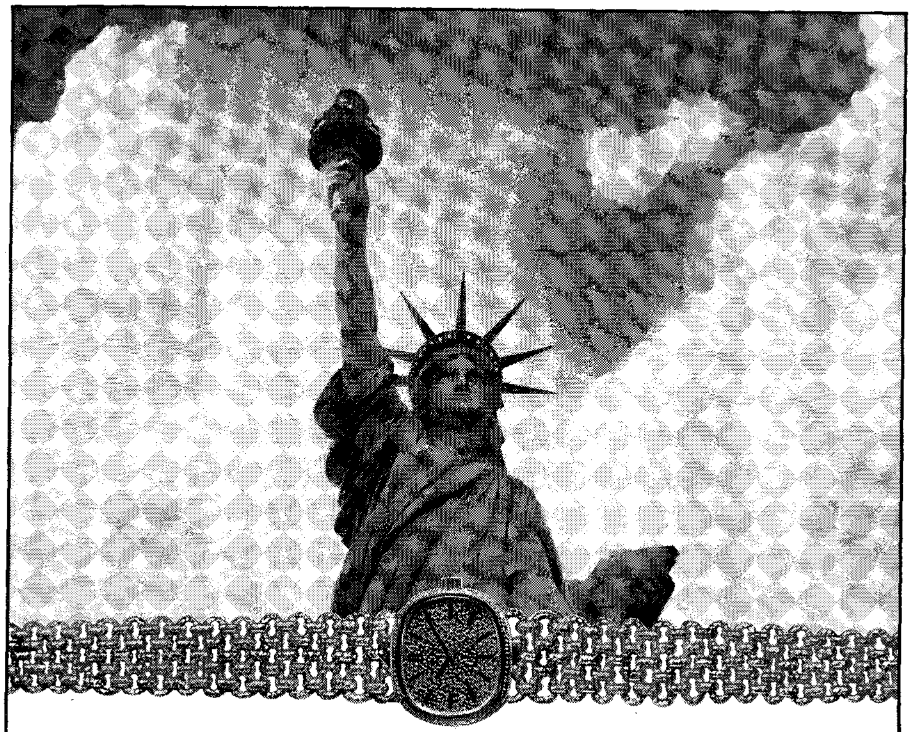

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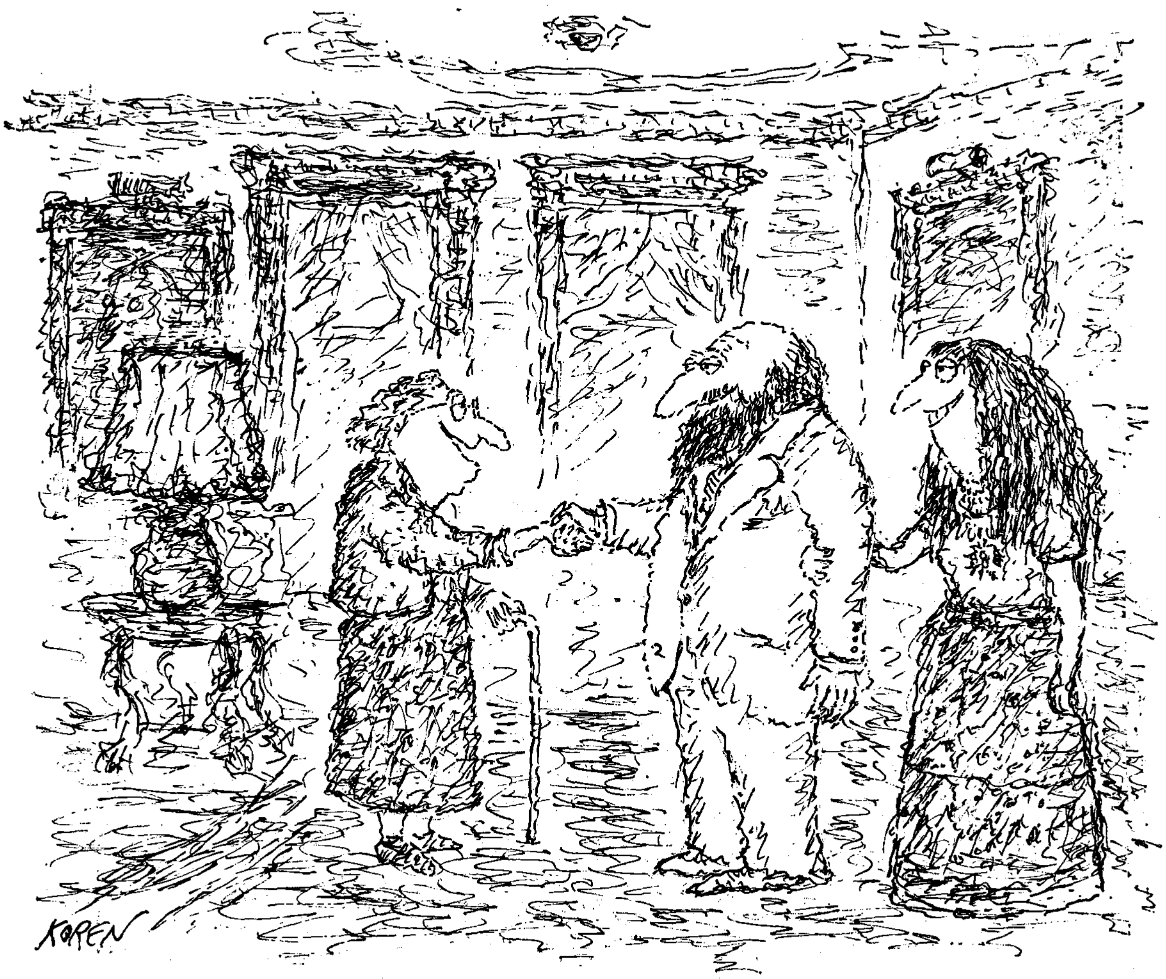
SCHOOLS WITHOUT MONEY

IN Rockford, there is always a lot of talk about negativism. Rockford people discuss negativism the way college students in the fifties used to discuss apathy—as an endemic, mildly regrettable, permanent condition. Apathy is also discussed in Rockford, usually in conversations about negativism. This fall, after sitting through the annual meeting of an organization founded some years ago to promote downtown revitalization, Chad Brooks, the editorial-page editor of the local newspapers, was moved to write a column headlined “Are We a City Without Pride?” The speakers, Brooks reported, had all expressed fear that “Rockford has developed a negative attitude, almost a community-wide inferiority complex.” One of them, an executive relatively new in town, had said he found himself running into people who apologized for living in Rockford. Another, the executive vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, had discovered that suggestions for civic improvement were almost always rejected with the comment “Rockford will never support that.” The pessimism behind such rejections was well-founded: given an opportunity, Rockford voters tend to vote No. “They voted against parking meters, they voted against the county courthouse,” Norman Kearney, a junior-college teacher who has run a number of political campaigns and referenda in Rockford, said not long ago. “They have voted down just about everything they’ve had a chance to vote on.”

A visitor to Rockford is often reminded that Rockford is the second-largest city in Illinois, but the tone of voice used for the reminder is not exactly boastful or even ironic (a city of a hundred and fifty thousand is, after all, a poor second to Chicago) but—well, negative: a tone that implies some disappointment that Rockford is all that the second-largest city in Illinois amounts to. Being second to a city the size of Chicago is sometimes given as one of the reasons for Rockford’s feeling of inferiority—particularly because Chicago, only eighty-five miles to the east, may be close enough to keep Rockford from developing strong cultural and mercantile institutions of its own but far enough so that a Rockford resident on an out-of-town visit runs the risk of meeting people from Chicago who have never heard of Rockford, Illinois. It is apparently also common for politicians to lump Rockford, a city only twenty miles south of Wisconsin, with the rest of non-Chicago Illinois known as “downstate.”

Given the condition of many American cities these days, of course, playing second city to the Second City is a mild affliction indeed. Rockford has some of the problems that cause negativism or even despair in larger cities—high unemployment, for instance, and an inert downtown business district—but, compared to many American cities, Rockford does not suffer greatly from poverty or the drain of suburbanization or the turmoil that often accompanies drastic shifts in racial composition. The second most quoted statistic in Illinois’s second-largest city is that metropolitan Rockford, a center for manufacturing machine tools and screws, ranks seventeenth in disposable income per household in the United States. Much of the postwar suburban growth has been within the city limits and the school district. For an industrial city, Rockford, which was once more than half Swedish, has a relatively homogeneous population. When people talk about negativism in Rockford, they are talking not about some new condition brought on by standard urban problems but about some element in the city’s character that evolved from history or geography or chance—an element that would be present in the best of times. The talk of negativism is particularly intense this fall, because in August Rockford voters rejected, by a margin of two to one, a referendum that would have raised the school property tax—meaning that this year Rockford public-school students are doing without (among other items considered even more important by their

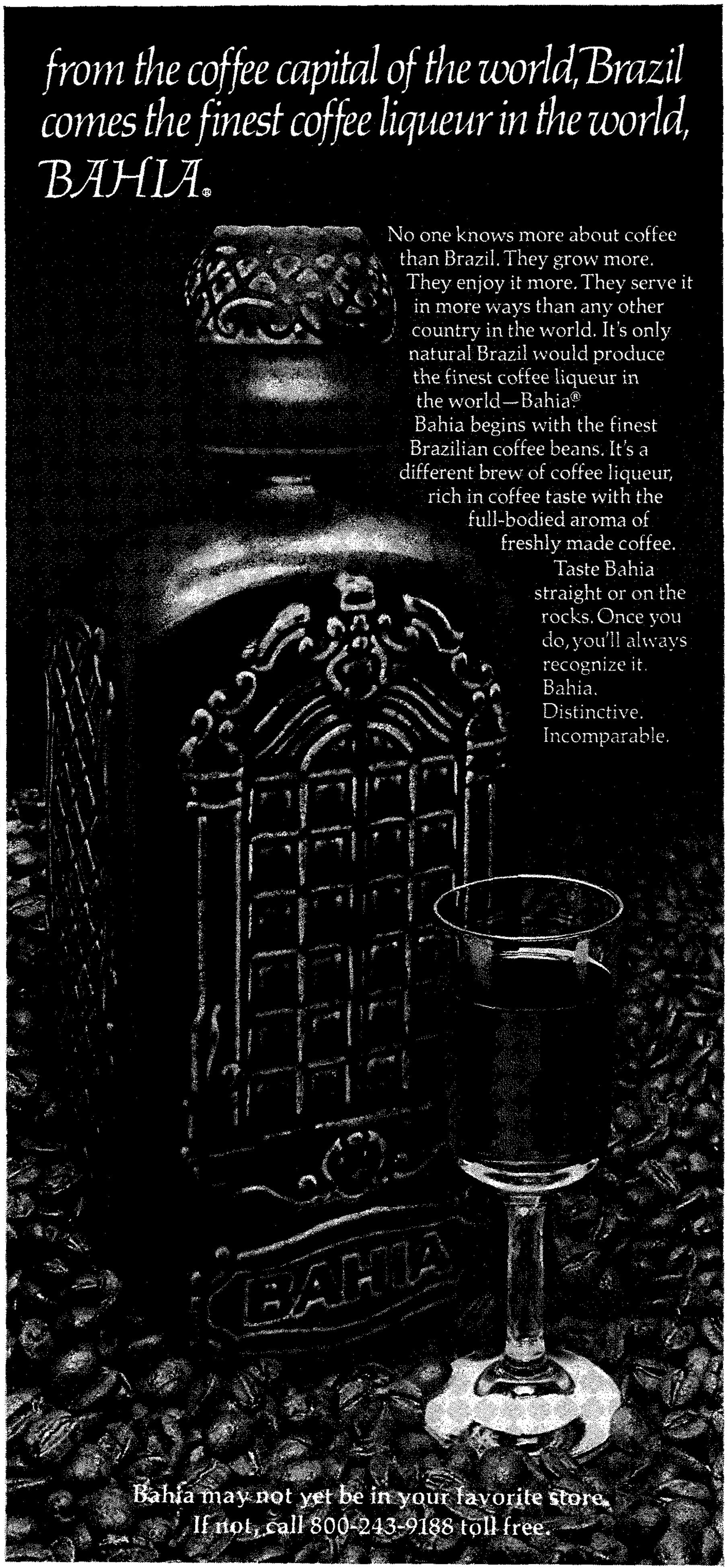


“So this is your young man, Melissa!”

teachers) all extracurricular activities, including athletics. Norman Kearney, who ran the referendum campaign for the school board, was not completely discouraged; he says many people expected the margin to be seven to one.

A referendum asking for an increased property tax, of course, would be a chancy undertaking these days even in a city that considered itself a model of positive thinking. Given the natural reluctance of taxpayers to tax themselves, a property-tax referendum can fail even if it has practically no public opposition. The only organization that publicly worked against the August referendum in Rockford, Citizens Against Tax Hikes, had nineteen members and virtually no resources. It is customary during such referendum campaigns to speak of the school board's having a credibility problem: the voters refuse to believe that the school system is as impoverished as the school board says it is. Voters asked to increase their taxes to prevent the school system from going broke tend to act like a county welfare official whose questions to applicants reflect a deep commitment to strict enforcement of the welfare laws: Are all other resources truly exhausted? No alimony coming in? No bank account? Stocks and bonds? Is that your car parked out there? There are few American voters left who do not consider themselves savvy enough to know that any government bureaucracy has fat that can be pared away in a true emergency. What about that line in the budget for travel? Can't administrative costs be cut? No institution with a sixty-three-million-dollar budget can pass a means test.

One line in a leaflet put out by Citizens Against Tax Hikes said "Remember Kindergarten?"—a reference to the fact that, because of another financial crisis, kindergarten was cancelled the year that the Rockford students who are now high-school seniors were about to become kindergartners. The reference was meant to remind voters not that the same students were again being deprived of part of their education but that kindergarten was restored the following year without a tax increase—proof that the school board had not been as poor as it claimed. Because of the credibility problem, a shrewd school board would not restore programs cut for financial reasons even if some administrative genius figured out a way to do it at no cost. Poverty must be shown. School administrators would argue, of course, that displaying



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poverty actually costs money—that repairing buildings on an emergency basis only is, in the long run, not a sound policy. But what board that is supposedly without funds wants to be caught spending money on preventive maintenance?

When people in Rockford are asked why the August referendum failed, the most common response is that the voters believed they were being blackmailed by the school board's emphasizing that the only way to restore athletics to the budget was to pass the referendum. "Sure it was blackmail," a referendum supporter said recently. "But it was the only referendum tool they had. You can't raise taxes on the issue of class size." In addition to cutting the half-million dollars budgeted for extracurricular activities, the board made six and a half million dollars' worth of cuts in other areas—drastically limiting funds for textbooks and classroom supplies, eliminating one course for every student in the middle schools, curtailing the number of courses a high-school student is permitted to take, and firing more than three hundred teachers. Occasionally, a citizen would appear before the board this fall to express concern about the effect of such cuts on the quality of education being offered. Most of the rest of the time at school-board meetings has been spent discussing schemes for reinstating extracurricular activities—mainly a plan by members of parents' booster clubs to raise money privately. The school board finally agreed to let the boosters try to raise the money, but the agreement was given with some reluctance. Board members could offer some cogent reasons for their caution—the possibility that private financing might start something that would eventually be paid for by the school district, for instance, and the possibility of contravening federal civil-rights requirements so all-encompassing that football probably could not be reinstated without reinstating girls' field hockey as well. But what many people saw behind the reluctance was the fact that reinstating athletics would mean that the board would have to face the next referendum after losing its best tool—not to speak of its credibility.

The credibility of a school board increases in direct proportion to the school system's disintegration. A school-board referendum is not exactly defeated; it is merely put off until there is no alternative to passing it. Peoria recently passed one on the sixth try. Springfield managed to pass one after seven tries in ten years. There are people who ar-

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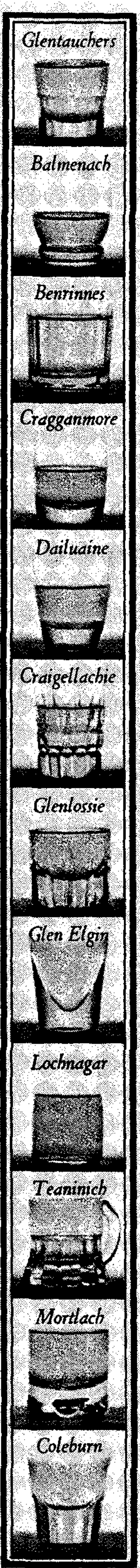

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gue that the only sensible way to raise money through a school-tax referendum is to continue to offer a full program until the money runs out and the schools have to close—a method that was in fact tried in Rockford thirty-five years ago, when the schools closed in November. The theory behind the closing method, apparently, is that it creates instant credibility—the hypochondriac's final proof of authentic illness being his death—and has the added effect of sticking the voters with their own children until they say Yes.

WHAT is normally considered the leadership of Rockford was publicly in favor of the August referendum—except, of course, for the elected political leaders. (It is considered bad form to involve politicians in campaigns that have to do with raising taxes; public comment on the referendum from people like the state representatives or the local congressman or even the mayor was neither offered nor sought.) The Chamber of Commerce, aware of the commercial implications of an overtly crippled school system, supported the August referendum, and private industry, the logical source for the funds the boosters had hoped to raise, declined to contribute partly because it shares the school board's concern about the chances of passing another referendum if athletics have already been reinstated. Businessmen in Rockford tend to explain the referendum's defeat as a sort of unfocussed tax revolt by the small-property owner. But to the extent that Rockford's tendency to vote No reflects a suspicion of government bureaucracies and an intense devotion to low taxes it is consistent with what the business and industrial leadership of Rockford has traditionally preached. For years, the industrialists were considered to be in complete control of the sort of local government industrialists traditionally favor—a conservative, relatively clean administration committed to the proposition that the highest principle of government is the lowest property-tax rate. The sort of boards and councils and commissions the industrialists have backed talk a lot about the value of businesslike management and the horrors of bureaucratic waste. The local college whose board they dominate has a reputation in American education based entirely on its singular refusal to accept any federal aid. The labor force in Rockford has never been particularly antagonistic to lectures on self-reliance and living within one's budget. Some of Rockford's blue-collar

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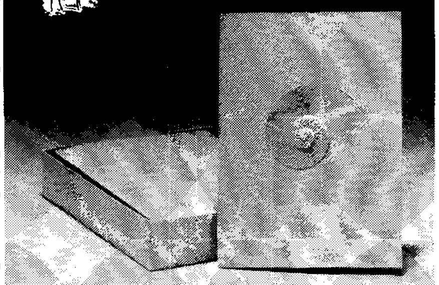

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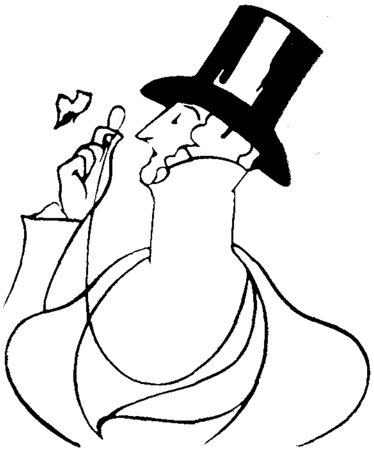

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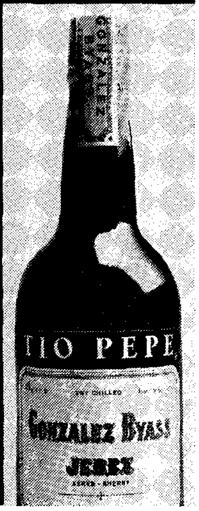

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workers—particularly the machine-tool workers, many of them highly skilled descendants of the Swedish craftsmen who worked in the city's early furniture industry—are considered as conservative as their bosses. Until the last dozen years, Rockford had the distinction of being a resolutely Republican blue-collar town. The local Democratic Party has gradually gained narrow majorities on the city council and the county board, leaving the traditional leadership in control of only one important institution—the school board. One theory of the Rockford schools' financial crisis is that the people who ran the city preached low taxes and suspicion of government for so long that they may now be unable to pass a school referendum even though the executive vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce says that "the economic vitality of the community depends upon it."

Although the immediate crisis in Rockford's schools was brought on by events in the state capital—a statewide assessment law and a state-aid formula that happened to work to Rockford's disadvantage, plus a long delay in approval of this year's state education funds—it has been known for some years that the schools would be in serious financial trouble by about 1976. The Rockford school district has not increased its main taxation rates since 1967, a referendum in the fall of 1974 having failed miserably. Over the past several years, as the inevitable financial crisis approached, school-board elections in Rockford have been run on virtually one issue alone—forced busing. Although the Rockford public-school population is only fifteen per cent black, busing has so dominated school discussions for half a dozen years—while the school board has done a sort of legal tap dance to avoid probation by the state department of education and a desegregation ruling by the federal court—that the pro-referendum campaign had to assure voters that the money raised by the referendum could not legally be used for pupil transportation. "In recent months, the board of education has been mired down in the desegregation and busing controversy to the point where it dominates every meeting of the seven people chosen to give direction to the educational processes in the city," an editorial in the Rockford *Morning Star* said in 1974. "It will be years before we can accurately assess the effect of this single-minded preoccupation on the children who are in school now."

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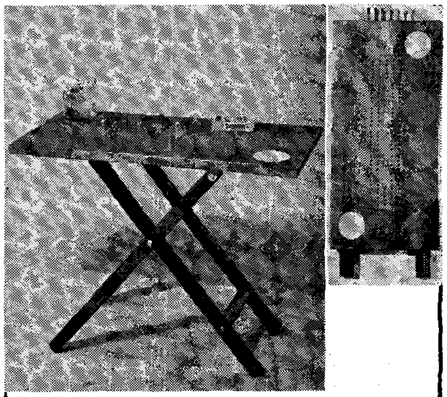

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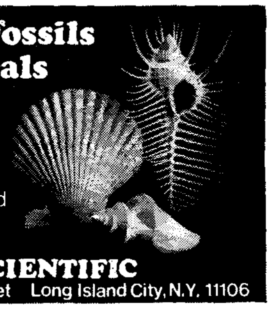

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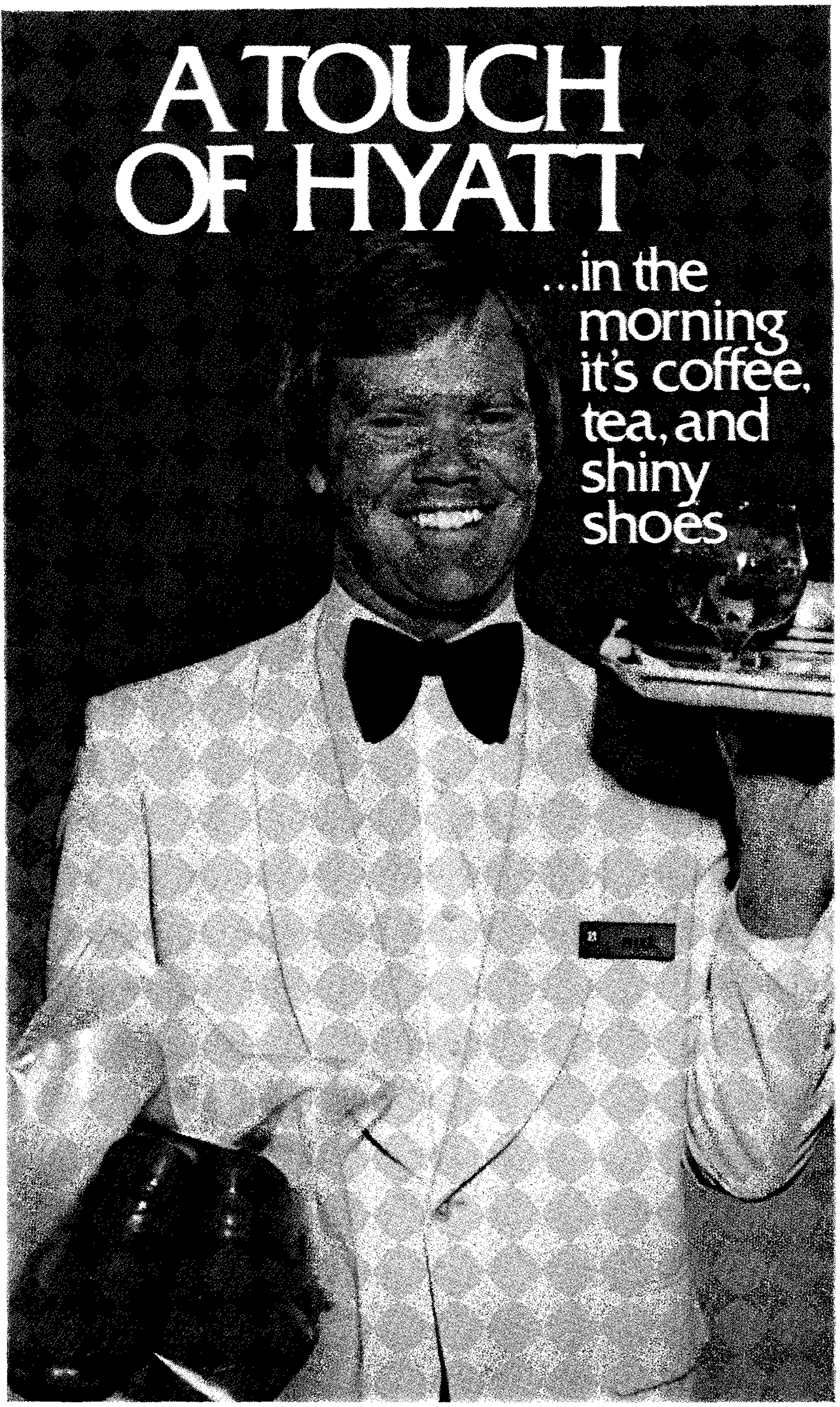
school board were elected on anti-busing campaigns supported by an organization called the Community Education Committee. The C.E.C. grew out of a committee that was formed in the late sixties to campaign for some school-board candidates who favored a "more businesslike" approach to education and opposed accepting most federal aid—still a hot issue in Rockford ten years ago. The C.E.C., accepted from the start as the creature of the conservative industrialists, first concentrated on opposing a superintendent known to be liberal and experimental and extravagant, and gradually shifted its emphasis to opposing busing—remaining fiscally conservative the whole time. "The important thing is not that the school board hasn't passed a referendum since 1967," a Rockford teacher said recently. "The important thing is that until 1974 they didn't even ask for one."

One of the C.E.C. board members, a foundry manager named Richard Rundquist, has made himself an expert on school finances, and, being a conservative, he finds himself equally frustrated by the controls that come with state or federal funds and by the inability of the school board to raise funds locally. He believes money for education will have to be raised by some method other than asking local property owners to raise their own taxes, but he is suspicious of methods that channel the money through state or federal bureaucracies. At a recent board meeting, he expressed regret at having to vote against permitting athletes in individual sports to participate in state tournaments at their own expense—a participation that would apparently have run afoul of some state athletic-association regulations and could have exposed the board to suits from athletes who could not afford to participate at their own expense.

"Thirty years ago, this wouldn't have been a problem," Rundquist said. "The school board would have said, 'Go ahead and do it, there's nothing to it, don't worry about it.' But since then we had an appointed Illinois Office of Education, we had an F.E.P.C., we had H.E.W., we had Title Nine. We got E.E.O. We got a different high-school association than we had then. We have agreements with our staff that we never had in those days. And, when you get down to it, we have obligated ourselves because the Big Daddy in Washington is supporting us to a degree. . . . We have accepted his money graciously, and he puts a rope around our neck. Then our state legis-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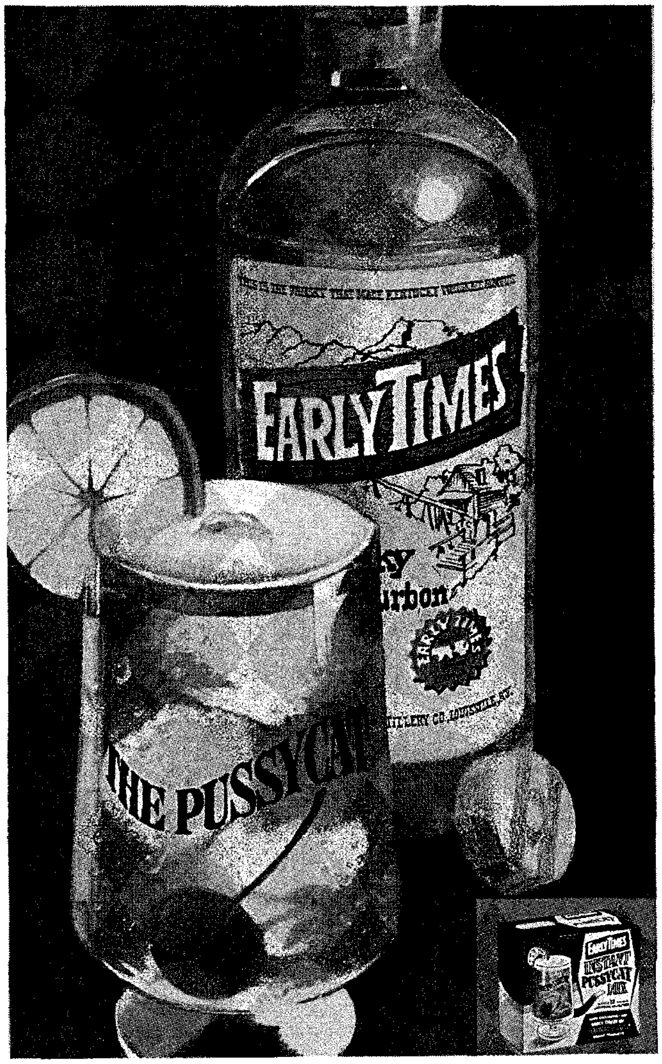

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lature has come in and cut us up with our allocation of funds, and we have to smile and say thank you. So we are victims of the great bureaucracy we have created. In trying to have local control of education, the only control we have locally is the fact that we can refuse to give ourselves money locally."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

WHAT I CAME FOR

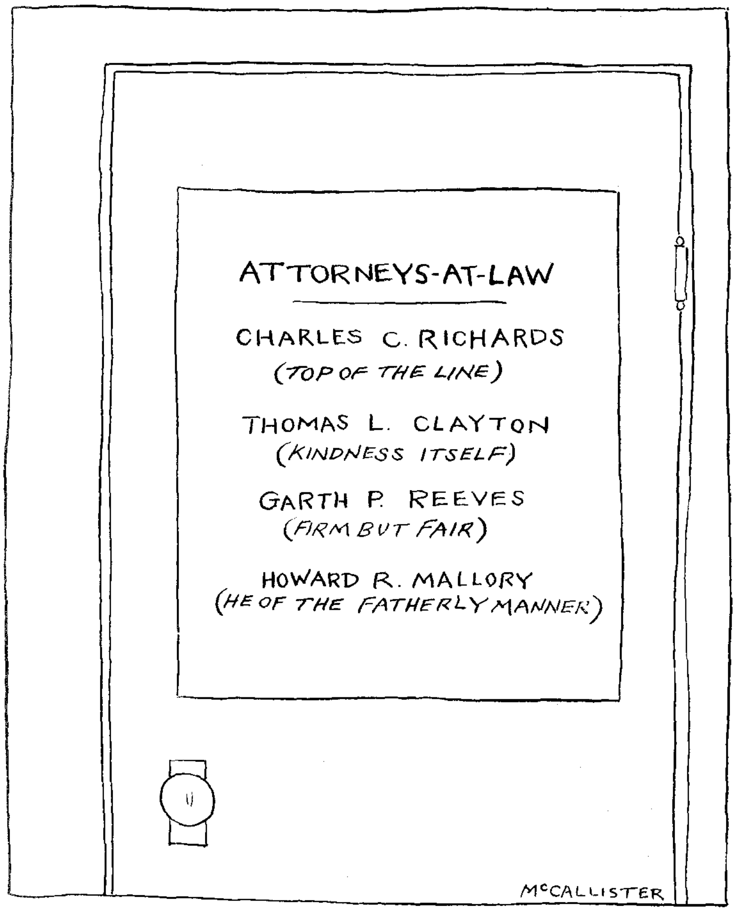
And finally the sea closes
its doors, the snail returns
to its weaving, and the day
calms into evening. This
is what I came for,
thinks the small brother
under the iris, this
is the earth they never
gave me. You waken.
It's all been a dream,
how many years ago, at night,
alone, a train you boarded
that stood unmoving
until the light of dawn
streaked the windows
and you saw two old men
chalking the boxcars
of gray snow and soiled iron.
Enough, you thought, and went
back to the windy terminal.
The bathroom mirror
gave you the face of war,
the eyes almost closed,
a mouth that said
nothing of all it knew,
hands that brushed
your hair over and over.
The hands of a widow
pressing a collar, but these
were thick, the fingers
curled into a cup
that could carry a pigeon
or five eggs glowing
like pearls. That's it,
you said out loud
on the street and no one
noticed. It was Saturday,
and you were going nowhere.
You remembered a brother
who was almost you
or maybe you, a brother
saying *Goodbye* just once
in the downstairs hall
and then the door unlocking,
closing slowly with a click,
and then the quiet. Dust
seeps into the cupboards,
old clothes fade into prayers,
handfuls of salt fall
through your fingers until
the sea opens its arms.
That's it! That's it!

—PHILIP LEVINE

THE AIR

Prufrock Before the Television Set

A FEW days ago, while seated snugly in an airplane seat on my way back to New York from Chicago, with a drink in front of me, and last week's copy of *Sports Illustrated* on my lap, and the soothing hum of the engines washing over my ears (and with the memory of the taxi ride and traffic jam and ticket-counter chaos already receding), it occurred to me that there was a rather striking similarity between what I was experiencing then, flying in a modern airliner, and what I've felt often happens as I watch television. To begin with, both are largely passive experiences; or, rather, they have been made into passive experiences. But this passivity is, itself, interesting and complicated, for not only does it involve obvious conditions of quietude and inaction, as well as the illusion of privacy; it also implies, and sometimes makes explicit, a quite formal undertaking of non-aggressive behavior on the part of the passenger or viewer. In fact, there is something to be said for the notion that much of the "pleasure" involved with riding in a commercial airliner, or in watching an evening's television schedule, has to do as much with this subjective state of non-aggression (in contrast with the aggressions of the "outside world") as it has with the supposedly greater and more evident pleasure of the trip or the actual programs.



Consider, for example, the airplane journey. In many ways, levels of ordinary comfort for passengers have been, if anything, decreasing since the days of the old Pan American "Yankee Clipper." Even so, there is undoubted pleasure to be had in a routine jetliner trip of reasonable length (and admittedly one without crying babies or furious grandparents on one's lap). As an extreme example of this, I mention the experience of a friend who, being harried to exhaustion by a project in New York, determined suddenly to fly to California for a few days by the sea. As soon as he was airborne on the way out, he began to relax. Five hours later in California, however, as soon as he was on the ground, dealing with baggage and car rentals and freeways and finally his motel-by-the-sea, he began again to unravel. The same evening, he drove back to the airport, took a return flight to New York, and, after five more hours of airplane massage, was in a suitable condition for resuming work.

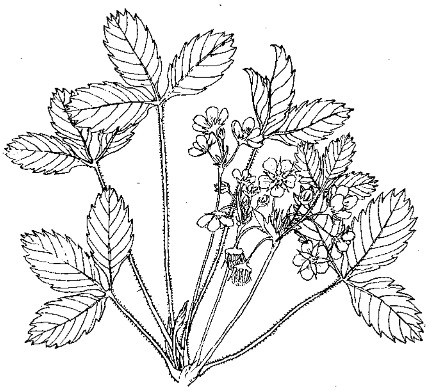
People still talk of the romance of travel, and perhaps it is still romance for fashionable visitors to Ethiopian ruins, or even for cruise-ship passengers. Indeed, travel was once an active and difficult undertaking, with the pleasure therein consisting in actively engaging in the difficulties and surmounting them—though even surmounting them wasn't always all that important. The important thing was to participate, to experience. But in much travel nowadays, it seems to me, the key element is non-participation. Not only is aggressive behavior discouraged or proscribed but non-aggressive behavior is formally encouraged as the norm. Thus, the pleasure of much of modern travel lies in the restful illusion that non-aggressive behavior is "being oneself."

On an airplane, for instance, the passenger lumpishly settles into his narrow seat, usually dishevelled in mind or spirit from the hurly-burly of the outside world, sometimes still quivering from the hazards of actually getting to the airplane. The stewardess has already relieved him of his coat and briefcase, his downtown symbols. Sometimes, wifelike, she will have given him an initial, token reward for having reached her: a cup of coffee, a ginger ale, a Bloody Mary. Prufrock has arrived home. Prufrock need do nothing more, except buckle himself to his seat, and follow modest instructions "for his own safety," and act unaggressively. In fact, for doing so, he will be rewarded: by great speed and forward motion (i.e., by progress), by the benign smiles of the stewardess, by the loan of a magazine, by the outright gift of an airline magazine ("Yours to keep"), by drinks, by the hospitality of a meal, even by the appurtenances of an overnight guest—a pillow and blanket. A shower of benefits is rained upon the passenger by the authorities of the airplane (including periodic descriptions of the unseen ground being traversed, delivered over loudspeaker by the unseen captain), who ask in return only that the passenger do nothing, stay quiet, keep still. Bathroom privileges are given, but can easily be revoked. Primary addictive substances, such as cigarettes, are permitted the passengers more rapidly and easily than secondary substances, such as alcohol, which might cause disquiet or might "spill." When all the right conditions are met, modest walking about is allowed, but since there is usually no place to walk to, it is a privilege rarely accepted. Even when the seat-belt sign has been turned off, so the captain has announced, one would do well to keep buckled.

In short, passivity reigns in the modern airliner. And when aggression reappears, it is sternly chastised. For example, after the plane has landed but before it has arrived at the gate, several passengers—doubtless summoned again to aggressive behavior by the imminence of the outside world—will leap to their feet and begin reaching for coats and

Yes, Fraises des Bois

French woodland strawberries



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bags like children who have been held too long in school. At this point, the formerly benign stewardess becomes severe and quickly reprimands the aggressive passengers. If these passengers do not abandon their aggressive behavior and return to the passivity of their seats, she says, they will be deprived of the one thing they still lack: further forward motion. Thereupon, the misbehaving passengers feign nonaggressive behavior until the second the plane has docked at the gate and they have been released from passivity. Immediately, aggression returns and now all the passengers push past each other down the airport corridors and once again start fighting over baggage, taxis, buses, or parking space.

The experience of watching most commercial television seems to involve a similar voyage and a similar stylized passivity. Here, of course, the seat belts are figurative rather than actual, though I notice that there are a variety of "TV lounge chairs" now on the market, whose chief function seems to be safely to enclose the viewer during his nightly journey. Also, it is an interesting (if taste-numbing) coincidence that the TV dinner and the standard airline meal are made the same way, with the same technology and the same results. With television, the forward motion is through time, not space; but the effect is somewhat the same, since in the modern world final destinations rarely exist. The end of each day's program schedule, as with O'Hare Airport, is as much a beginning as a terminus.

Rewards for good behavior flow ceaselessly throughout the evening, according to a set routine. In return for sitting still in front of his television set, the viewer is rewarded not only by the vague, general, forward-seeming flow of the entertainment but, more specifically, by periodic "messages" from the authority of the television station which promise him two levels of benefits. On the higher, symbolic level, there is the romantic promise of an upward alteration or enhancement of his life, by the acquisition of a new car, or a new deodorant, or a new kind of floor tile. This is deeply moving but it is remote, as is the promise of romance in travel. On a more immediate level, then, the viewer is rewarded by a trip to the bathroom or another bottle of beer from the refrigerator: these are stand-ins for the larger, dreamlike rewards.

Aggressive behavior is not actively prohibited, but it is discouraged. There are almost no viewer phone-in pro-

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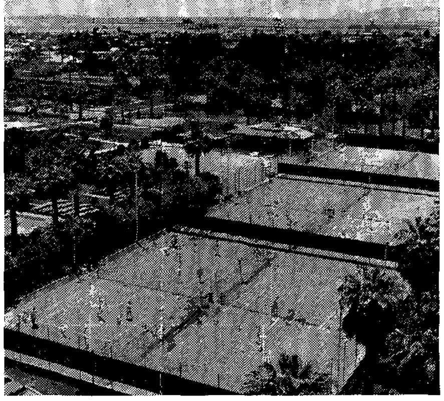

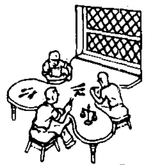

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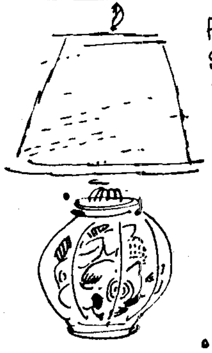

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grams, as on radio. Live audiences are few. Real audience participation is almost nonexistent, save for the inflated hysteria of a few game shows. Indeed, even some of the new game shows have become quite stylized and remote, with earnest, sedate couples trying to guess the authorship of "Hamlet" in the company of a lonely host and much electronic paraphernalia. On what are described as comedy or drama or adventure programs, there remains scarcely any nourishment of the viewer's active participation, in the form of emotionally involving stories. Thus, a middling detective series such as "Baretta" becomes oddly noticeable, as if it contained a certain gritty substance that somehow spoke to the still-awake part of the viewer's mind—that part persistently untouched by the noisiest bang-bang of cop-show revolvers or even by the sight of artillery explosions in foreign lands. In recent years, many news programs have taken steps toward greater informality and a semblance of involvement on the part of the newscasters. But the involvement of these newsmen has been mostly with each other. The audience continues voyaging, buckled into its Barcaloungers, attending no longer to the voice of a single, solemn captain but to the equally distant, cheery chitchat of two or three of them.

What is strange about this new passivity, regarding both travel and broadcasting, is that not so long ago the reverse was considered normal. That is, flying was once a highly participatory activity—as was automobile driving, as was broadcasting. Thirty-five years ago, the driver of an ordinary car was intimately involved with the event of driving, by means of direct access to his steering wheel, brakes, transmission, and the outside environment. In the same period, a listener to Edward R. Murrow's broadcasts from London was directly involved with the event of broadcasting as well as the events of the Second World War that Murrow was describing. Since then, however, the automobile driver has given up his direct involvement in favor of power controls, automatic transmission, and sealed-in passenger interiors, while the television audience has largely given up its involvement with drama and news in favor of undemanding, mechanical entertainment and uninvolving news. Nowadays, only aggressive people insist on direct, or participatory, driving, by means of sports cars; at least, they are owned by people who are willing to appear aggressive. And only an aggressive minority, perhaps of a differ-

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ent, cultural, nature, appears to prefer participatory television, such as the music and serious drama programs that now and then are shown on public television.

The question remains: Have we somehow demanded this period of passivity for ourselves (one in which we may, so to speak, draw a breath in order to reach the summit of this peculiar century), or has it been foisted upon us by the onrush of technical systems? Certainly it's true that technical systems assert a logic of their own, as well as clearly seeming to "prefer" a passivity on the part of their components, whether semiconductors or passengers or viewers. At the same time, if fear of flying evoked the seat belt and the stewardess, then fear of another kind has surely evoked our present uninvolving programs, news and entertainment both. Is it fear of communication, of "too much"? Or fear of ourselves? Are we the people meekly buckled in by seat belts or the people rushing pell-mell down the airport corridors and fighting over taxis? *Or is there any difference?*

At least, nowadays when one has something to think about one can usually find the time and space for it, either by flying to Chicago or by turning on the television set.

•

THE *Times* recently carried a story about a change, or, rather, a non-change, in NBC's television news programming, which seems worth repeating here for what it tells one of the difficulties that even network-news organization men face in struggling against the still larger matrix of corporate greed or timidity. In passing, one might mention that the story was printed by the *Times,* no stranger itself to corporate foolishness, in that next-to-last-page ghetto, slightly due west of the shipping news, where the august journal publishes all broadcasting information and criticism—somewhat in the manner, one imagines, of an innkeeper trying to lodge the new arrivals in the stables, despite their assertive manners and fancy clothes.

Briefly, the story concerned a recent decision by NBC to abandon plans for expanding its regular weekday evening newscast from thirty to sixty minutes. Predictably, what had discouraged the network from going ahead with the expansion was the opposition of its affiliated stations, which feared loss of local advertising money. In approving NBC's top-level decision to back down on its news department's

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plans, one of the leaders of the affiliate opposition remarked, "As far back as I can remember, this is the first time this network has taken an issue to the people who are fundamentally affected; that is, the affiliates and their communities . . ." The *Times* account described the CBS and ABC "news chiefs" as "dejected" at NBC's faintheartedness, for all three networks had been hoping to expand their evening news programs and somehow to broach the matter in concert to the usually recalcitrant affiliates. As matters stand, the regular network half hour of evening news, minus ads, titles, and credits, contains only twenty-two minutes of news; the proposed "full hour" would presumably have provided the nation with around forty-five minutes of national news—certainly a step up from what obtained until as recently as the mid-sixties, when the networks broadcast to the public only fifteen minutes of news each evening.

Before commiserating too emotionally with all this dejection on the part of network news executives, one should probably keep in mind that network news is itself an increasingly big-money, market-oriented operation; that news organizations seem to have a built-in tendency to expand themselves; and that, from the evidence of what is usually provided on the evening newscasts, there wouldn't be any very obvious or automatic advantage to the viewer in merely doubling the quantity of the existing footage—for instance, doubling a taped report of a Presidential candidate's arrival at the Omaha airport, or doubling the distant glimpses of street battles in a Middle Eastern town.

All the same, I think one would have to cast yet another of those silent, abstract, citizen's votes (normally as unheard as the cry of bats) in favor of the longer coverage, if only for the possibilities it presents. Just conceivably, the longer time span might add quality as well as quantity. Interviews might become less hurried and stylized—less phonily interrogative. The news programs might begin to use videotape more loosely and imaginatively, and not merely as visual punctuation. Perhaps a greater variety of stories might be presented (though I suppose there is always a chance that the networks would give over their expanded programs mainly to sports and the weather), and, just possibly, the networks might even be encouraged now and then to use "outside" video-journalism, which, one realizes, is a proposition so outlandish, peculiar, and dangerous to the Republic

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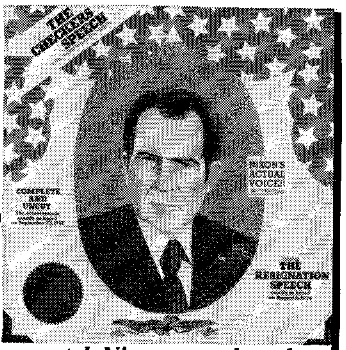

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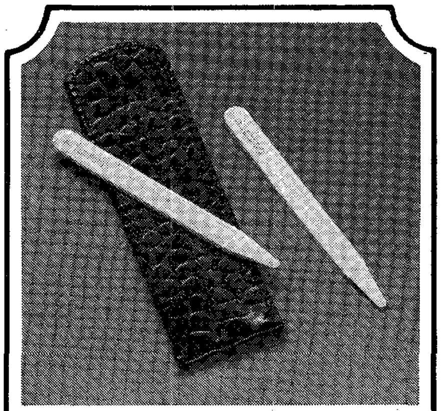
that there is small chance of its being adopted before the melting of the polar ice caps. Above all, those tendencies of superficial parochialism which animate so much of local news would be at least partially offset by the vastly more competent and wide-ranging resources of national news.

Thus, it's a disgrace that NBC let itself be pushed around so easily by the affiliates: those local, self-serving, money-making machines that the broadcasting establishment likes to anthropomorphize in filial terms—those dutiful sons who bring "their communities" whatever they can get away with. The fact is that real people own the nation's television sets but most station owners broadcast only to "markets." Only in the Gucci-styled, nickelodeon world of top-level network management, apparently, does the proprietor let his news venders or movie-theatre managers tell him what he can or can't do. Clearly, it's time to unfreeze William Randolph Hearst.

•

FOR some time, I have been trying to figure out a series called "Emergency!" By "figure out" I mean that it is one of those new, or fairly new, action series full of sirens and fires and derring-do and tough-talking men in uniforms but that it seems to be about nothing—literally *nothing*. Granted that most cop shows aren't about very much—comic-book plots and comic-book morality. But at least there's that much. The other evening, for instance, I watched an hour-long episode of "Emergency!" (they don't do things by half hours on that show) in the kind of dazed disbelief usually brought on only by very long films by Andy Warhol or films in which Jean-Louis Trintignant talks philosophically for extended periods. What I watched was a bunch of clean-cut young men sitting around in a firehouse. Then they all rushed off to a fire: nice red fire trucks, loud sirens, lots of smoke and flame. They put out the fire. Then there was a judo class for old people and the judo instructor was hurt. I thought that either somebody in the judo class or the instructor (who looked generally clean-cut) might have something to do with the people in the firehouse, but I was wrong. Even so, the people in the firehouse got into the red trucks again, and cranked up their sirens, and went to get the injured judo instructor, whom they brought to a hospital, where there were several persons in medical coats, presumably doctors, who seemed in some unspecified fashion connected



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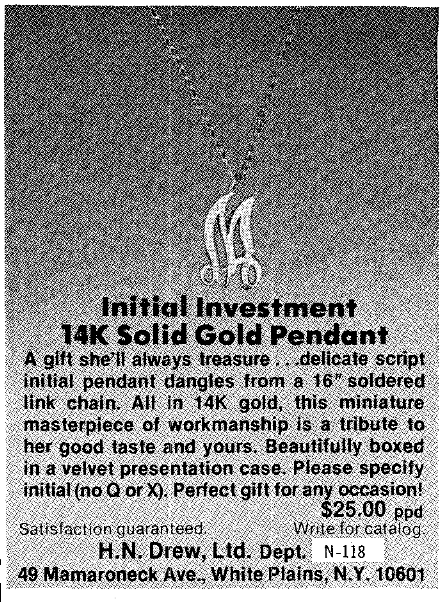

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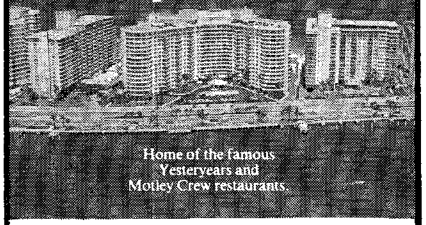

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with the men in the firehouse. No sooner had they tended to this emergency, however, than a new one summoned their attention: a stranger who was barely conscious from "severe stomach pains." There was a brief discussion here with the man's fiancée about poisoned food, for he had inadvertently eaten some unrefrigerated custard, or perhaps the custard had inadvertently been unrefrigerated. At any rate, even this slight attempt at motive or cause or plot was cast to the winds and soon abandoned so that the genial narrative might unroll. The final twenty minutes of the program was devoted to the efforts by the men in the firehouse to rescue a couple of hang-gliders who had apparently crashed on a hillside. Naturally, the hang-gliding had taken place off camera, but still there were some fine views of men being placed on stretchers, of stretchers being hauled uphill, of stretchers being dropped, of stretchers being hauled farther uphill, and so forth.

As I said, I had been trying to figure out the Aristotelean dynamic of this curious program, and had come up with nothing except that possibly Jorge Luis Borges had picked a sly way of breaking into the telefilm racket, until one day a friend remarked that his six-year-old son often watched "Emergency!" Not only that, my friend said, but his son was at the same time beginning to phase out cartoon programs and "Sesame Street." As he put it—rather wanly, too, for my friend is the kind of serious parent who clearly had dreams that his son would one day grow up to watch the MacNeil/Lehrer Report—it was his conclusion that "Emergency!" existed as a "training program." *There* was the answer to my question. Clearly, the point and purpose of "Emergency!" is to educate the growing youngster in the *form* of modern television drama: sirens, cars, trucks, helicopters, uniforms, fire, bodily injury, ambulances, and hospital interiors. Later, in due course, content will be injected, in the form of gunfire, as well as psychological motivation, in the form of passing references to underprivileged childhoods. By the age of nine or ten, the viewer should be ready for "Starsky and Hutch." —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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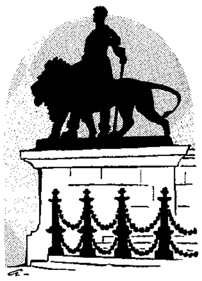
LETTER FROM LONDON

October 27

THE British, with their long and dolorous experience of national crises, have never felt so appallingly helpless as they do in this one, to judge by the way they are talking. People are suddenly believing, with shock, the hitherto not quite believed—that this, at last, is the final crunch, as Edward Heath, a familiar warning voice from the not so distant past, grimly told the Conservative Party conference earlier this month, when the pound was plummeting. On Monday, the day it nose-dived, the announcement that the Prime Minister would be interviewed that evening on the BBC television program "Panorama" was interpreted by many as being his choice of ground from which to give the nation the rallying lead that no one had yet achieved. Mr. Callaghan, disappointingly, did not succeed in doing that, according to first impressions of what were apparently felt to be his too cheerful, even jaunty, replies to the sharp questions of the three young top economic journalists who shared the interviewing. The large slice of the populace that does not belong to trades unions was probably offended by his seeming to address his exhortations principally to the organized-labor ranks, as though the vital continuing success of the "social contract"—the bargain on pegged wages between them and his Government—was the only thing that mattered. His apparent half threat to the International Monetary Fund—that if it wanted Britain to keep her troops in NATO it should go slow in attaching too harsh stipulations to the enormous loan it is coming to London to discuss—was maybe made as a sop to the extremists in his clamorous left wing. It has aroused a storm of angry protest in Parliament and out. Mr. Callaghan commands a very much larger valuable stock of good will in the country than ever Harold Wilson did, but bewildered ordinary citizens, worried to death at all levels about jobs and businesses and the relentless shrinking of what their pound buys, certainly found little new comfort or illumination in what he said.

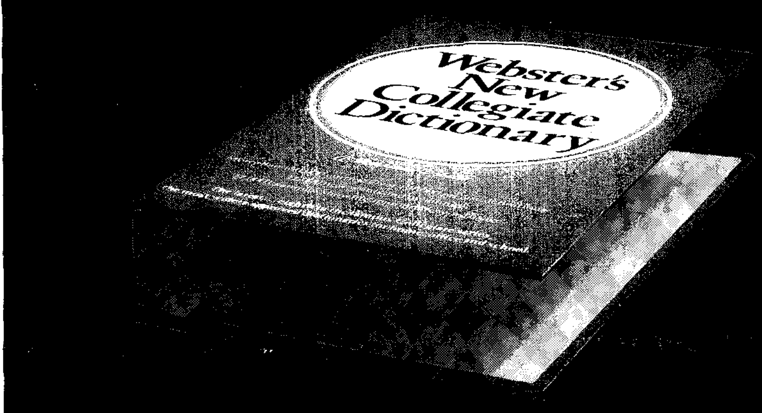
Because people are unsure of anything at the moment except that the future is going to be remarkably unpleasant, two important elder-statesman views of what has gone wrong in Britain, and suggestions for radical reforms, have come in for much interested discussion since they were expounded on BBC television on two separate evenings during the past fortnight. The speakers were a former Conservative Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, aged eighty-two, and a former Conservative Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, a mere lively sixty-nine. Mr. Macmillan is nostalgically remembered as perhaps the last exponent of elegant Parliamentary style, and it was a pleasure to watch and hear both men speaking their thoughts weighted with the accumulated experience and historic sense of their long political lives. What they said has received far less admiring comment, of course.



Lord Hailsham was giving the Richard Dimbleby Lecture, an annual event that commemorates a much-loved broadcaster. His theme was nothing less than the amendment of the structure of the sacred British Constitution itself, with its "immemorial antiquity," which gives it "a prestige and mystique not shared by any other nation," but which is now, he feels, in need of drastic overhauling, like many another splendid old mansion. The main argument of the discourse was that Parliament is increasingly controlled by the Government of the day, even when it rests on a minuscule majority, as at present. The real masters of the Commons, he said, are the party whips, who can bring independent-minded M.P.s to heel and push through divisive measures that are anathema to large sections of the country. All this was certainly applauded heartily by many listeners, who well remember the vast amount of controversial legislation that was hustled toward the statute book this summer. Lord Hailsham deplored the Government's business managers' deliberate docking of the time allowed to an important bill, so that the old powerful, shaping arguments of a debate have become, he added amid laughter, as emasculated as a "ritual dance sometimes interspersed with catcalls." Almost equally derisive noises from some quarters have greeted his advocation of a tighter, written Constitution that would provide legal and political safeguards to check what he sees as a threatening Parliamentary dictatorship, and an elected second chamber, with more formidable powers to delay and amend than it possesses now. His Labour critics promptly asked if he would have made his criticism of the Government's growing omnipotence if

Mrs. Thatcher were now installed in Downing Street. As though indignant of their fellow-peers calling attention to their waning authority, the members of the House of Lords have just smartly thrown some of last session's most unpopular Socialist bills back to the Commons in such tatters that there is doubt if the royal opening of Parliament will be able to take place next month as early as announced. The Government is so angry that the old threats to abolish, rather than reform, Their Lordships are once again being heard.

Mr. Macmillan's television interview had been much heralded in advance, and so had his reason for breaking a silence of many years, in which he has carefully refrained from commenting on contemporary politics. Sitting serenely in his house in West Sussex, the old master appeared in excellent form, the delivery as urbane as many of his viewers remembered, the glance as quizzically sharp from beneath the curiously drooping lids. In answer to Robin Day's questions, he said, as forecast, that he had chosen to make this sudden interpolation because of his now ripe patriotic conviction that Britain's slide to economic disaster could be averted only by a Government of national unity (as he called it, dodging the disliked word "coalition"). Mr. Heath advocated the same thing in the 1974 election without success. But now, several frightening crises nearer to "going down the drain," Mr. Macmillan declared that only a pooling of the moderate elements in all parties, supported by a broad section of the country, would avert catastrophe. The blast his observations received from Labour and Conservatives alike seemed to show them, as expected, already united in a coalition of hostility. After all, the idea by any other name would smell as offensive to the Labour Party, always with its fearful memories of 1931, when Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald—"the ghost [who] haunts Whitehall," as Harold Macmillan referred to him—formed his coalition Government and sent the split Party out into the cold for so many years. Margaret Thatcher, naturally, is not thinking along these lines either. Her frequent belligerent claim that Mr. Callaghan's Government has failed disastrously and must be rejected has lately shown new confidence, and the Conservatives' lead in the opinion polls has significantly jumped ahead. Only the Liberal Party's new young leader, David Steel, gave forthright words of welcome to the old Prime Minister's intervention. There is no doubt that many people, increasingly fed up with



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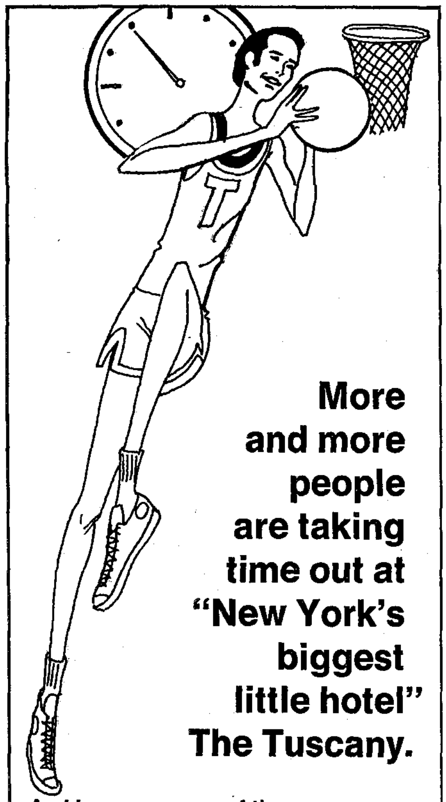

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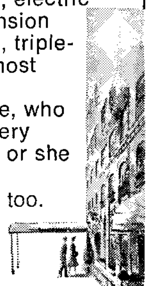

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the raucous partisan uproar that often comes out of Westminster at this moment of national peril, are talking about the idea. But even the enthusiasts are extremely vague as to exactly how the parties, already so totally and bitterly at odds on nearly everything, could sink their differences, even temporarily, for England's good. Mr. Callaghan dismissed the notion scathingly in his television interview this week. It will probably go on rambling away in the talk of anxious citizens, nevertheless.

THE autumn exhibition at the Royal Academy is a huge retrospective showing of the work of L. S. Lowry, one of the best-loved English artists, who died last February in his eighty-ninth year. Blown-up photographs at intervals in the galleries show the artist as an old but still indefatigably painting man, standing in his shabby mackintosh sketching one of the ugly northern industrial-town streets that were his chosen territory, or sitting at home in Mottram-in-Longdendale, a chunky Dickensian figure surrounded by a comfortable bachelor clutter of clocks, Staffordshire-china cats, and portraits of Rossetti's voluptuous long-necked "stunners," which he surprisingly admired and avidly collected in his late years of financial reward. Up to the age of sixty-five, Lowry was not a Sunday painter but a weekday nocturnal painter, working evenings by artificial light when he got back from his job with a property company in Manchester. After he retired on pension as chief cashier, he gave the company a painting of a mill scene, which is in the show, proudly lent from its boardroom. The vast size of the exhibition is a memorial to his lonely, dogged passion. The crowds visiting it probably contain many people who might not admit that they love Lowry partly because they can recognize his work anywhere—the manufacturing-town landscape of smoking chimneystacks and poorhouses through which, on cobbled streets always as white as though under snow, pour the teeming swarms of tiny ant-like black figures and their black stick-insect dogs, all walking, walking to some mysterious destination. There are countless versions of these famous scenes in the show. When the Victorian streets he had known as a child gave place to impersonal tower blocks of flats, he went on painting them from memory in a sort of poetic composite vision. The less well known paintings of derelict houses, as isolated in their anonymous loneliness as the scurrying human dots in his crowds, and the vast empty seascapes of his old age are very beautiful. In a charming

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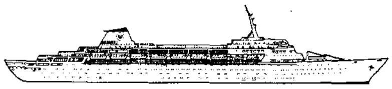

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program note that Lowry would surely have enjoyed, it is stated that, "in deference to this most English of artists," the dimensions of the canvases, ignoring metrification, are given only in good old English inches.

AFTER being set back by so many building delays and other frustrations that Londoners began to despair of ever seeing the lights go on in the vast, unwelcoming concrete fortress on the South Bank, the National Theatre has come splendidly to life, and was opened officially by the Queen on Monday. In actual fact, the company has been in residence since March at the Lyttelton, the first to be completed of Denys Lasdun's three auditoriums under one roof. The Olivier, the core of the whole thing, had its première this month with Peter Hall's production of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great." (Not surprisingly, the royal visit was made to coincide with a later, and lighter, presentation: an eighteenth-century comedy, "Il Campiello," by Goldoni.) Finally, the little Cottesloe, a workshop for experimental young theatre, is due to open by the end of the year. Not many playgoers, one would guess, know that the Lyttelton and the Cottesloe are named in honor of the first chairman of the National Theatre Company and the present chairman of the South Bank Theatre Board, but many of the Old Vic faithful felt downright insulted that one of the theatres had not been called the Lilian Baylis, after the remarkable woman who, from her shabby old playhouse in the Waterloo Road, was certainly the godmother of the whole handsome project.

The Olivier is a dazzlingly beautiful theatre, so perfectly proportioned and lit that in spite of its great open stage, around which the audience sits in tiers of luxuriously comfortable seats, one has the intimate feeling of being in a room. Its acoustics are said to be magnificent, though their finer reaches were hardly tested by the unrelenting sound and fury of "Tamburlaine." The choice of the rarely played tragedy for such an occasion seemed strange to many theatregoers. It runs for four lacerating hours, during which one thought kindly of the designer of the superlative seats. The chronicle of Tamburlaine's bloody conquests is monotonously repeated by a series of gorgeously attired monarchs, who enter to speak contemptuously to their generals of the approach of the Scythian upstart, depart to chastise him offstage, and reappear predictably chained or hacked into gobbets. After an hour or two of

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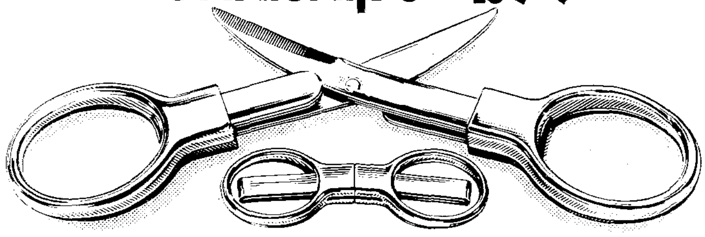

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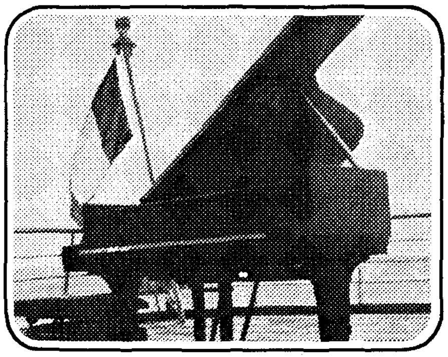

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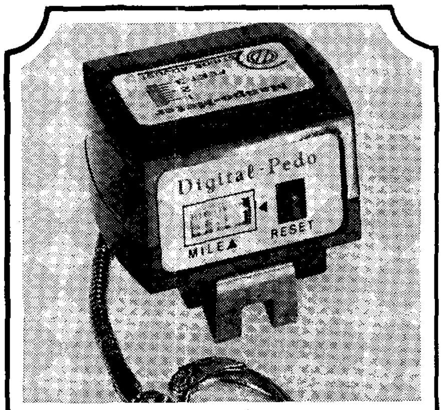
supping on horrors, the menu becomes tedious. As Tamburlaine—a part one hundred and four lines longer than Hamlet's—Albert Finney managed to make the monster almost cheekily charming in the first half of the play, with his conspiratorial shrugs, aimed at the audience, over the necessity of razing another city, or spitting a welcoming committee of virgins on his soldiers' lances. Among the excellent cast, Denis Quilley gave a moving performance as the Emperor of the Turks, who makes his first arrogant entrance borne on a litter and ends his life as a humiliated caged animal.

The National has also opened up, as planned, an agreeable extension of London's social life. The idea is that people who are not going to one of the plays can drop in to have a drink or a bite at the various bars and buffets, listen to free music every evening in the purple-carpeted foyers, browse in the good theatrical bookshops, or stroll out on the terraces. At night, with the barges chugging past and the floodlit dome of St. Paul's seeming to float above the river, the views are magical.

ADVERTISED to passersby on Waterloo Bridge by a jolly little scarlet wigwam on its roof, the Hayward Gallery has the last—and, in its way, the most fascinating, because the strangest, to Londoners—of the local Bicentennial celebrations: a great exhibition of two thousand years of North American Indian art called "Sacred Circles," which is there until January. Nothing of the kind has ever been seen here, and it is an exciting revelation to visitors who vaguely expected totem poles and stone hatchets. It contains more than eight hundred items, lent from public and private collections in the United States, Britain, Canada, and Europe. The title refers to the importance of circles in Indian spiritual thought and the Indians' sense of oneness with the animals and birds, the sky, and the stars. Animals feature often in their astonishing works of art, such as the elegant Eskimo figurines, the lovingly carved deer and wolf masks, and a superb Sioux wooden-horse effigy, leaping into space with the verve of the famous Chinese flying horse itself. The young are crowding to see the exhibition, and no wonder. Dressed in the ethnic fashion that is the look for their generation in London, wandering around the galleries in their brightly patterned clothes, with their soft, fringed leather shoulder bags, and sometimes with a papoose slung on their backs, they indeed seem part of it.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES



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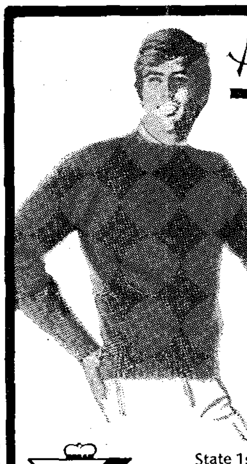

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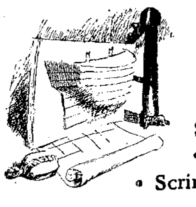

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OFF BROADWAY

A. R. Gurney's "Children," which is being beautifully performed at the Manhattan Theatre Club and will remain there through November 14th, is set on the front porch, facing the sea, of a summer house on a resort island off the New England coast. The members of the well-to-do family in residence are a middle-aged, still attractive widow (Nancy Marchand); her divorced daughter, Barbara (Holland Taylor); her tantrummy son, Randy (Dennis Howard), who is a teacher at a boys' school and an obsessive games player, much given to slashing his tennis racket around when he loses; and Randy's charming, conventional wife, Jane (Swoosie Kurtz). They refer to themselves as Wasps. "Children" is based, in a loose sort of way, on John Cheever's short story "Goodbye, My Brother," which appeared in this magazine in 1951. It lacks the reverberations and the mystery of the original—but then Mr. Gurney is not trying for them; he is off on a different tack. The play is experimental in that the protagonists—or, at least, the characters who control the plot and precipitate its climax—do not appear, though they are just as well and fully drawn as the others. They are another son, called Pokey (whose outline is dimly visible through a screen door at the end), and his Jewish wife, Miriam. These two have not visited the island in years, during which time Pokey has held a succession of unsatisfying jobs. The mother has invited the entire family (voices of many children in the background) for the weekend of the Fourth to tell them that she is giving up the house to her sons and daughter (by the terms of their late father's will) and will shortly be married to a friend so close that they all call him "Uncle Bill." Pokey immediately makes it clear that he wishes to sell out to his brother and sister; they, in turn, realize that they will have to sell the entire property in order to raise the cash for his equity. Much that has been repressed in all of them rises to the surface. Randy's hatred of Pokey explodes into violence (Cheever); Jewish, bra-less Miriam, who allows her children the freedom to use dirty language, to drink Cokes with their meals, and to watch television, and who has strong ideas about being useful in life (Gurney), proves to be as much a catalyst as her husband, and she has a profound effect on Randy's wife, Jane. Another unseen character who should be mentioned is a rich local builder, formerly the family's yard boy; the difference between the general attitude toward him (utter contempt) and toward Miriam (curiosity and slight distaste) is interesting, for the play is, among other matters, about Us and Them.

Us are, of course, the old Protestant gentry, as they comport themselves in various situations—some crucial, some trivial—when face to face with the social upheavals of the present. This was also true to a certain extent of Mr. Gurney's delightful "Scenes from American Life," which a colleague of mine admiringly and accurately compared to the novels of Booth Tarkington. Here, too, the tone is rueful and ironic and "civilized," but the undertone is much darker and the dramatic elements much more overt. The experiment of making the offstage characters do the work—drama by indirection, so to speak—is successful; one is held from beginning to end. Mr. Gurney has provided splendid roles, and his actors, under Melvin Bernhardt's direction, prove worthy of them. Miss Kurtz seems incapable of a superficial or insensitive moment on a stage, and hers is a deeply felt performance. Miss Marchand, clear-eyed and, at the end, responsible and brave, is, as usual, very good. The old-time songs, which are interspersed throughout the action and presumably were chosen and recorded by the sound designers, George Hansen and Chuck London, enhance every mood, as do Arden Fingerhut's lighting, Patricia McGourty's costumes, and Marjorie Kellogg's setting.

—Edith Oliver

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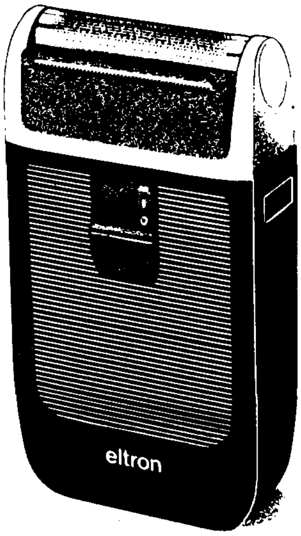

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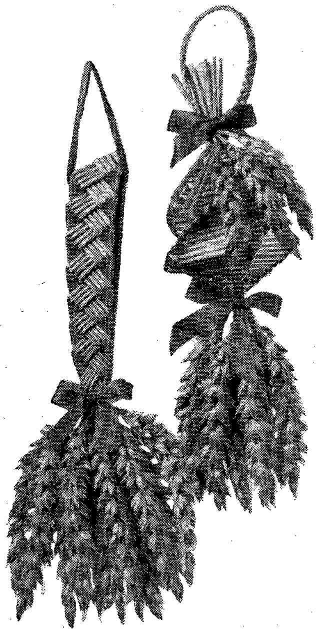
English corn dollies: a natural for Christmas



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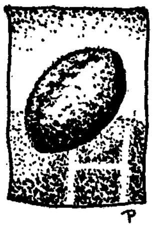
FOOTBALL

Lost Art



KUBACKI, at quarter for Harvard, took the snap from center, rolled left, and, just as he was turning the Brown right corner, shot the ball some twenty yards to Winn, who, gathering it in on the Brown forty-eight, wove a pattern so intricate through his blockers that no enemy could reach him on his way to a touchdown. The maneuver was part of the grand design erected this fall to bemuse the opposition, and its admirers, who had been waiting all afternoon for something of the sort to happen, were in delirium. Not quite two minutes of playing time remained—not enough for another stunner from the Harvard arsenal. It was Brown 16, Harvard 14 at the end of a match in which Harvard, seeming a month ago to have mastered the convolute art form devised by its logistics professor, Restic, now appeared to have disremembered whole pages of its playbook, and to have disremembered, too, pages of the rule book. Brown, more workaday in its concept of the sport, was having troubles of its own in carrying out its purpose—difficulties, though, hardly as severe. This, it may be said, was not Harvard's first loss of memory this season, but it was the most expensive one. Oh, there was an entertaining sequence on Saturday in which Harvard, whose playbook includes single-wing football, ventured, and with success, into that famous bit of ancient history, but to not enough avail.

At West Point, where the admirers of Army are by far the most numerous claque of any college team in these parts, Air Force, the houseguest last weekend, outran and outthrew its opposition (exactly as Harvard had outstripped Brown most of the afternoon), but it, too, suffered lapses of memory, particularly in re the rule about holding on to the ball. A bruised shoulder had a noticeable effect on the throwing of Hall, who, at quarter, is Army's most accurate weapon, but Air Force's slippery fingers kept turning the ball back to him at important moments. He threw his eleventh touchdown pass of the season, and Brundidge, though double-teamed all the way, caught his fifth touchdown pass of the season, and Army won, going away, at 24–7. Air Force's disregard of the rule book was, like Harvard's, a

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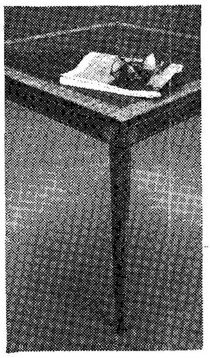

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costly pastime—to the extent of just above a hundred yards. Martin, who has coached this squad for nineteen years now, and Smith, who runs Army, are hugging-each-other friends, win or lose; Smith served four years under Martin at Air Force before he went to the Point, and both of them began life at Princeton. The rules of scholarship at both service institutions have not been exactly punctureproof, and there have been unexpected alterations in the casts of characters. Smith's mainstay is Hall, now a man of experience; Martin is going with a freshman at quarter—Ziebart, who may become one of his best generals. The Martin scheme, which, of course, prevails elsewhere in the West and the Southwest, is to get the ball in the air, and Ziebart did on Saturday—twenty-eight times, for fourteen catches. This, come to think of it, would have been Hall's style, too, if that shoulder had not bothered him.

The single wing came in view at Princeton on Saturday, when Pennsylvania, still in there well along in the afternoon, went into shotgun formation and rapped out the touchdown, based on Graustein's throwing, that gave the team a last-minute victory, at 10–9. Observers in New Haven, where Cornell was visiting Yale, have reported that Yale, which has had matters pretty much in hand for the past month (and against what appeared to be some fairly rugged opposition), just missed being downed by Cornell, a team that has had a troubled fall, and it may be that there is not a single squad in the Ivy League which does not suffer from an occasional spasm of the trembles. Yale's overcoming of Cornell by a count no better than 14–6 serves as an example. Columbia, which began the season with shortages of manpower in every department, went down before Dartmouth, in Hanover, at 34–14, and, in the fashion of most of the Ivy League teams this season, it is still frittering away the ball at inopportune moments.

Rutgers put away large and chunky Massachusetts by the count of 24–7, and this correspondent's pet among the smaller institutions—Colgate—came from behind to overtake Boston University, likewise large and chunky, at 21–14, in the final quarter. Malverty, on a pass from Relph good for sixty-five yards and a touchdown, was the most effective contributor to Colgate's welfare, and Andrewlavage picked up three more points on conversions after the Colgate touchdowns. May his tribe increase.

—J. W. L.

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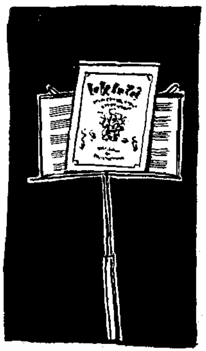
MUSICAL EVENTS

Mahlerei



TO open the Philharmonic's regular concert series in the rebuilt Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducted Mahler's Third Symphony. Four days later, the same work brought to an end the Philharmonic's "Mahlermonth" in Carnegie Hall—a series of concerts at which his nine symphonies, the first movement of the unfinished Tenth Symphony, and some of the songs with orchestra were done. Deryck Cooke's new performing version of the whole Tenth, published this year by Associated Music Publishers and Faber, awaits an American première. (Mr. Cooke's death last week will be lamented by Mahlerians, Brucknerians, and Wagnerians everywhere.) Erich Leinsdorf conducted No. 5, Boulez Nos. 3, 7, and 9, and James Levine the rest. The performances were very well attended. The public appetite for Mahler, which historians chronicling taste and fashion will note as a striking sixties and seventies phenomenon, shows no signs of growing less. "Now it's Sibelius," Delius once remarked, "and when they're tired of him, they'll boost up Mahler and Bruckner." That was in the early thirties. Outside Germany, Austria, and Holland, Bruckner and Mahler were often lumped together as two long-winded Teutons. As late as 1955, they had to share between them a single volume of the "Master Musicians" series. Any distinction was commonly made along lines suggested by the tale of a traveller on a mountain path who, plucking a daisy, remarked to his companion, "That is Mahler," and then, indicating the distant peaks, "and there is Bruckner." Mahler's skill as a conductor was unforgotten and his command of the orchestra was not unacknowledged; in 1950 Vaughan Williams wrote that "intimate acquaintance with the executive side of music in orchestra, chorus, and opera made even Mahler into a very tolerable imitation of a composer."

Things began to change, and Delius's prophecy to be fulfilled, during the centenary celebrations of 1960; thenceforward both performances and recordings of his music grew more and more frequent. Five conductors—Maurice Abravanel, Leonard Bernstein, Bernard Haitink, Rafael Kubelik, and Georg Solti—have now recorded all nine symphonies; there are many, many other versions available, and most months add to their number. But when I began listening to music in earnest, twenty-five years ago, four of the symphonies were not available on disc. The Bruno Walter sets of Nos. 4 (on twelve sides) and 5 (on sixteen), made with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, and of No. 9 (on twenty sides) and "Das Lied von der Erde" (on fourteen), recorded at Viennese public performances in, respectively, 1938 and 1936, were treasured possessions. So was Ormandy's Minneapolis performance of No. 2, and—available to Britons only as an import—the Mitropoulos album of No. 1. To anyone who cared about Mahler the records were essential, since live performances of anything but the Fourth Symphony were rare. Over twenty years ago, I crossed the North Sea to hear the Sixth Symphony for the first time; there was a performance at the Holland Festival, and any performance of the Sixth was then a "festival event." But in New York's 1972-73 season the work was played by three different orchestras, six times in all.

"Mahler is not for every day" said the authors of "The Record Guide," in 1951. "To hear Mahler's Eighth Symphony in the flesh is an experience as rare as it is tremendous," Deryck Cooke wrote nine years later, in a program note for what was only the fourth London performance of a work fifty years old. But today Mahler *has* become pretty well an everyday composer. Hearing the Eighth Symphony in the flesh is no longer a rare experience. Has it therefore become one less tremendous? I find that the answer is yes—and yes to a similar question about any other of the symphonies—except when it is conducted by a conductor who seems to be not so much in command of the work as commanded by it, a conductor in disciplined surrender to the flow and surge and swell of the music and to its emotional dictates. Such conductors, in my experience, have been Bruno Walter (the Second and Ninth Symphonies, "Das Lied"), Jascha Horenstein (the First, Fifth, and Eighth), William Steinberg (the Sixth), and Leopold Stokowski (the Second). Dimitri Mitropoulos and Otto Klemperer gave vastly impressive but less "transcendental" interpretations; mingled with Mahler's music there was too much sense of the conductor's own forceful personality. After a performance of the Sixth Symphony conducted by Steinberg, in 1960, I tried to jot down some impressions: "Sometimes—perhaps more often to ordinary human concertgoers than to music critics—there comes a performance which, for as long as it lasts, transforms the world and transforms the listener. The concert hall, the people around him, the platform and players disappear. He is listening, moving, breathing, and seeing in a new world where forms and feelings and thoughts have all become sounds. Scriabin and Busoni sought to provide this mystical experience. But Mahler, who once declared that a symphony should contain all the world, is the composer whose music can most completely engulf the listener." And so on. It is gush, not music criticism. But how does one find words to relate adventures of the spirit? Musical notes are a better medium. What Mahler's music has meant to composers as disparate as Kurt Weill, Shostakovich, and Britten, to Hans Werner Henze and Peter Maxwell Davies, they have expressed in their own scores.

"*Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Mahlerei*," Beethoven said of his "Pastoral" Symphony. Twisting the phrase, I would suggest that "Mahlerei," in the sense of revealing what Mahler's music has to offer, is above all "the expression of feelings." It is not a fashionable view. Modern Mahler scholarship has been concerned to demonstrate careful structure, and a modern Mahler conductor is usually praised for revealing that structure, rather than for dissolving us into ecstasies and bringing all heaven—or hell—before our eyes. Boulez has written that "the more [an interpreter] gives in to imprudent ecstasy, even in the hysteria of the moment, the more the original motivation is disturbed. One destroys the multilayered ambiguity which is the essence of this music—in so doing one makes it uncommonly trivial and squanders its deep content; what is more, one hurts the subliminal structure which keeps all the moments of development in balance; one permits this development to degenerate into the confused, chaotic, disorientated motions of an oaf!" (To say that Boulez wrote that is perhaps unfair; at any rate, he has been thus translated from the German in the opening chapter of "Gustav Mahler in Vienna," an album of essays and pictures published this month by

Rizzoli. A tidied-up version of his contribution appears in *The New York Review of Books.*) "Imprudent ecstasy" and "hysteria of the moment" are loaded phrases, which do not apply to the Mahler conducting of Walter, Horenstein, or Steinberg. (My phrase was "*disciplined* surrender.") Were their interpretations different in kind from those of Boulez and Levine, or do I hear them in memory's ear through a cloud of romanticizing nostalgia? Thanks to the phonograph, it is sometimes easy to check. Unmoved by Boulez's performance of the Ninth, I bought the next day a copy of Walter's 1938 performance, the recording through which I first learned to love the symphony. (Walter conducted the première of the Ninth, in 1912.) I soon found that memory had played odd tricks. Boulez's tempo for the final Adagio had seemed to me too fast—but Walter's, remembered as ideal, proved to be no slower. Nevertheless, there are in that Viennese reading a sense of long-breathed singing and an emotional intensity, expressed in tone color and by accent and rubato within the phrases, that were missing in the Philharmonic performance. But the largest differences between the two interpretations occur in the Scherzo. "Etwas täppisch und sehr derb" ("Rather clumsy and very sturdy") is the first marking. Walter's handling is heavier, sturdier. The accents are more emphatic. All the contrasts are stronger. The distinctions in rhythmic lilt between the Ländlers and the waltz are sharper. The movement is not meant to be pleasant. Mahler, says Cooke, is "presenting the 'dance of life' as something utterly tawdry, stupid, and empty." "A tragic undertone," wrote Walter, "sounds in the joy." But there *is* charm in it—charm in the simple, Schubertian melodies—and by sounding this charm, by encouraging his instrumentalists to play with a kind of joyful zest, as if unaware that soon their C-major security and cheerful, regular rhythms will be shattered, Walter, far more potently than Boulez, brings out the "ambiguity" that the latter prizes so highly. In a new book—Joan Peyser's "Boulez: Composer, Conductor, Enigma," a readable mixture of gossip, chronicle, and criticism (Schirmer)—a Philharmonic player is reported as saying that Boulez "requires only that we play the right notes at the right time. He asks for no sweat, blood, guts, or tone quality. . . . There is no robustness in the sound, never any dance feeling in the dances, never any joy in making music." It is a hard indictment, but if to "joy" we add "awe," even "terror," it begins to explain why Boulez's Mahler proves so unaffecting.

Two technical points can be added. Boulez, like Levine, eschews the portamento that was standard—recordings survive to prove it—in the string playing of Mahler's day. Even when a portamento is specifically marked in the score—by a straight line, indicating a more prominent "swoop" to the next note than the portamento implied by an ordinary curved slur—the sign gets no more than token observance. And thus the music is delivered, as it were, in a clipped modern accent rather than with the warmer inflections its composer must have intended. Boulez also, like Levine, and like most conductors now, ranges his orchestra on the platform in the modern lopsided manner: all the violins bunched on the left, cellos on the right, and basses strung out in a line on the far right. This not only destroys clearly planned antiphonies between first violins and seconds but also, I believe, produces an unbalanced sound. Mahler had his first violins on the left, his seconds on the right, and his double basses and cellos center: that much at least is evident in the rather blurry photographs of him conducting the Eighth Symphony which appear both in "Gustav Mahler in Vienna" and in "Mahler: A Documentary Study," compiled and edited by Kurt Blaukopf (Oxford).

Levine's performances—I heard the Fourth and the Eighth Symphonies—were straightforward, agreeably enthusiastic, and unmemorable. (An unmemorable Eighth? Something must be wrong.) Boulez's, of the Seventh, Ninth, and Third Symphonies, left a stronger impression; although unmoving, and unidiomatic both in timbre and in the use of rubato (which Boulez seems to apply in a cosmetic fashion, and not because he feels the music that way), they were exceptionally lucid. The performance of the Third could serve as illustration to the analytic points made in Donald Mitchell's new "Gustav Mahler: The Wunderhorn Years" (Westview Press). But what of the symphonic program? Mahler once described the opening of the work thus:

> It has almost ceased to be music; it is hardly anything but sounds of nature. I could equally well have called the movement "What the Mountain tells me"—it's eerie, the way life gradually breaks through, out of soul-less, rigid matter. And, as this life rises from stage to stage,

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it takes on ever more highly developed forms: flowers, beasts, man, up to the sphere of the spirits, the "angels." Over the introduction to this movement, there lies again that atmosphere of brooding summer midday heat; not a breath stirs, all life is suspended, and the sun-drenched air trembles and vibrates. At intervals there come the moans of the youth—that is, captive life—struggling for release from the clutches of lifeless, rigid Nature. At last he breaks through and triumphs.

Does Boulez consider such things? Or ask his players to? I found little sign of it in his performance. (Almost the only moments of romance were provided by the posthorn solos of John Ware, which were tenderly and exquisitely played.) About these programs Mahler himself was ambivalent; he hoped that his music would "speak for itself," he withdrew the "scenarios," and yet he saw to it that at least some knowledge of them was disseminated. And, as Mitchell remarks, "the enormous importance of the dramatic programme for his early symphonies cannot be gainsaid: the symphonies *are* the programmes, embodied and transcended, it is true, but unthinkable without them, and also partly incomprehensible without them."

In the final paragraph of the essay already cited, Boulez tries to explain what in his view draws modern audiences to Mahler's music:

> That such a work needed time before it became convincing does not seem unreasonable today. The exuberance and the lushness are more attractive now than in former times, they call back to memory the luxuriance which for many years had been forgotten or damned as superfluous and lascivious. But this somewhat primitive reaction would not in itself suffice to explain the attraction which has established itself more and more toward a work that had first been repudiated because of its ambiguity but whose very ambiguity establishes its value today.

Mahler, he argues, can be claimed neither as "a revolutionary who unleashed an irreversible process of radical innovation" nor, since he manipulated old material in so many new ways, as "the end product of a line of generations." But because

> the sources of his inspiration . . . hardly exist any longer we can regard them benignly, as valuable testimonies which we cannot understand any longer directly. This material has taken on documentary value and instead of refuting it we prefer to look at it as the first step of invention. That makes it possible to give our attention from there on almost exclusively to its transformation and transmutation.

That "almost exclusively" suggests a bleak and unemotional approach. And is it Mahler's musical sources (Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert; birdcall, fanfare, and popular tune) or his philosophical sources (those "tremendous questions" about life and death, transience and recurrence, beauty and decay, tragedy and consolation with which he wrestled) that Boulez thinks have passed into history? To modern audiences, I would say, both are living. And it is because Mahler uses this familiar material so vividly, so picturesquely, so adventurously, and, above all, so emotionally that he has been able to take in the public's affection the place once held by Tchaikovsky.

A word about the Mahler books mentioned in passing. Mitchell's is the second installment of a long Mahler study in progress. (His "Gustav Mahler: The Early Years" appeared in 1958.) It is a leisurely, discursive, and thorough meditation on the first four symphonies and the songs with which they are inextricably linked. The author, as he puts it, employs both microscope and telescope "to seize on what I take to be some of the principal and unique features of a given work and look at these in close detail, both in the narrow context of the isolated work and in the broader perspectives of Mahler's art as a whole." The book is wordy; deliberately discursive; awkwardly organized; packed with information, acute observation, and stimulating surmise. Mitchell is a Mahler interpreter to my taste; he shows his love for the music. "Mahler: A Documentary Study" is a volume in large format with a hundred and twenty-eight pages of illustrations and another hundred and twenty-eight pages close-packed, in double column, with documents of various kinds—letters, reviews, memoirs; recommended. The nine essays collected in "Gustav Mahler in Vienna" contain some interesting matter but are awkward to read, being printed in very long lines stretching two-thirds of the way across large oblong pages. The book is "designed" to the hilt. Some of the numerous but unindexed illustrations are valuable, others are mere decoration, and many are fuzzy. One full page is devoted to an enlarged snippet of score saying just "V. Finale," another to two notes dying away *pppp*, a third to a page of torn, blank music paper.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

He was home at three-thirty, home being a three-room penthouse (with terrace) on Central Park South without a doorman outside and inside an automatic elevator.—*"The Schack Job," by Henry Kane.*

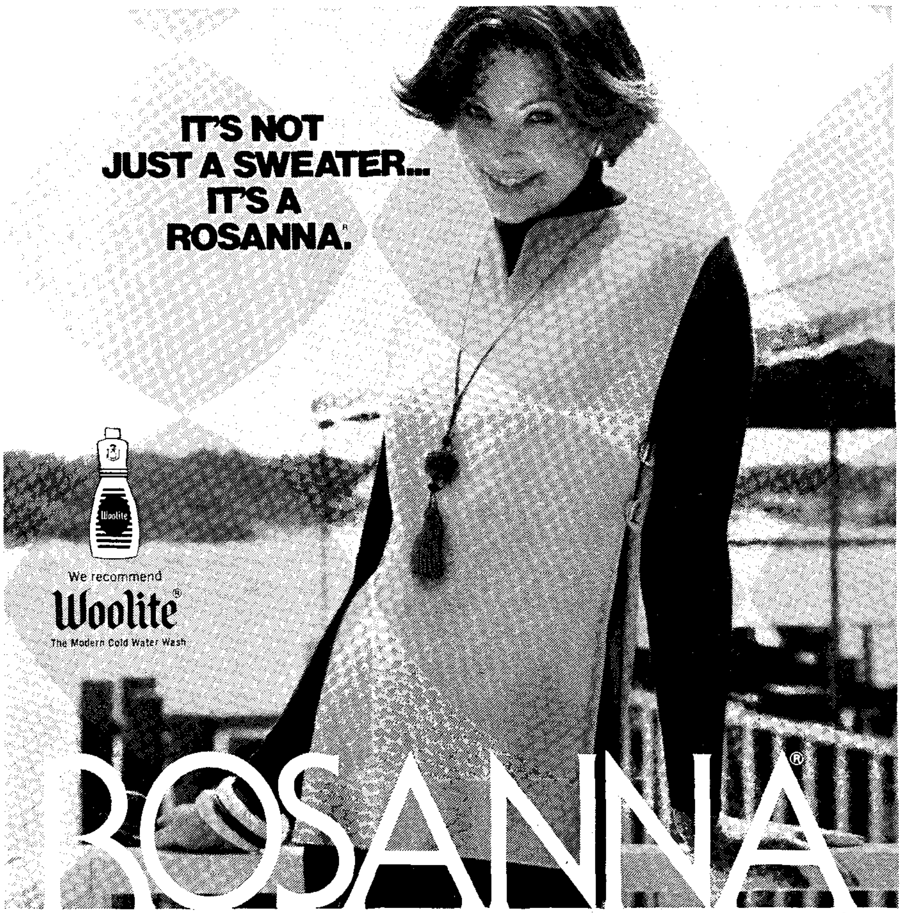
He calls *that* a home?

THE RACE TRACK

Now for Aqueduct

THE first of last week, horses moved over to Aqueduct for the winter. The current meeting will run for fifty-eight days, with no racing on Christmas Day, and will end on New Year's Eve. While dates for 1977 have not been announced, the guess is that Aqueduct will reopen on January 3rd and continue into the first week of May, which would give at least a hundred and sixty days at the old stand—long before the end of which even the most devoted of horseplayers would be just a little track-sore. The racecourse management wouldn't like that. The crowd of more than nineteen thousand on opening day saw, in addition to some lively racing, a new place to cool out in when summer comes. Part of the parking lot behind the grandstand has been attractively landscaped with trees and shrubs, and there's turf underfoot. Two of the day's races were run over the one-mile winterized dirt course inside the main track, and two over the seven-furlong turf course inside that, which forms, as Steve Cady wrote in the *Times*, "the inner ring of the Big A's three-ring circus." The Christiana Stable's nimble, well-named Dance Spell (he is by Northern Dancer out of Obeah) was pounds the best in the Jamaica Handicap, at a mile—the main event of the afternoon. Coming from behind the pace of Cojak, who did the first six furlongs in 1:08⅘, he won by three-quarters of a length in 1:34. Quiet Little Table was third. Honest Pleasure, who was fourth, lacked his usual dash out of the starting gate and never got to the front. No doubt those two finishes with Forego dulled his interest in racing.

My Juliet took on Bold Forbes, Soy Numero Uno, and three other fast steppers and made them look like slow coaches in the seven-furlong Vosburgh Handicap on Saturday. Going to the quarter in 0:22⅗, the half mile in 0:44⅗, and the six furlongs in 1:08⅗, she finished in hand in 1:21⅘. Bold Forbes, who went with her for half a mile, finished second, but was moved back to third for crowding It's Freezing. It was quite a performance for My Juliet, who is by Gallant Romeo and is owned by George Wea-



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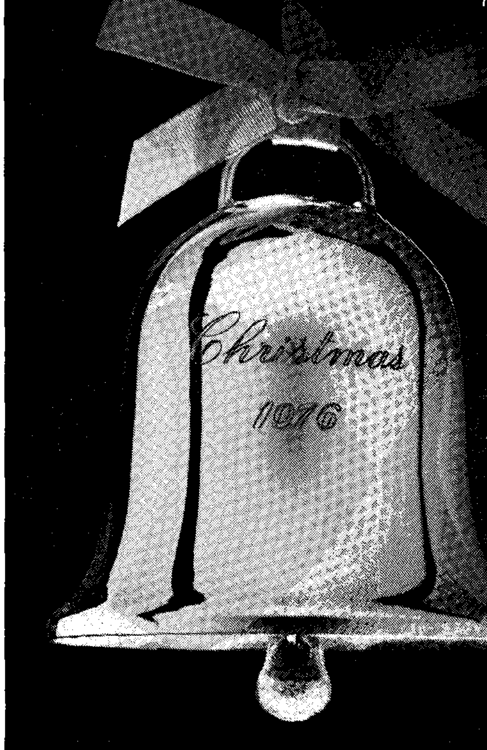

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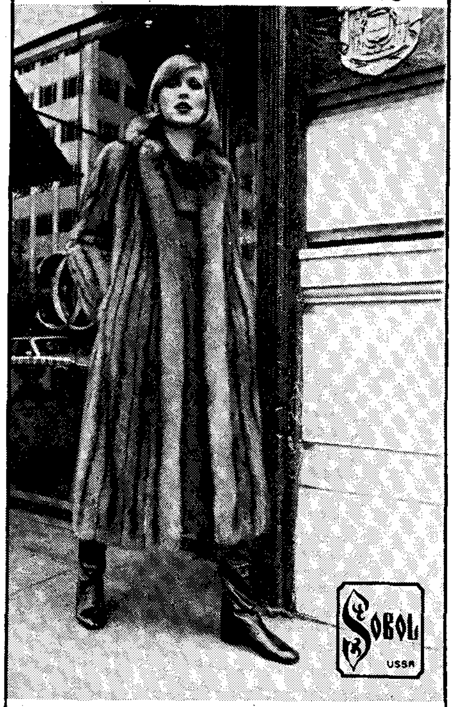

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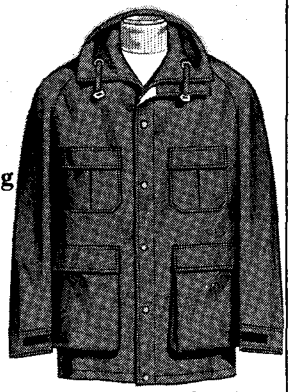

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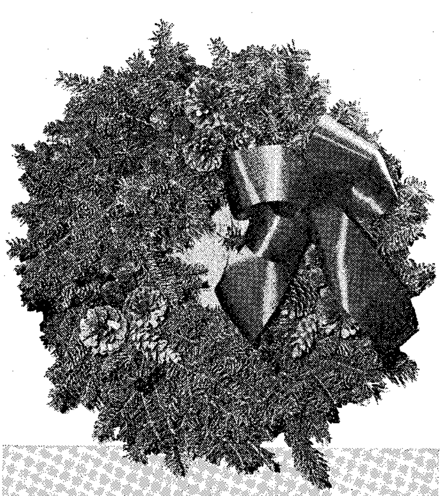
sel, the radish king (a radish is embellished on the back of the racing jacket her jockey wears), for even with the filly allowance she gave weight to half of the boys. It was her fourth victory in a month.

IT was expected that For the Moment, Honest Pleasure's full brother, would have no more than a good gallop in the Laurel Futurity last weekend, but Royal Ski, owned by the Boston Bruins goalie Gerry Cheevers, led him all the way, winning by four lengths. Royal Ski, a chestnut colt by Raja Baba out of Coz O'Nijinsky, cost $20,500 at the Keeneland Sales, and his share of the purse was $86,046. He will winter in Florida. Maple, who rode For the Moment, said that his mount tired in the last quarter of the mile and a sixteenth. I don't envy Tommy Trotter his job of picking the top weight in the 1977 Experimental Free Handicap.

Ten runners, eight of them from abroad, will face the starter, Eddie Blind, in the twenty-fifth Washington, D.C., International, at a mile and a half on the grass, at Laurel this weekend. The visitors are Ivanjica, winner of the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, and owned by Jacques Wertheimer, whose father brought Épinard over for a series of races fifty years ago; Nelson Bunker Hunt's Youth, winner of the French Derby and the Canadian International, and third in the Arc; Xavier Beau's On My Way II, third in the Laurel International last year; Mrs. Jane Engelhard's Rose Bowl, winner of the Queen Elizabeth II Stakes at Ascot; Noble Dancer, fourth in the Arc and, before that, winner of seven races in Norway; Windwurf, a top horse in West Germany; Janus II, from Brazil; and, from Japan, Fujino Pahshia, winner of the Emperor's Cup. The color-bearers from this country will be Effervescing, winner of the Man o' War Stakes, and owned by Ogden Phipps; and Max Gluck's Improviser. I like Ivanjica.

EIGHTEEN horses have been assigned weights for the new $350,000 Champions, which will be run at Santa Anita about four hours after the race at Laurel. Of course, all won't start, but there will be plenty of runners for that jackpot, according to Jimmy Kilroe, director of racing out there. King Pellinore, 126 pounds, and Riot in Paris (trained by Charlie Whittingham, who wins most of the big races) will undoubtedly be the favorites—but you are on your own.

—AUDAX MINOR



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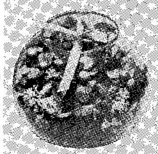

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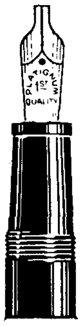

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BOOKS

Basilisks' Eggs

BEING an occasional translator, more by accident than by design, I feel somewhat rueful about he whole question of translating beween languages. Its mysterious nature an become something of an obsession, or each act of translation is an unrecedented exercise; yet it is an obession shared by a minority of people vho live and read in more than one nguage, or whose work requires them o function simultaneously on different nguistic planes—spies, displaced perons, the Swiss, international soccer refrees, interpreters, travel guides, anhropologists, and explorers. Translators njoy the status, more or less, of terary mechanics, reassembling texts rom one language to function in anther; and even if they do more han that, their work is likely to get ttle more than a passing nod, if it is entioned at all—understandably, for here can be only a very small body f readers capable of passing judgent on translations, and most of us re glad to have them at all. Transtors require the self-effacing disposiion of saints; and, since a ood translation is one in vhich a work appears to ave been written and onceived in the language nto which it is translated, ood translators grow sed to going unrewarded nd unnoticed, except by sharp-nosed troop of onnish reviewers (we all them "the translation olice") who seem to pend their reading lives n the lookout for errors.

As far as translations o, the English language s well served. Its great ange makes it capable f accommodating Indo-European languages quite omfortably, and in recent ears our book thirst has given rise to a steady flow f translation, discovering ther literatures and giving foreign classics a new ease on life. I remember nce checking up in Spain o see which English-language writers were most ranslated into Spanish, nd was astonished to ind complete, leatheround sets of Somerset Maugham and Zane Grey leading the field. The translation barrier is a chancy one, and not everything that crosses it arrives in the best of condition. Vladimir Nabokov once remarked (as few but he are in a position to remark) that while a badly written book is a blunder, a bad translation is a crime. It has occurred to me at times that the translation police might well be given statutory powers to revoke the licenses of unreliable translators, as a service to language.

It is one thing to read a book in translation; it is quite another to *read* a translation, for that requires two languages, two texts, and an attention hovering between them. Such close reading of translations has something in common with solving word puzzles, perhaps, but it can prove extraordinarily revealing about the nature of the two languages—about the nature of language itself. Just as knowing more than one language shatters the likelihood of confusing word and thing, so reading the same work in more than one language draws attention to it as a literary construct—gives the work an added dimension, which may or may not enhance it.

It also draws attention to quite another quality of literature—namely, its translatability or untranslatability. Straightforward linear prose can usually pass without much effort into other languages; but there are some works of literature whose verbal complexity appears to doom them to remain in their own language. Lyric poetry, where compression of meaning is most intense, and in which the sound pattern forms part of the total meaning, comes high on the list of untranslatables—Rilke would be a good example—and yet this does not prevent odd felicities of translation at the hands of poets, or even variant translations of the same poem. It is precisely those works which seem by their linguistic intricacy to be untranslatable that often generate real brilliance in a translator. If anyone doubts that pleasure can come from translation, let him look at, for instance, Henri Bué's 1869 version of "Alice in Wonderland" in French, in which even the puns are rendered by

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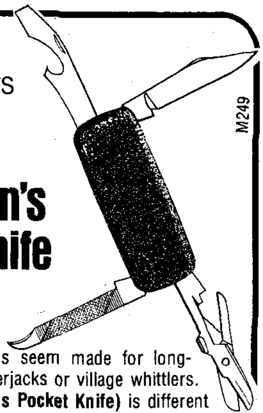

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equivalent puns, or Barbara Wright's versions of Raymond Queneau, or the Gardner-Levine rendering, with the author's help, of Guillermo Cabrera Infante's "Tres Tristes Tigres"—works in which wordplay apparently indigenous to another language is matched in English. For a translator, untranslatability can be as much a lure as a deterrent.

I keep pinned on my wall a remark made in an interview by Octavio Paz, the Mexican poet, and no mean translator. "Every translation is a metaphor of the poem translated," he says. "In this sense, the phrase 'poetry is untranslatable' is the exact equivalent of the phrase 'all poetry is translatable.' The only possible translation is poetic transmutation, or metaphor. But I would also say that in writing an original poem, we are translating the world, transmuting it. Everything we do is translation, and all translations are in a way creations."

Translation has always been more haphazard than systematic, depending on the enthusiasm of publishers and the dedication of individual translators. André Gide used to maintain that every writer owed it to his own language to translate at least one foreign work to which his talents and temperament were suited, and there is no question that translation has become a more serious and systematic endeavor over the last twenty years—the new National Theatre in London, for instance, is at present commissioning writers to prepare versions of foreign plays. But the most admirably concerted effort of translation into English in recent years has been the rendering by various hands of the new writing from Latin America—probably the most energetic and inventive body of literature, particularly where the novel is concerned, at this point of the century. Its reputation preceded it into English—a perfect recipe for disappointment—but by now its main works have appeared in English and continue to appear with minimal delay, so that rumor has been given fairly immediate substance, and readers are able to experience it in its impressive diversity. It is a literature with a surprisingly recent momentum. The Uruguayan critic Emir Rodríguez Monegal puts his finger on the year 1940—the year the South American continent became culturally isolated as a result of the Spanish Civil War and, on its heels, the Second World War, and was driven into a preoccupation with its own national identities. From that time on, a reading public has been mushrooming in Latin America, and writers have been virtually summoned

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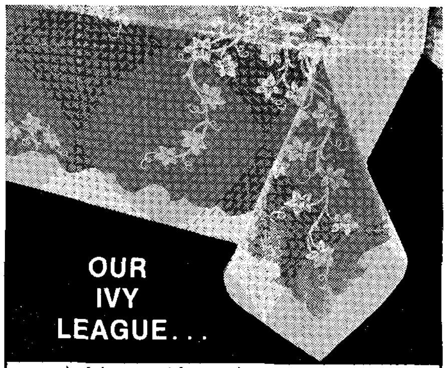

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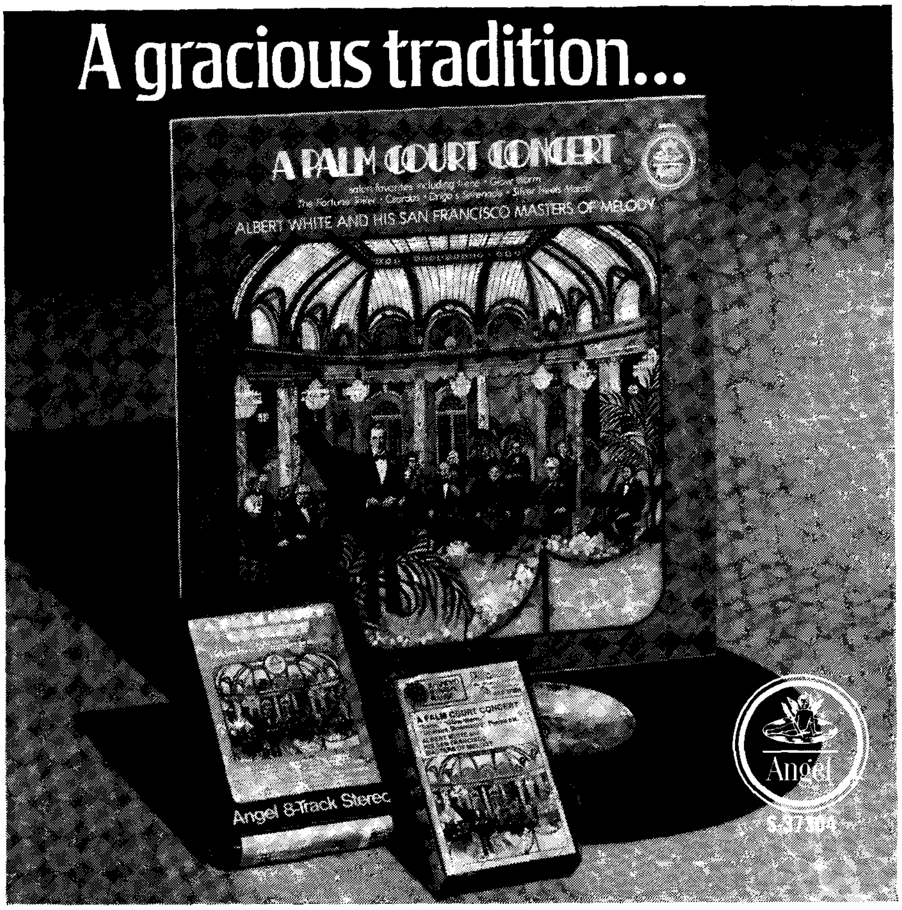
into being. It seems a long time since the Great American Novel has even been contemplated in the United States; but Latin-American novelists seem to have their sights set on nothing less. The continent has dawned on them as unwritten history, untapped literary resource—the indigenous Indians, the Spanish Conquest, the stirrings of independence, the subsequent tyrannies, the bizarre immigrations, the economic colonization from Europe and the North, the racial confusions, the paradoxes of national character, the Cuban revolution and military oppressions, the great sprawl and struggle of the present. There exists in Latin America now such enthusiasm about literature that writers are attended to like rock stars. What is more, the writers all read one another, know one another, review one another, and are refreshingly pleased at one another's existence, as though they felt themselves part of a huge literary adventure, a creative rampage. They are enviously placed in time, for part of their literary experience has been to read all the diverse experiment that has taken place in other literatures in the course of this century—experiment of which they have been avid students but not imitators, for their own writing is hugely inventive and varied in its manner. Writers like Mario Vargas Llosa, Severo Sarduy, Guillermo Cabrera Infante, Julio Cortázar, and José Lezama Lima have been as startlingly original as were Jorge Luis Borges, Pablo Neruda, and Miguel Ángel Asturias a generation before them. The list could be a long one; and, fortunately for us, most of the important books are likely to be washed up soon on the shores of the English language, if they have not been already.

Just as it would be practically impossible to discover anything like a unified culture in as sprawling a context as Latin America, so is it unfeasible to find or create a common language, for in the hundred and fifty years since the majority of the Latin-American countries gained their independence from Spain the language has been steadily diversifying—separating itself from Castilian Spanish much as American English did from English English, breeding varieties of urban slang, breaking up in many directions—so that writers in search of a new realism seemed doomed instead to an inevitable regionalism. It is to Jorge Luis Borges that Latin-American writers owe one powerful and influential solution to this dilemma, for Borges wrote in a language of his own—a highly literary language, unlike language in currency, a language that draws attention to



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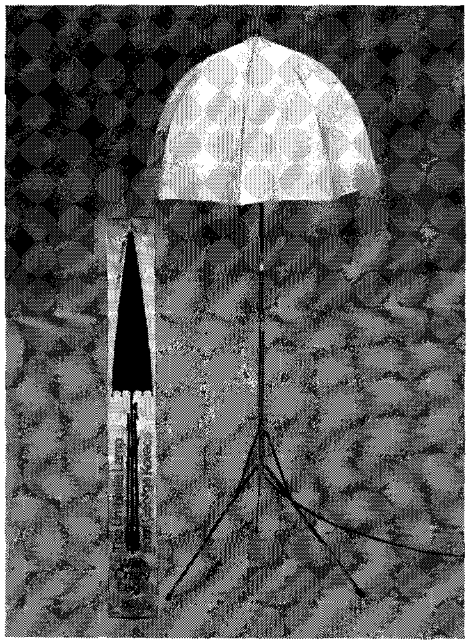

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itself, mocks itself, casts suspicion on itself. From Borges came the beguiling reminder that language is a trick, a manipulation of reality rather than a reflection of it—a notion that stems, after all, from Cervantes. His economy, his playful erudition, his ironies, his treatment of rational knowledge and language as fantastic games dazzled not only Latin Americans but also, in the first translations of his work, a whole crop of American and European writers. He has been both source and challenge, especially to the younger writers, for, although repudiating his arch-conservatism, they have taken a cue from him in looking for the concomitantly appropriate language for their own fantastic realities.

THE two writers who have dominated the literary scene in Latin America for the last thirty-odd years are Borges and the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, who died in late 1973. What is most curious about their coexistence is how little they have to do with each other as writers, how seldom they met or even mentioned each other as men, how drastically different their work is, and yet how Latin-American each is, in his separate way. Borges' collected work is as sparse and spare as Neruda's is abundant and ebullient, metaphysical where Neruda's is physical, formal where Neruda's is free-flowing, dubious where Neruda's is passionately affirmative or condemnatory. Where Neruda is open and even naïve, Borges is subtle and skeptical; where Neruda is a sensualist, Borges is an ascetic; where Neruda writes of tangible, physical experience, Borges' fund of experience is purely literary—he looks on reading as a form of time travel. Although Borges roots his stories in Buenos Aires, Latin America is for him something of a metaphor, a geographical fiction. Neruda, quite to the contrary, celebrates, in hymnic joy or rage, the inexhaustible particularity of the Latin-American continent. For him, language is largesse; and his human concern made his political commitment inevitable.

The lives and careers of these two writers have diverged as widely as their work. Borges, suffering from a gradual congenital blindness, lived from his earliest years *within* books and language, fascinated by stories of his soldiering ancestors and of the celebrated knife-fighters of Buenos Aires. What probably distinguishes him most as a writer is the profoundly disquieting effect he has on his readers. However remote and literary his subject matter may appear, he makes the experience of para-

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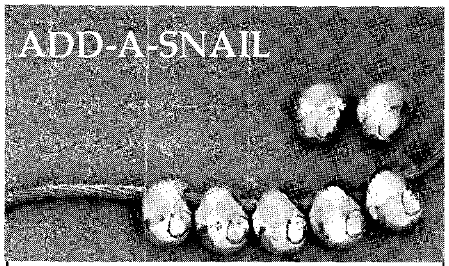

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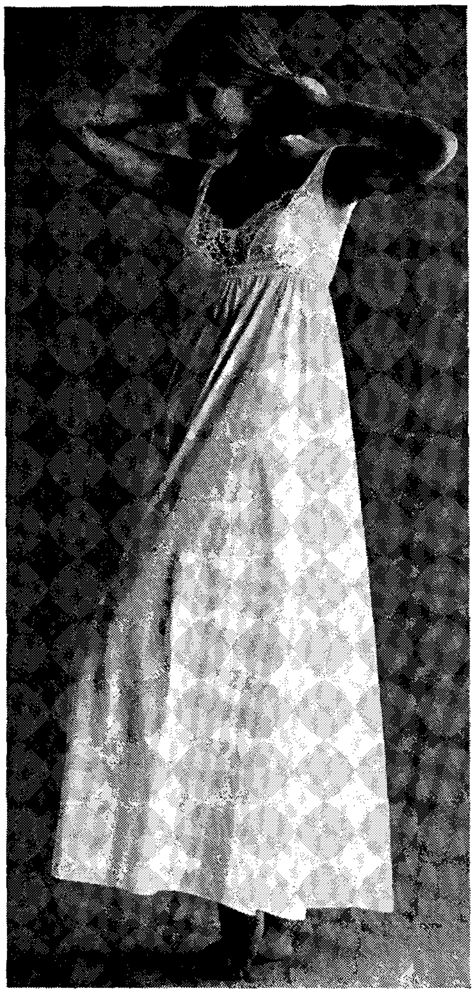
dox so tangible and eerie that it persists almost as a spell—if after reading Borges one were, say, to miss a train, the event would be dressed in ominous significance. What Borges helped to do for Latin-American writing was to rescue it from the slough of naturalism into which it had fallen and make it once again the province of the individual imagination; but he remains a difficult master in his sheer inimitability. Neruda has proved to be an influence more to the taste of present-day Latin-American writers, if a less directly technical one. His output was prodigious, a progression in which he shed poetic selves like skins, moving from an early wild surrealism in the direction of human engagement and political commitment, never losing his vision but deliberately simplifying his language. It was a lesson in turning literature to account which was not lost on the younger writers, who for the most part see themselves as similarly engaged. Neruda himself, after a long diplomatic career, served as President Salvador Allende's Ambassador to Paris from 1971 until 1973, and died in Chile twelve days after the coup of September, 1973—a death that inevitably became symbolic. It is the intensity and scale of his commitment to Latin America that keep him an important figure for the writers who have come after him.

For some years now, I have been translating poems of both Borges and Neruda, coming to know both men well and their work even better, for one never enters the being of a poem as completely as when one is translating it. It is an odd exercise of spirit, to enter another imagination in another language and then to try to make the movement of it happen in English. Untranslatability that no ingenuity can solve does arise, which is to say that some poems *are* untranslatable. (I keep a notebook of these untranslatables, for they are small mysteries, clues to the intricate nature of a language.) To a translator, Borges and Neruda are exigent in different ways. Borges learned English as a child, read voraciously in English, and has been influenced in the formal sense more by English writing—Stevenson, Kipling, Chesterton, Anglo-Saxon poetry, and the English poetic tradition—than by Spanish literature. In his stories, he tends to use English syntactical forms and prose order—making his Spanish curiously stark but easily accessible to English translation. Indeed, translating Borges into English often feels like restoring the work to its natural language, or retranslating it. In his poems, Borges



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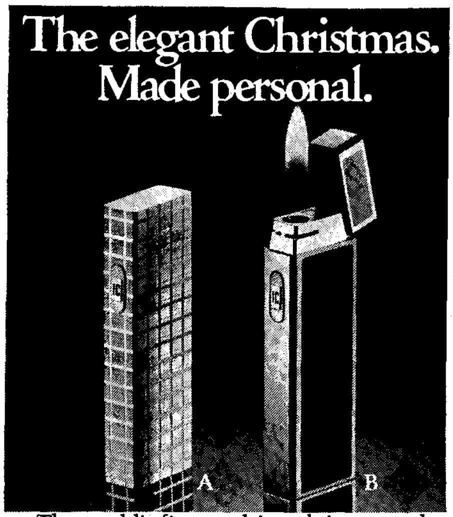

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leans heavily on English verse forms and on many of the formal mannerisms of English poetry, so that translating his poems calls for technical ingenuity and prosodic fluency, precision being all-important. His poems are so thoroughly objectified, however, that no great leaps of interpretation have to be made in translating them. It requires only the patience to refine and refine, closer and closer to the original. Neruda's poems present absorbingly different problems, though not just in their extravagance of language, their hugely varying themes and forms; what distinguishes them is their special tone, an intimacy with the physical world, the ability to enter and become things. (Neruda was commonly referred to in the conversation of his friends as *el vate*, the seer.) To translate his poems requires one to enter them and wear them, on the way to finding a similar tone in English. Neruda's larger poems have a vatic intensity that is difficult to contain in credible English, and has its closest affinities with Whitman, an engraving of whom always sat on his writing table. But his more personal lyrics are within closer reach of English, and, given linguistic luck, are not unre-creatable. Translation is a mysterious alchemy in the first place; but it becomes even more so in the experience of entering the language and perception of two writers who have read human experience so differently and have worded it in such distinct ways—of becoming both of them, however temporarily.

It is interesting to compare the fate of these two writers in translation. Borges has earned such attention in English, and the body of his work is so comparatively small, that translating him in his entirety is a feasible project. (This has not been entirely to Borges' advantage, for some of his earlier critical writing, which would have been better left in the decent obscurity it enjoys in Spanish, goes on being dragged into English.) The interest in Borges has had one advantage, however, in that his work has been translated by many hands, giving English readers a choice of versions, and a chance to realize what every translator must: that there is no such thing as a definitive translation. Something of the same is true of Neruda's work, and it has benefitted particularly from the variety of its translators, since he was so many different poets himself; but, however assiduously he is mined, his work is so vast that only a fraction of it is likely to come satisfactorily into English. He waits, in his fullness, in Spanish. For that reason, I am discouraged from continuing to translate Neruda; but every now and then a poem of his so startles and absorbs me that its equivalence begins to form in English, and I make a version, for the awe of it. Translation becomes an addiction in one special sense: one can always count on it to take one again and again to the threshold of linguistic astonishment.

It is worth noting that both Neruda and Borges put in time as translators. Neruda produced an energetic translation of "Romeo and Juliet" in 1964, and Borges was an early translator of William Faulkner, the American writer who, with Whitman, has had the most pervasive influence on Latin-American writing. As might be expected, translation has always mesmerized Borges. In an essay on versions of Homer, he has a sentence that is also destined for my wall. "No problem is as consubstantial with the modest mystery of literature," he writes, "as that posed by a translation."

"ANYTHING to do with Latin America never sells" used to be a half-humorous maxim in English publishing circles; but the opposite has turned out with time to be true. There was a point in the mid-sixties when publishers began to take that continent very seriously indeed and became literary prospectors, bent on staking their claims. Such avid attention propelled Latin-American writers into a period of prominence that is commonly referred to as *el boum*, and certainly there seemed more than coincidence to the fact that so many good novelists should be producing such rich work at once, all over the continent. Is there something about the Latin-American experience, apart from its labyrinthine variety and the fact that it is largely unwritten as yet, that makes it exceptionally fertile ground for inventive fiction? The clue lies, possibly, in a phrase used by the Cuban novelist Alejo Carpentier in an introduction, written in Haiti, to his own novel "El Reino de Este Mundo." I quote the relevant passage:

> [In Haiti] I was discovering, with every step, the marvellous in the real. But it occurred to me furthermore that the energetic presence of the marvellous in the real was not a privilege peculiar to Haiti, but the heritage of all [Latin] America, which, for example, has not finished fixing the inventory of its cosmogonies. The marvellous in the real is there to find at any moment in the lives of the men who engraved dates on the history of the continent, and left behind names which are still celebrated. . . . The fact is that, in the virginity of its landscape, in its coming together, in its ontology, in the Faustian presence of Indian and Negro, in the sense of revelation

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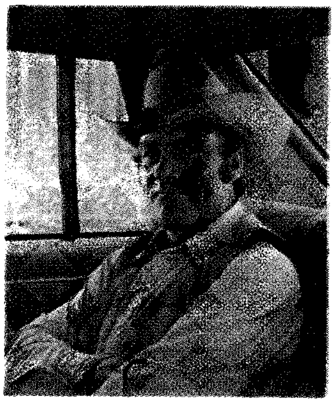

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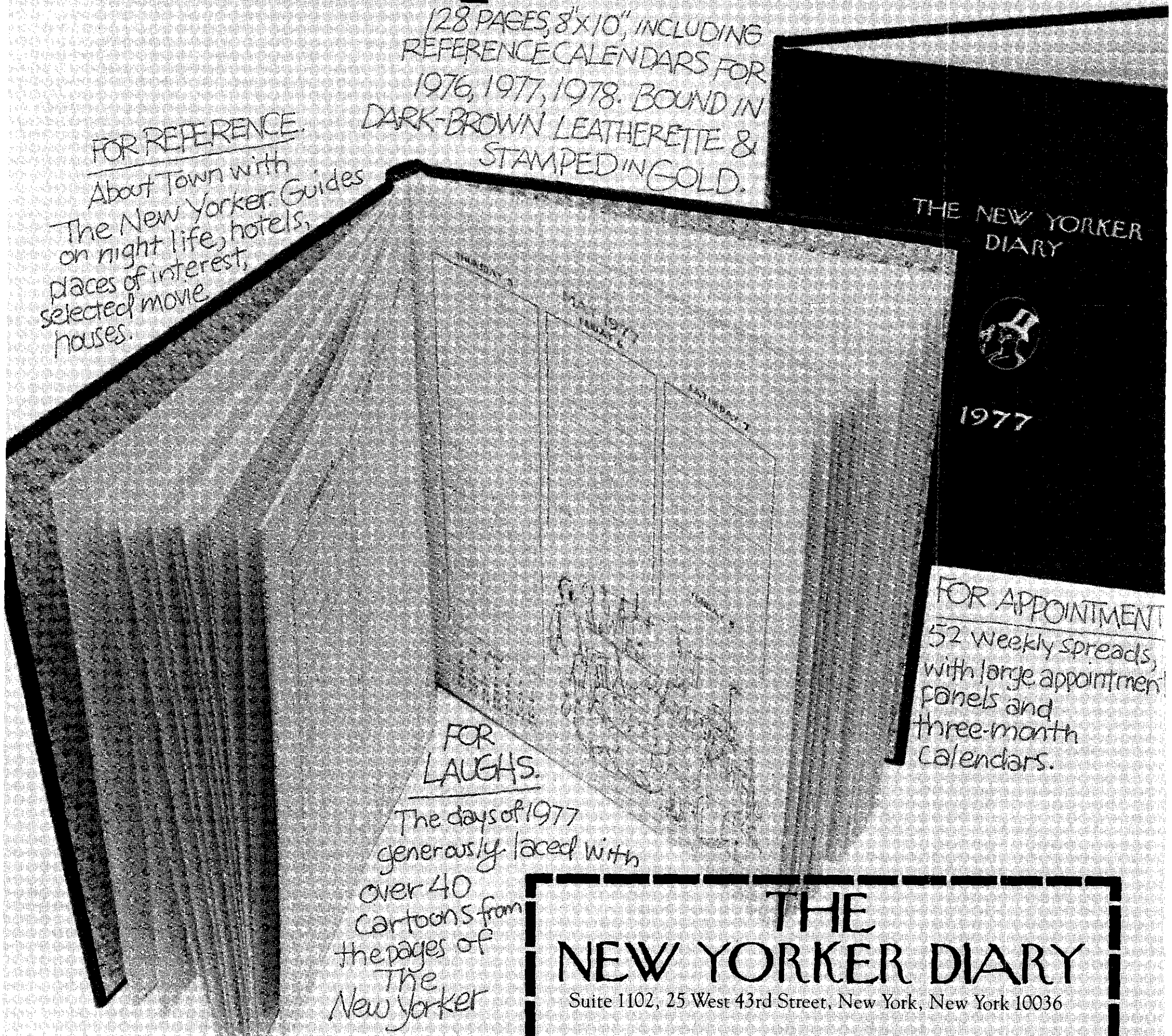

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arising from its recent discovery, in the fertile mixtures of race which it engendered, [Latin] America is very far from having used up its abundance of mythologies.... For what is the story of [Latin] America if not a chronicle of the marvellous in the real?

Lo real maravilloso, the sense of Latin-American reality as an amazement, not only physically but also historically, pervades Carpentier's own novels; and it is an element, an aura, that appears in the work of many Latin-American writers, however else they may differ in preoccupation and vantage point. The compass of Latin-American novels is less that of a total society than of its smaller, more eccentric microcosms—families, villages, tribes, cities, regions. For Latin Americans, theory is the enemy, human eccentricity the norm. *Lo real maravilloso* is a touchstone, not a fiction; and what the Latin-American writers are doing, confidently and inventively, is giving it widely varying individual substance, finding for it the language it demands.

The most remarkable incarnation of *lo real maravilloso* to date—and by now almost the definition of it—is the long novel "Cien Años de Soledad," or "One Hundred Years of Solitude," by the Colombian writer Gabriel García Márquez, which was first published in Buenos Aires in 1967 and is still reverberating—at last count, in twenty-odd translated versions. The novel has had a legendary publishing history. García Márquez began to write it in January of 1965, and, as it was in progress, it began to take shape as a rumor. The Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes published a tantalizing intimation of the book in a Mexican review after reading the first seventy-five pages, and fragments appeared in two or three literary magazines—extraordinary parts of an unimaginable whole. When Editorial Sudamericana published the book, it sold out in days and ran through edition after edition—sales in Spanish have by now passed three million—in a continent where native best-sellers hardly ever arise. The book was immediately moved by reviewers beyond criticism into that dimension of essential literary experience occupied by "Alice in Wonderland" and "Don Quixote." Invoked as a classic, in a year it *became* a classic, and García Márquez, to his discomfort, a literary monument. If it was not the Latin Americans' "Don Quixote," people said, it would do to be going on with. It was everybody's book, for, however intricate a construct it was on the metaphysical level, it was founded on the stark anecdotal flow of Latin-American

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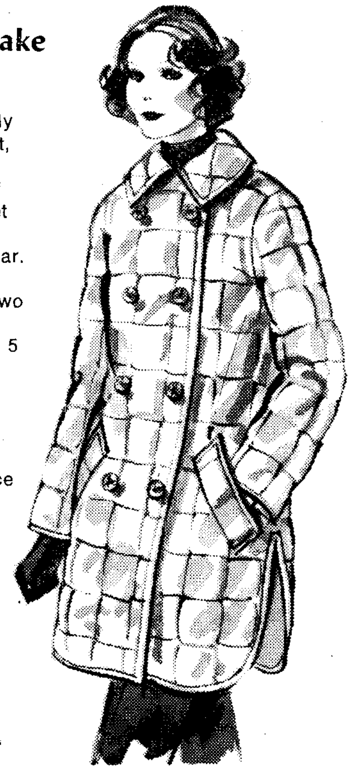
experience, and everybody who read it discovered a relative or a familiar in it. (García Márquez told me that following the appearance of the German edition he received a letter from a woman in Bavaria threatening legal action on the ground that he had plagiarized her family history.) I saw a copy of the book sticking out of a taxi-driver's glove compartment in Santiago de Chile a few years ago, and he told me he had read it five times; and a group of students I knew in Buenos Aires used to hold an elaborate running quiz on the book, even using it as the basis for a private language, as enthusiasts once did with Joyce's "Ulysses."

I have already read two or three books, a cluster of essays and reviews, and a profusion of magazine articles on "One Hundred Years of Solitude;" and there must be an uncountable number of theses, both written and to come, unpicking it over and over. It is a difficult book to deal with critically, since it does not yield to categorization or comparison; and there were some bewildered reviews of it, in England and France especially. García Márquez himself, who is the most generous of spirits, declared early on that, having suffered for years as an itinerant newspaperman, he would not deny interviews to his fellows. "I decided that the best way to put an end to the avalanche of useless interviews is to give the greatest number possible, until the whole world gets bored with me and I'm worn out as a subject," he said in one interview; but the world proved tenacious, and printed conversations with him appeared all over the place—some of them whimsical in the extreme, because he doggedly refuses to translate the book into explanation, and is addicted to playing with language and ideas, if not with his interviewers, for he often refers, cryptically and tantalizingly, to the forty-two undiscovered errors in the text.

The criticism that has accrued around "One Hundred Years of Solitude"—and I have read studies on elements as diverse as the biblical references in the text and the topography of the province of Magdalena, in Colombia, in which both the book and García Márquez are rooted—is the best testimony to its inexhaustibility, and is compulsive reading, in that a classic is a book that one cannot know too much about, a book that deepens with each reading. By a fortunate accident, García Márquez became a close friend of the Peruvian novelist Mario Vargas Llosa, and both settled in Bar-



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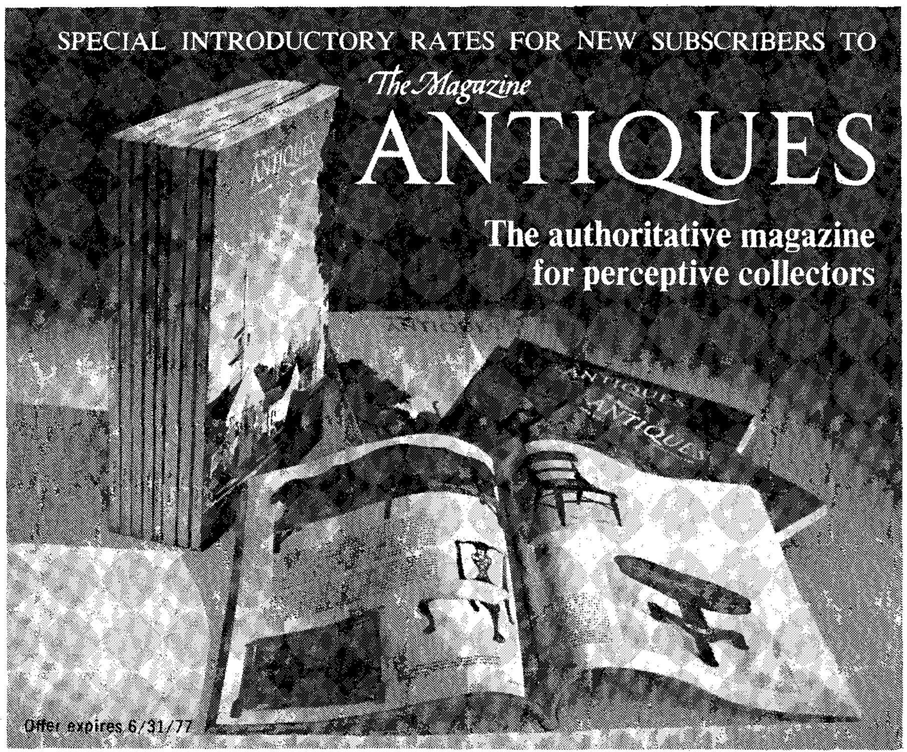
celona in 1970, voluntary exiles after their early success. Vargas Llosa is an extremely perceptive critic; and, taking advantage of García Márquez' proximity, he published, in 1971, a six-hundred-and-sixty-seven-page vade mecum entitled "García Márquez: Historia de un Deicidio" ("García Márquez: The Story of a Godkiller"), a biographical and critical study that painstakingly elucidates the writer's background and influences, his four early books and stories, his preoccupations (or *demonios*, as Vargas Llosa calls them), his literary ancestors, and the writing of "One Hundred Years of Solitude." Vargas Llosa's book is unlikely to be translated into English, and that is a pity, for it is a most absorbing chronicle of a book's coming into being, of a long and complex creative unwinding. His main claim for the novel is worth quoting in full:

> "One Hundred Years of Solitude" is a *total* novel, in the direct line of those dimensionally ambitious creations which compete with reality on an equal footing, confronting it with the image of a qualitatively equivalent vastness, vitality, and complexity. This totality shows itself first in the plural nature of the novel, in its being apparently contradictory things at once: traditional and modern, local and universal, imaginative and realistic. Another expression of its totality is its limitless accessibility, its quality of being within reach, with distinct but abundant rewards for each one, for the intelligent reader and the imbecile, for the serious person who savors the prose, admires the architecture, and unravels the symbols in a work of fiction, and for the impatient reader who is only after crude anecdote. The literary spirit of our time is most commonly hermetic, oppressed, and minority-centered. "One Hundred Years of Solitude" is one of those rare instances, a major contemporary work of literature which everyone can understand and enjoy.
>
> But "One Hundred Years of Solitude" is a total novel above all because it puts into practice the utopian design of every God-supplanter: to bring into being a complete reality, confronting actual reality with an image which is its expression and negation. Not only does this notion of totality, so slippery and complex, but so inseparable from the vocation of novelist, define the greatness of "One Hundred Years of Solitude;" it gives the clue to it. "One Hundred Years of Solitude" qualifies as a total novel both in its subject matter, to the extent that it describes an enclosed world, from its birth to its death, and all the orders that make it up—individual and collective, legendary and historical, day-to-day and mythical—and in its form, inasmuch as the writing and the structure have, like the material that takes shape in them, an exclusive, unrepeatable, and self-sufficient nature.

"One Hundred Years of Solitude," as everyone must know by now, tells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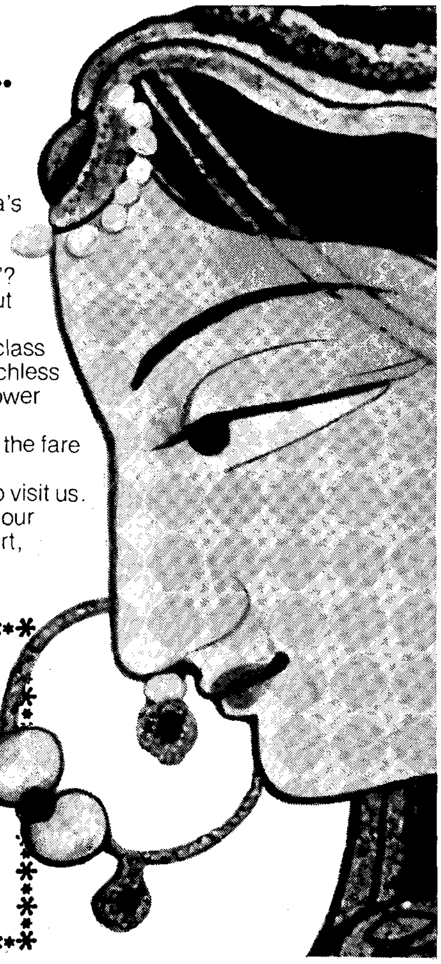
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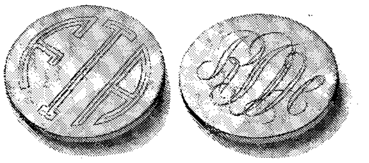

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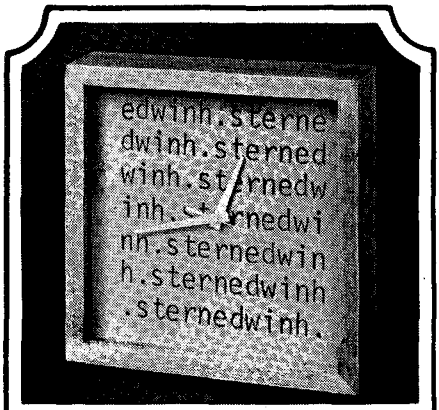

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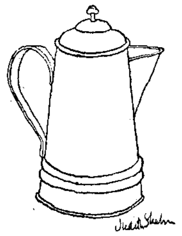
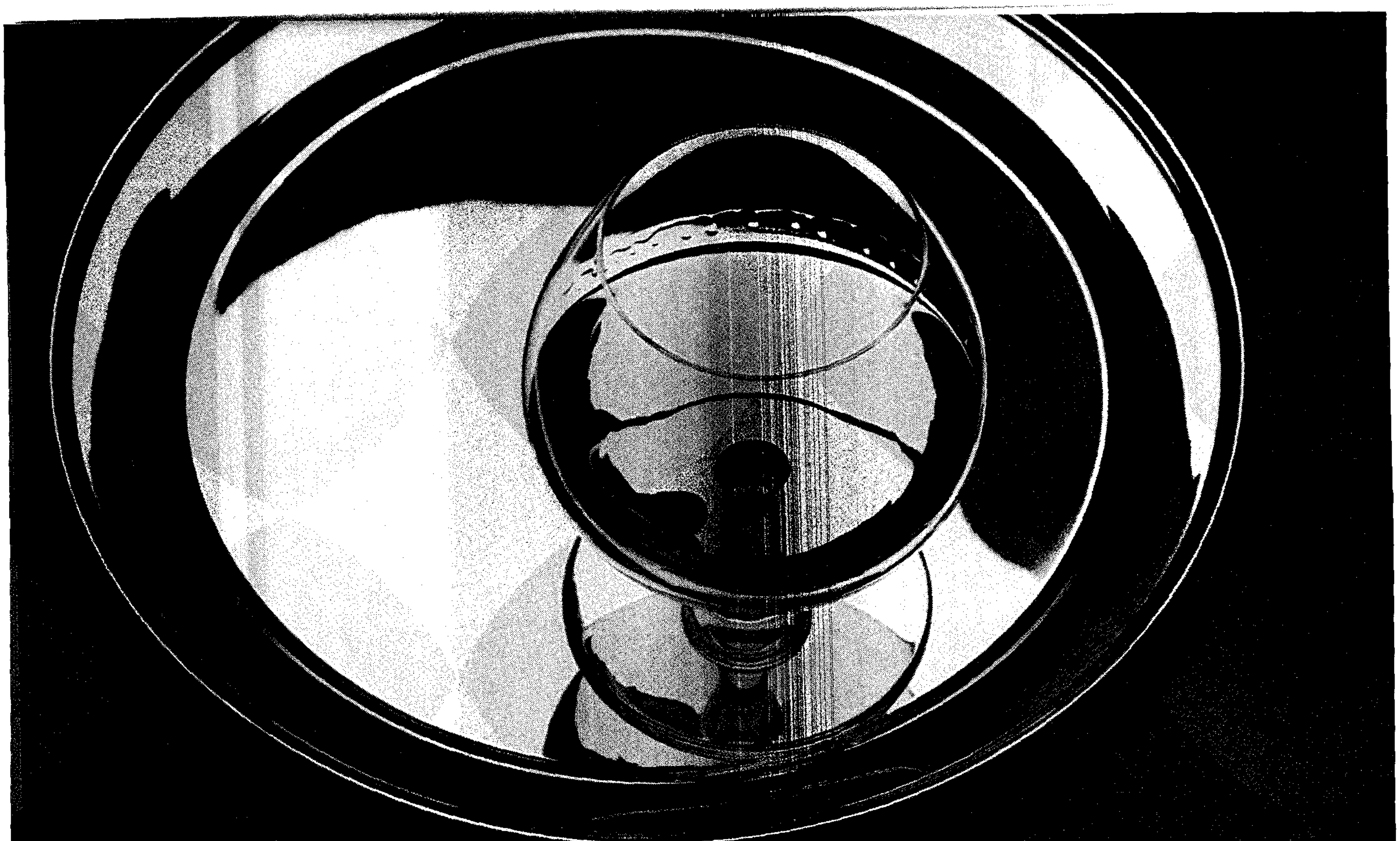
the story of the founding of the town of Macondo by José Arcadio Buendía and his wife, Úrsula Iguarán, and of the vagaries of the Buendía family through six generations of plagues, civil war, economic invasion, prosperity, and decline, up to the impending death of the last surviving Buendía and the disintegration of Macondo. The presiding spirit of the Buendía family is the old gypsy magus Melquíades, who, finding the solitude of death unbearable, returns to instruct those members of the family able to see him, and whose coded parchments, deciphered, ultimately, by the last Buendía, prove to be the book we are reading, since Melquíades is able to see backward and forward in time, as the novelist is. Melquíades' parchments "had concentrated a century of daily episodes in such a way that they coexisted in one instant," just as García Márquez has done. Throughout the torrential progress of the book, time is both foreseen and remembered, its natural sequence disrupted by premonition and recurrence. Magical happenings, supernatural perceptions, miracles, and cataclysmic disasters are so closely attendant on characters and events that the book seems to contain all human history compressed into the vicissitudes of a village, and yet each of the Buendías is eccentrically and memorably separate as a character. García Márquez is bewitched by the notion of fiction as a form of magic, which can make free with human time. For the novelist, "everything is known," as Melquíades reiterates in the book. And toward the end of the novel García Márquez observes, in the persona of Aureliano Buendía, that "literature was the best toy ever invented for making fun of people"—a conviction that would certainly be shared by an antic Borges.

The same preoccupation with literature as a secret language is apparent in the fact that García Márquez has strewn the text with personal allusions—dates correspond to the birthdays of his family and friends, his wife appears fleetingly as a character, as he does himself, family jokes are written in—adding to the book a private dimension of his own. In the same way, the book invokes the works of his fellow Latin-American novelists. The names of characters from novels of Carlos Fuentes, Julio Cortázar, and Alejo Carpentier crop up in the text, a passage recalls Juan Rulfo, and there are scenes consciously in the manner of Carpentier, Asturias, and Vargas Llosa, in a kind of affectionate homage. "Every good novel is a riddle of the world," García Márquez remarked to Vargas Llosa; and the more one discovers about the book and its genesis—thanks largely to Vargas Llosa—the more one realizes that García Márquez emptied himself into it totally. It is the coming into being of the book, in fact, that turns out to be the most revealing clue to its extraordinary nature.



To Vargas Llosa, García Márquez made a statement that would appear to be another of his whimseys, except for the fact that he has emphasized the point many times. "Everything I have written I knew or I had heard before I was eight years old," he said. "From that time on, nothing interesting has happened to me." Talking to the critic Plinio Apuleyo Mendoza, he also said, "In my books, there is not a single line that is not founded on a real happening. My family and my old friends are well aware of it. People say to me, 'Things just happen to you that happen to no one else.' I think they happen to everybody, but people don't have the sensibility to take them in or the disposition to notice them." "One Hundred Years of Solitude" is so full of improbable happenings and apparently grotesque invention that it seems at first perverse of García Márquez to claim these as part of his boyhood experience. Yet I think that these statements have to be taken very seriously indeed, for, on examination, they throw a great deal of light on the genesis and nature of the novel.

GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ was born in 1928 in the township of Aracataca, in the Colombian province of Magdalena, in the swampy region between the Caribbean and the mountains, and for the first eight years of his life—the crucial years, by his own account—his parents left him behind in Aracataca, in the care of his maternal grandparents, Colonel Nicolás Márquez Iguarán and Doña Tranquilina Iguarán Cotes. His grandparents had settled in Aracataca when it was little more than a village, in the wake of the pulverizing civil war, the War of a Thousand Days, which lasted from 1899 until 1903, and in which Colonel Márquez had fought on the Liberal side against the Conservatives, Aracataca itself being a Liberal outpost. They had lived there through the frenzied years of the "green gold"—the banana fever that brought foreign exploiters and relative prosperity to the region,



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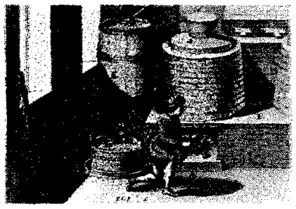

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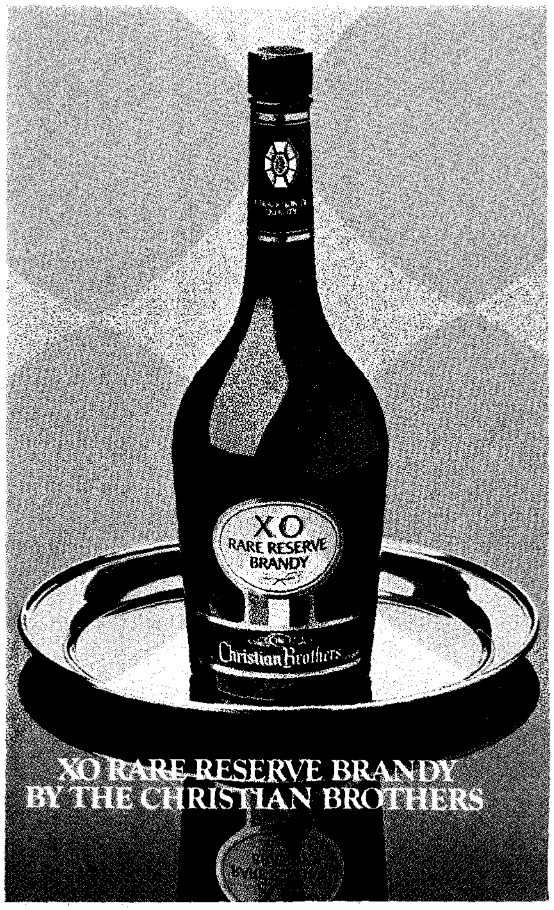

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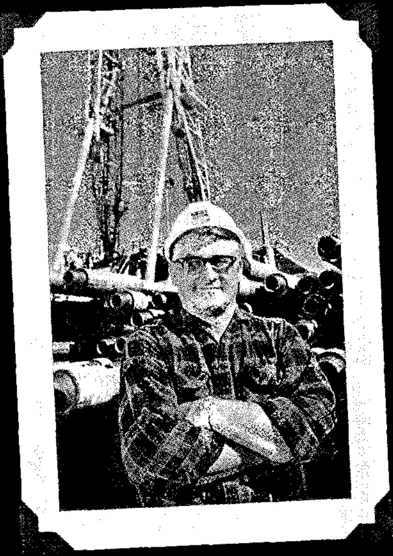

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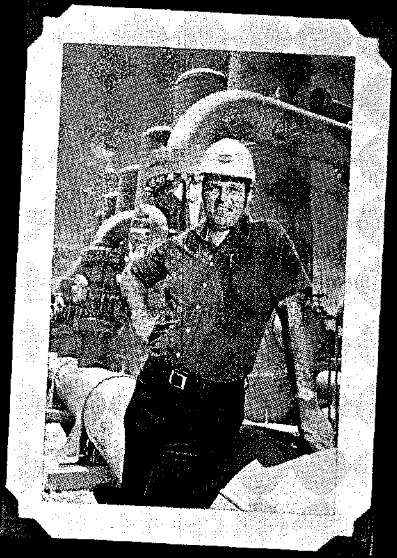

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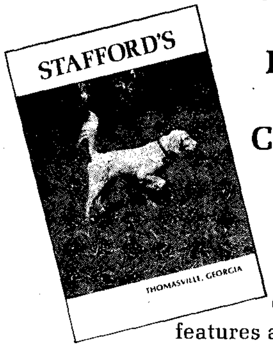

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then subsided around 1920 in a wave of disaffection and economic distress. The grandparents were first cousins, and enjoyed a position of esteem in Aracataca, occupying the most prominent house in the place—a house that they peopled with stories. It was through his grandparents that the bulk of the material that later gushed out in "One Hundred Years of Solitude" entered García Márquez' awareness; they remain, he says, the dominant influence in his life, in their separate ways. Vargas Llosa's account of the novelist's childhood draws attention to circumstances and events in these early years which later found their place in the novel. One of García Márquez' earliest memories is of his grandfather's leading him by the hand through the town to see a travelling circus—a foreshadowing of the first chapter of the novel. The Colonel would read to the boy from the encyclopedia and from "The Thousand and One Nights," the only books he remembers from these years, and would ply him with stories of the civil war, in which the Colonel had been a companion-in-arms of the Liberal General Rafael Uribe Uribe, whose exploits became the model for Colonel Aureliano Buendía in the novel. To read the history of the War of a Thousand Days is bizarre enough; but to have it recounted and embellished by an old man who took part in it, and who must in any case have assumed mythic proportions for the boy, must have lodged all that material deep enough for it to go undented by fact or subsequent experience. Tales of the banana fever, which brought to Aracataca a sudden prosperity and a foreign population, reached him in the same way—from the people who had lived through it. His grandfather waited throughout his life for a chimerical pension promised to Liberal veterans by the Conservatives but never delivered—a state of affairs that is the spine of García Márquez' earlier and most celebrated story, "No One Writes to the Colonel," a noble invocation of the spirit of his grandfather. There are other precise precedents: as a young man, Colonel Márquez had been forced to kill a man in a dispute and, although in the right, had had to settle in a new town—the same circumstance that leads to the founding of Macondo by José Arcadio Buendía. García Márquez remembers his grandfather's saying to him repeatedly, "You cannot imagine how much a dead man weighs." Colonel Márquez also fathered a crop of illegitimate sons dur-

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ing the civil wars, as does Colonel Aureliano Buendía in the novel. Already, the two worlds are difficult to keep separate. People, events past and present, real and fabulous, the encyclopedia and "The Thousand and One Nights"—all occupy the same dimension.

García Márquez has always claimed that his literary style came from his grandmother, Doña Tranquilina; and she is certainly the source of all the extraordinary women in the novel, whose domestic intuitions challenge the excessive and often misguided rationality of the men. He recalls her waking him up in bed to tell him stories; and she would keep up a running conversation in the large, empty house with dead relatives, so that to him the house seemed peopled with presences. She appears to have drawn no distinction between legend and event, nor would any such distinction have made much sense to García Márquez at that time. It is to her that he attributes the blurring of the magical with the real. In an interview with Plinio Apuleyo Mendoza, he cites one example:

> When I was about five, an electrician came to our house to change the meter. He came a number of times. On one of them, I found my grandmother trying to shoo a yellow butterfly from the kitchen with a cloth and muttering, "Every time that man comes, this yellow butterfly appears in the house."

The memory is transmogrified in the novel into the character of Mauricio Babilonia, whose appearances are always accompanied by yellow butterflies. Another of the magical happenings in the novel—when Remedios the Beauty, an unearthly creature beyond human love, whose appearance drives men wild, ascends one day into Heaven as she is folding sheets in the garden—is clarified by García Márquez in conversation with Vargas Llosa:

> The explanation of that is much simpler, much more banal than it appears. There was a girl who corresponded exactly to my description of Remedios in the book. Actually, she ran away from home with a man, and the family, not wishing to face the shame of it, announced, straight-faced, that they had seen her folding sheets in the garden and that afterward she had ascended into Heaven. At the moment of writing, I preferred the family's version to the real one.

Similarly, the strike of banana workers in the novel, which ends in their being massacred, is based on the killing of striking banana workers in Ciénaga, in the province of Magdalena, in 1928. García Márquez remembers hearing stories of it as a boy, but at the same

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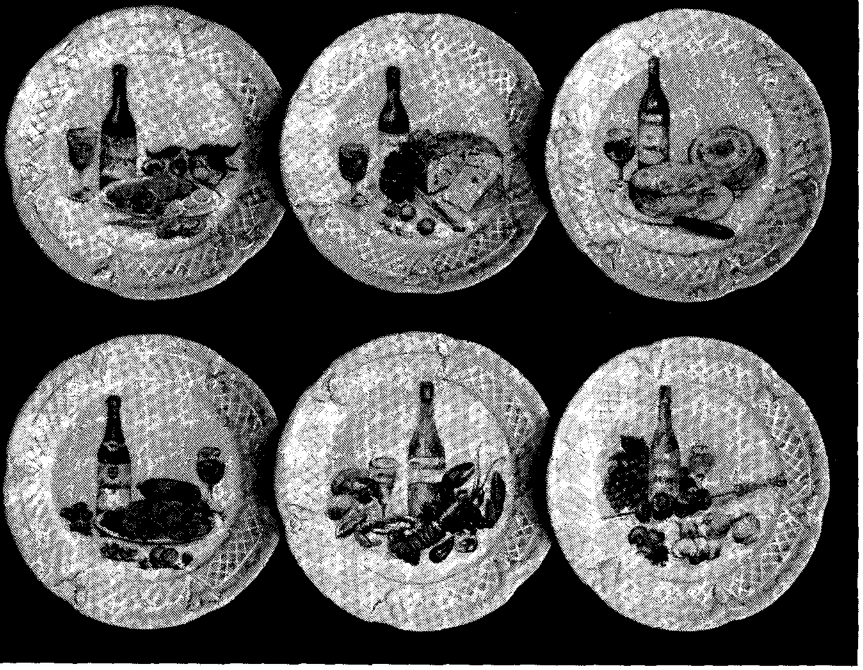

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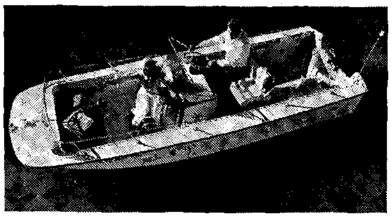

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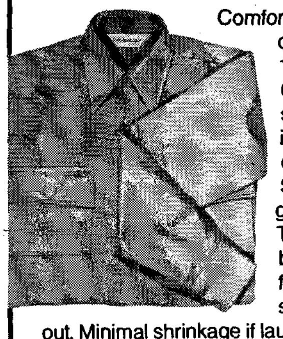

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time hearing it denied by others, who accepted the official lie, that it had never happened, just as the survivors in Macondo are made to disremember it. As a boy, listening to the running fables of Aracataca, he drew no line between the fabulous and the real, the true and the false, the subjective and the objective. With the stories, a world entered whole into his imagination. The problem when he faced the writing of "One Hundred Years of Solitude" was to find a way of reproducing that wholeness.

Without further example, I think we can take García Márquez with complete seriousness when he talks of the superimportance of those first eight years. They also throw light on the "solitude" of the title, which is the solitude he describes himself as experiencing in the vast house in Aracataca, with its ghosts and its stories, temporarily abandoned by his own parents to the care of the two eccentric grandparents, whose lives seemed so remote from his own. All the Buendías in the book are similarly enclosed in the glass bubbles of their own destinies, fulfilling separate fates, touching one another only briefly, in passing, possessed by their own secrets.

Given that his early life was a tangible experiencing of *lo real maravilloso*, this was far from a guarantee that García Márquez was to become a writer; if that were so, we should be knee-deep in extraordinary novels. More had to happen; and perhaps the decisive experience was a journey García Márquez took with his mother back to Aracataca to sell the house of his grandparents some seven years after he had left it, on their death. He describes the shock of discovering the town, and the house of his childhood, transposed by time, shrunken, empty, altered. The experience, he says, imprinted deeply in him the desire to find and preserve the Aracataca of his grandparents, the wholeness of his first world; he could not credit that it no longer existed. It did exist; or, at least, it would. On that same journey, Aracataca was metamorphosed into Macondo, the mythical Aracataca of his boyhood; for as the train came to a halt close to the town he saw out of its window the name Macondo on a sign. Macondo was the name of a run-down banana plantation; but it also had a certain currency in local legend as a kind of never-never land from which people did not return.

From that point on, García Márquez lived an itinerant life that produced four books, stories, film scripts, and a slew of newspaper articles. He began, very young, a book—which he never finished—called "La Casa," an evocation of the legendary house of his grandparents. He threw himself into a literary apprenticeship, reading Amadís de Gaula, Defoe, Rabelais, Balzac, Hemingway, Faulkner, Virginia Woolf, Camus—all the authors who have been invoked as influences on his work. But he was after something in which they could only assist him. He became a journalist, first in Colombia, then in Europe and the United States, turning his attention to writing on his own when he could; but these were turbulent years for him, and the book inside him seemed perpetually out of reach. It was not until he was settled in Mexico in the sixties, writing film scripts after a period of barrenness, that he suddenly found what he had been seeking so long—the focus and the manner ample enough to contain the wholeness of his early vision. He describes to Vargas Llosa how, one day in January of 1965, he was driving his family from Mexico City to Acapulco when the book tugged imperatively at his sleeve. "It was so clear that I could have dictated the first chapter there and then, word for word." He turned the car, went back to Mexico City, closeted himself for the next eighteen months, working every day without letup, and emerged at the end with the complete manuscript of "One Hundred Years of Solitude," which was immediately accepted by Editorial Sudamericana, in Buenos Aires, and was published, in June of 1967, with almost no emendations.

The four books García Márquez wrote on the way to "One Hundred Years of Solitude"—the novel "La Hojarasca" ("Leaf Storm"), published in 1955; the long story "El Coronel No Tiene Quien Le Escriba" ("No One Writes to the Colonel"), published in 1958; the novel "La Mala Hora" ("The Evil Hour"), of 1961; and the collection of stories "Los Funerales de la Mamá Grande" ("Big Mama's Funeral"), of 1962—are now, inevitably, combed by readers for any signs of and references to the huge flowering that followed; and, indeed, "Leaf Storm" is set in Macondo, which also makes a more substantial appearance in "Big Mama's Funeral." It is easy to understand the frustration García Márquez felt on the publication of each book, for he had not yet found a way of writing adequate to contain and keep whole the intricate vision he had of his own many-layered Macon-

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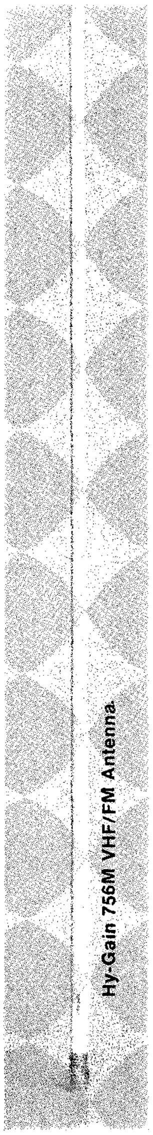

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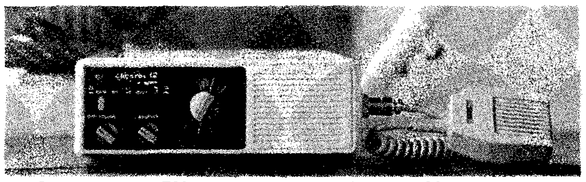

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lo. But the early books show him to be a considerable story writer; "No One Writes to the Colonel" is a meticulousy well-written, spare story, its character beautifully drawn. The early stoies are understated and ironic, but by he time García Márquez came to vrite the story "Big Mama's Funeral" he surface realism had begun to crack, and excursions of fancy intruded into he narrative. In the novels, too, he vas experimenting—in "Leaf Storm" vith writing of the same reality from lifferent vantage points, and in "The Evil Hour" with the complexities of a ext within a text. But a spare realism ould not contain the bulging of the magination that was showing up increasingly in his work.

Two things were still lacking to the novelist—a unifying tone and manner o contain the immense running narraive, and some device to allow him the all-seeing vantage point he required as narrator. It is worth taking another ook at where García Márquez stood n relation to the material, the unwriten book, at this stage. He had clear and detailed in his head the magical Macondo narrated to him whole by his grandparents, and the boy's percepion of it in its wholeness, and he had he memory of going back later and perceiving its disintegration, its death. This double perception made him into a magical being, a child with foreknowledge. The novelist also has foreknowledge. But what must have eluded García Márquez all this time was where and how to situate himself in reation to his narrative.

The solution, clearly, must have come o him in the form of Melquíades, the old gypsy magus, who is befriended by José Arcadio Buendía, the founder of Macondo, and who occasionally returns from death to attend certain of the Buendías. Melquíades knows past and future. He records the whole history of he Buendía family in code on his parchments, but they are condemned to ive in time, and cannot know it. So as Melquíades the novelist could situate himself in the proper magical reraion to his narrative, since for him, oo, everything is known. Melquíades' parchments are to be the novel.

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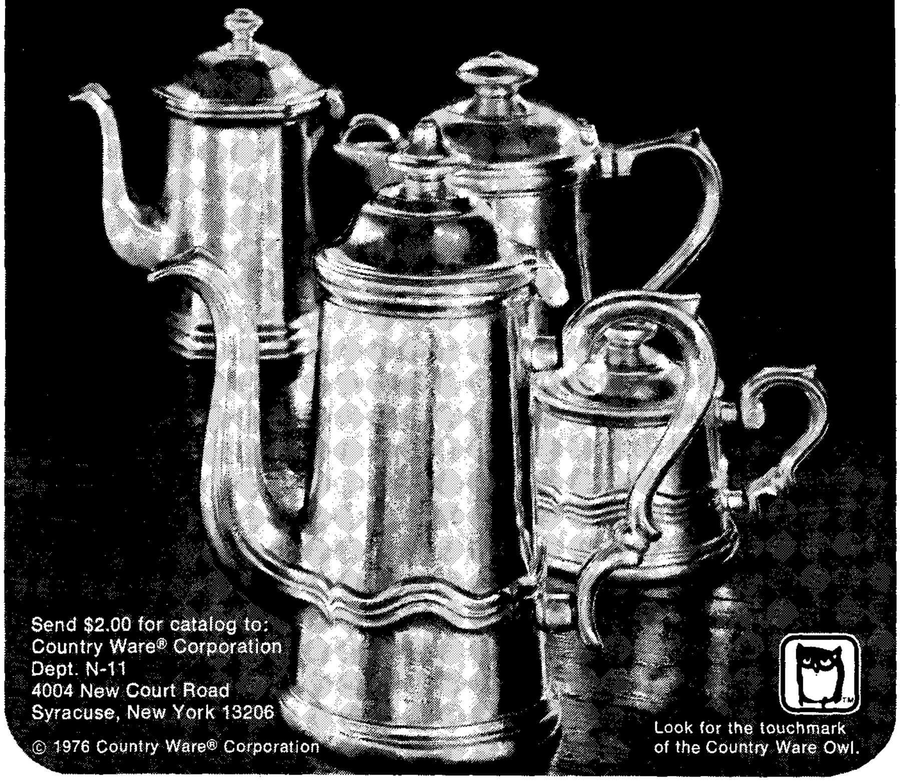

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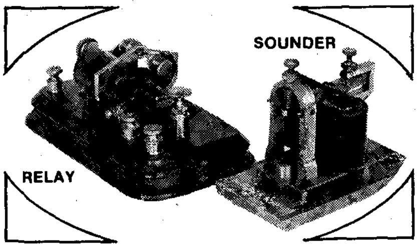

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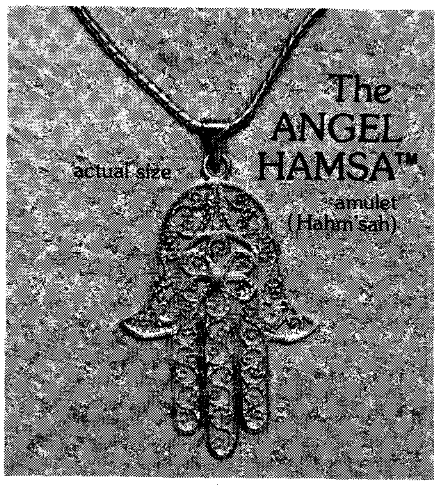
is taking place. We are situated in both dimensions at once. Thus the story is told, looking backward, of a present full of premonition; and memory and dream and fable and miracle are able to intrude into the narrative without any inconsistency. The novel as story is freed from linear time, and sentences are able to refer backward and forward, although firmly rooted in the physicality of the present. "When the pirate Sir Francis Drake attacked Riohacha in the sixteenth century, Úrsula Iguarán's great-great-grandmother became so frightened with the ringing of alarm bells and the firing of cannons that she lost control of her nerves and sat down on a lighted stove." The accident causes her family to move to a settlement where they befriend the Buendía family, and is repeatedly invoked as the initiatory event in the eventual history of Macondo, for Úrsula eventually marries José Arcadio Buendía and, as a consequence, "every time that Úrsula became exercised over her husband's mad ideas, she would leap back over three hundred years of fate and curse the day that Sir Francis Drake had attacked Riohacha." The remote past crops up in the running present; the generations of the Buendías reflect one another, forward and backward. And as Aureliano Babilonia, the last surviving Buendía, is given by his imminent death the insight to decode the parchments of Melquíades, he discovers "that Sir Francis Drake had attacked Riohacha only so that they could seek each other through the most intricate labyrinths of blood until they would engender the mythological animal that was to bring the line to an end." The narrative continues: "It was foreseen that the city of mirrors (or mirages) would be wiped out by the wind and exiled from the memory of men at the precise moment when Aureliano Babilonia would finish deciphering the parchments, and that everything written on them was unrepeatable since time immemorial and forever more, because races condemned to one hundred years of solitude did not have a second opportunity on earth."

In a long published interview with Fernández Brasó, García Márquez spoke of his search for a style:

> I had to live twenty years and write four books of apprenticeship to discover that the solution lay at the very root of the problem: I had to tell the story, simply, as my grandparents told it, in an imperturbable tone, with a serenity in the face of evidence which did not change even though the world were falling in



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on them, and without doubting at any moment what I was telling, even the most frivolous or the most truculent, as though these old people had realized that in literature there is nothing more convincing than conviction itself.

It is the word "imperturbable" that leaps out; it is the key to the running tone of "One Hundred Years of Solitude." Surprising events are chronicled without any expression of surprise, and comic events with a straight face; the real and the magical are juxtaposed without comment or judgment; the dead and living interact in the same unaltering prose dimension. García Márquez is an accomplished exaggerator, as was his grandfather, by repute; but his Neruda-like lists of wonders have a numerical exactness which humanizes them and makes them into facts of perception. The rains that devastate Macondo last "for four years, eleven months, and two days." The astonishing is made matter-of-fact, and the matter-of-fact is a running astonishment: "Colonel Aureliano Buendía organized thirty-two armed uprisings and he lost them all. He had seventeen male children by seventeen different women and they were exterminated one after the other on a single night before the oldest one had reached the age of thirty-five. He survived fourteen attempts on his life, seventy-three ambushes, and a firing squad." The spinster Amaranta Buendía has a clear and unperturbed premonition of her own death:

> She saw it because it was a woman dressed in blue with long hair, with a sort of antiquated look, and with a certain resemblance to Pilar Ternera during the time when she had helped with the chores in the kitchen. . . . Death did not tell her when she was going to die . . . but ordered her to begin sewing her own shroud on the next sixth of April. She was authorized to make it as complicated and as fine as she wanted . . . and she was told that she would die without pain, fear, or bitterness at dusk on the day that she finished it. Trying to waste the most time possible, Amaranta ordered some rough flax and spun the thread herself. She did it so carefully that the work alone took four years. Then she started the sewing. . . . One week before she calculated that she would take the last stitch on the night of February 4, and, without revealing the motives, she suggested to Meme that she move up a clavichord concert that she had arranged for the day after. . . . At eight in the morning, she took the last stitch in the most beautiful piece of work that any woman had ever finished, and she announced without the least bit of dramatics that she was going to die at dusk. She not only told the family but the whole town, because Amaranta had conceived of the idea that she could make up for a life of meanness with one

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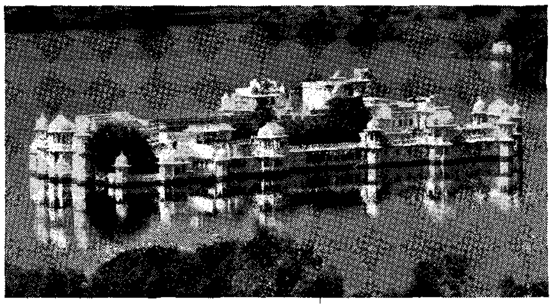

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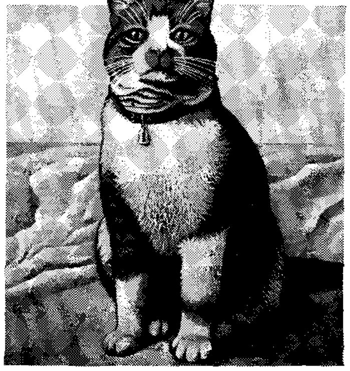

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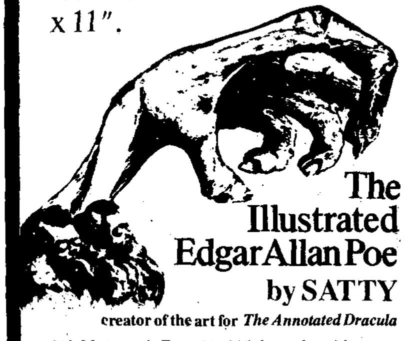

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last favor to the world, and she thought that no one was in a better position to take letters to the dead.

The book is rooted in the domestic detail of the Buendía household; tragedy, disaster, and death are accommodated, along with magical events, as they intrude into the continuing life of the family. One of the Buendía sons is shot in another part of Macondo:

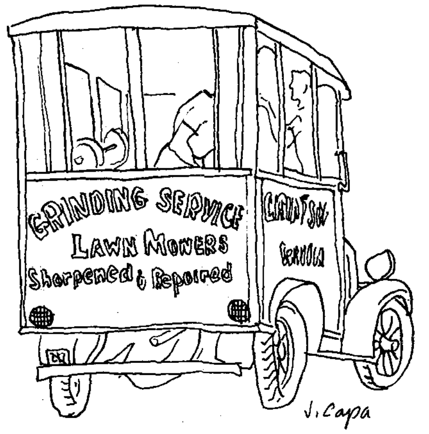
> A trickle of blood came out under the door, crossed the living room, went out into the street, continued on in a straight line across the uneven terraces, went down steps and climbed over curbs, passed along the Street of the Turks, turned a corner to the right and another to the left, made a right angle at the Buendía house, went in under the closed door, crossed through the parlor, hugging the walls so as not to stain the rugs, went on to the other living room, made a wide curve to avoid the dining-room table, went along the porch with the begonias, and passed without being seen under Amaranta's chair as she gave an arithmetic lesson to Aureliano José, and went through the pantry and came out in the kitchen, where Úrsula was getting ready to crack thirty-six eggs to make bread.

In addition to maintaining its even, unsurprised tone, the narrative is reduced starkly to its physical essentials; the astonishment is left to the reader. The novel is crowded with events and characters, comic, grotesque, real and unreal (the distinction no longer has meaning), and the transitions are bland and direct. The touchstone is the running narrative of the writer's grandparents, as perceived by the innocent, unjudging, undifferentiating eye of the boy in Aracataca. When movies are first shown in Macondo, the townspeople "became indignant over the living images that the prosperous merchant Bruno Crespi projected in the theatre with the lion-head ticket windows, for a character who had died and was buried in one film and for whose misfortune tears of affliction had been shed would reappear alive and transformed into an Arab in the next one," and "the audience, who paid two cents apiece to share the difficulties of the actors, would not tolerate that outlandish fraud and they broke up the seats." In Macondo, the wheel is invented with daily regularity.

But the ruthless paring down to physical essentials and the even, matter-of-fact tone are not the only distinguishing features of the book's style; its other remarkable element is its rhythm, its flow. The sentences are constructed with a running inevitability to them. The narrative never pauses but flows on, impervious to the events, disastrous and wondrous, it relates; it is time flowing, the steady current of day-to-day detail. In that flow everything is synthesized and swept along, everything is contained. It is the rhythm that lends the book its feeling of process. Nothing stops the flow of the narrative. Conversations are gnomic exchanges in passing. The book flows on like running water to its inevitable end, which leaves us holding the deciphered version of Melquíades' parchments, ready to begin them again.

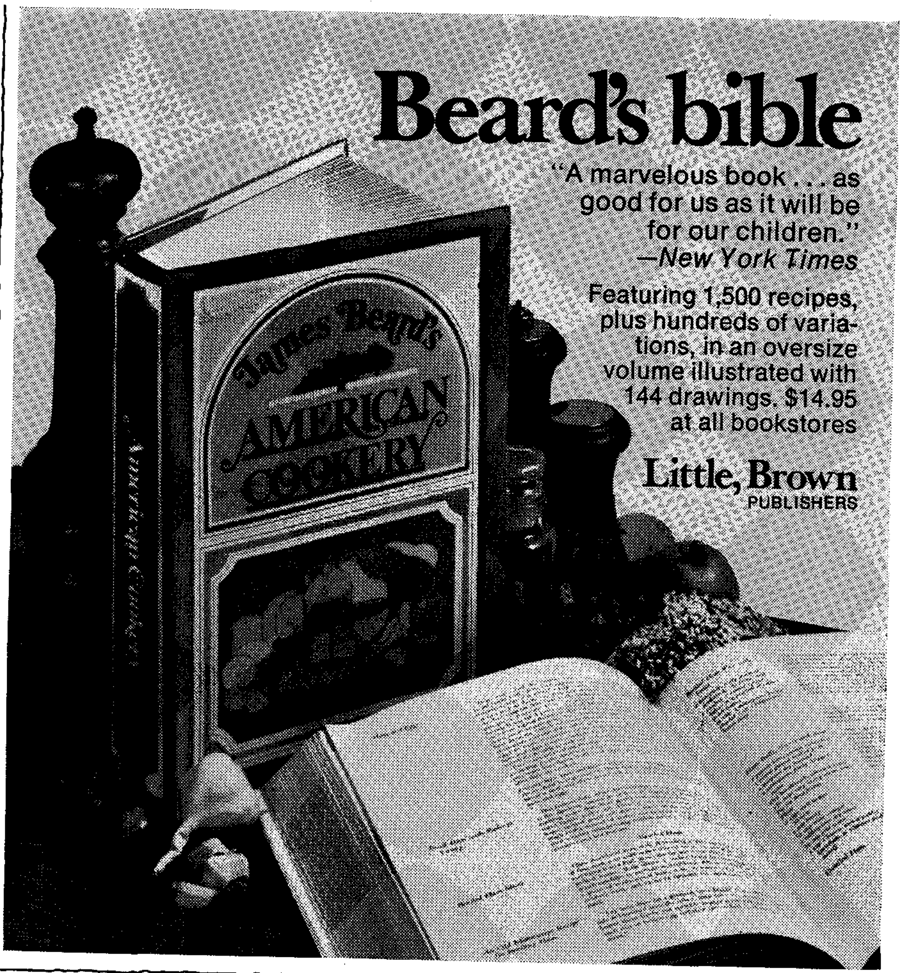
Things go round again in the same cycles; progress is an illusion, change merely an attribute of time—these attitudes implicit in the book exude from the history and being not just of Aracataca-Macondo and Colombia but o the Latin-American continent. Yet the manner in which this fate is accepted and come to terms with is what gives Latin Americans their distinguishing humanity; their measure is a human one. The solitude of the Buendías is their fate; but their reactions to that fate are supremely human—obsessively Promethean and absurdly courageou on the part of the men, tenacious and down-to-earth on the part of the women—and are always leavened with a humorous energy. They assume to the full the responsibility of being their idiosyncratic selves. For the inhabitants of Macondo, there is no body of outside knowledge to refer to. What they know is what they perceive; what they come to terms with is their fate, their own death. García Márquez' twin obsessions—with the original, eccentric sense of human awe lodged in him as a child, and with the discovery of a language ample enough to contain that view in its wholeness—come together so inextricably in "One Hundred Years of Solitude" that the world becomes a book.

The degree to which "One Hundred Years of Solitude" has been acclaimed in translation is a measure of how successful García Márquez is in universalizing his material. Almost monotonously, the book has been



named best foreign novel as it has emerged in other languages. The Italians and the Yugoslavs turned apoplectic in their praise of it, while English reviewers almost universally referred to it as "a fantasy"—a term one must be extremely cautious about applying to García Márquez. Obviously, the book was not being lost in translation; but then for a translator it raises no insurmountable technical problems. The language is crystal-clear and physical, the wordplay is minimal, the vocabulary exotic but containable. The challenge for a translator lies in reproducing the extraordinary running rhythm of the original—García Márquez' sentences are carefully phrased, musically, for the ear; the narrative movement is orchestrated by their rhythm, as García Márquez' own recorded reading of the first chapter makes particularly clear. I can only wonder whether the rhythm of the original is possible to maintain in languages with a sound pattern drastically different from Spanish. But where the rhythm is concerned the English translation, by Gregory Rabassa, is something of a masterpiece, for it is almost matched to the tune of the Spanish, never lengthening or shortening sentences but following them measure for measure. García Márquez insists that he prefers the English translation to the original, which is tantamount to saying they are interchangeable—the near-unattainable point of arrival for any translator.

The best of the Latin-American writing in English owes about two-thirds of its existence to Rabassa, for, single-handed, he has translated the milestone novels of Vargas Llosa, José Lezama Lima, Julio Cortázar, Miguel Ángel Asturias, and many other writers varying enormously in substance and manner. The great virtue of his translations is their intelligence. He perceives from his reading of the original precisely what is being made to happen in the language, and then reproduces the effect meticulously in English. No style seems to be beyond his ability to reproduce, and he deals always wisely with untranslatables. I would cite his version of Miguel Ángel Asturias' "Mulata de Tal" as a brilliantly sustained example of his inventiveness, for I could not begin to imagine it in consistent English until it appeared, fully fleshed, in Rabassa's translation. The fluency of his English versions often makes me stop at a phrase so well-turned and natural in English that it appears to have no Spanish equivalent; but the original invariably shows it to be not only accurate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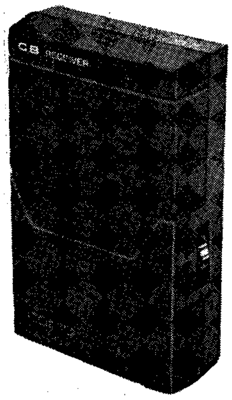

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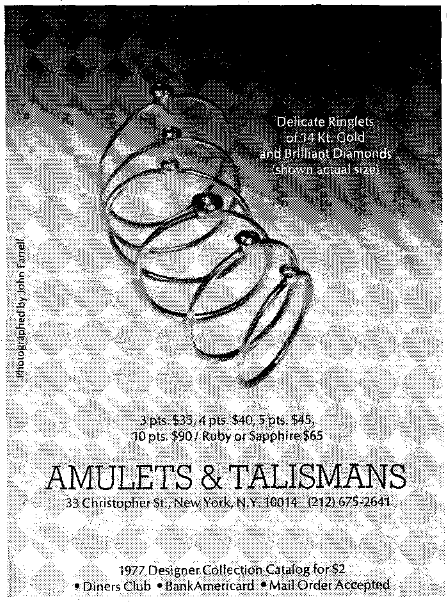

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but inspired—equivalence, not transliteration. The great distinction of his translations, it must be said, lies not principally in the fact that he reads the originals so perceptively in their own languages but in the fact that, in his own right, he is a considerable writer of English.

THE enthusiastic attention universally attracted by "One Hundred Years of Solitude" propelled García Márquez into a limelight he had not reckoned on, and for a time he became the running prey of literary interviewers and inquisitors, and the center of international curiosity. The question that preoccupied readers most—as it must have preoccupied him—was, what could he write next? "One Hundred Years of Solitude" had freed him from the obsessive preoccupation with unloading into language the Aracataca of his grandparents as he had perceived it; yet it had put a strain of expectation on his work. He settled into a relaxed, absorbed existence with his family in Barcelona, making a journey back to Latin America once a year. And then, in 1972, he published a collection of seven new stories, under the title "La Increíble y Triste Historia de la Cándida Eréndira y de su Abuela Desalmada" ("The Incredible and Sad Tale of Innocent Eréndira and Her Heartless Grandmother"). The title story had had two previous existences—one as a long anecdote in "One Hundred Years of Solitude," and the other as a film script—and now it arrived in a longer and more exotic version, like a written circus. Eréndira burns down her grandmother's house by accident, and she, in revenge, prostitutes her granddaughter in carnival procession through the villages of an interminable desert landscape to recoup her losses. The bare bones of the anecdote are fleshed out in the story, however, with an exuberance of detail and a mythic extension that clearly carry over from the novel; and in the other stories the realistic surface of things has all but disappeared. "The Sea of Lost Time," "A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings," "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World," "Blacamán the Good, Vendor of Miracles," "The Last Voyage of the Ghost Ship": the titles alone give some indication of where we are—face to face with magical events and extraordinary figures that, although they are no longer in Macondo, belong to the same dimension and wavelength, in which wonders are natural happenings. Most conspicuously, the style continues in the

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vein of exotic enumeration, imperturbably precise in the face of wonders.

One of the stories, "The Last Voyage of the Ghost Ship," is written in a manner that attempts to bring all its elements into a fusion even tighter than in the novel. A boy in a seaside village has once a year the vision of a huge liner without lights sailing across the bay in front of the village. He is disbelieved, first by his mother and then, on a subsequent occasion, by the villagers, who beat and ridicule him, so the following year he lies in wait, in a stolen rowboat, and leads the liner aground on the shoal in front of the village church. The story, dense in physical detail, is a running narrative of six pages, a single sentence that encompasses past and dream as part of a flowing present, a stream of consciousness not confined to any one consciousness—for characters intrude in the first person, the focal point keeps shifting, the objective and the subjective are parts of a larger whole. Again, the images are threaded on the continuing string of the rhythm. It was clear from this story that García Márquez had not yet satisfied his linguistic curiosity.

Extravagant of imagination, these stories showed him more determined than ever to embrace the wondrous as part of the natural—to destroy the distinction, to insist on the marvellous as real. He also seemed to be trying to embed linear narrative episodically in a larger language; but he could not abandon it, for he is an instinctive storyteller, most probably because of his profound experience as a storytellee. The compulsion intrudes into his conversation; he enfables his day. On one occasion, in Barcelona, when we met after an interim, I noticed that he had given up smoking—surprisingly, for he had been a fierce smoker. "I will tell you how to be free of smoking," he said to me. "First, you must decide that the cigarette, a dear friend who has been close to you for many years, is about to die. Death, as we know, is irremediable. You take a pristine packet of your favorite cigarettes—mine were those short black Celtas—and you bury it, with proper ceremony, in a grave you have prepared in the garden—I made a headstone for mine. Then, every Sunday—not oftener, for the memory is painful—you put flowers on the grave, and give thanks. Time passes. For me now, the cigarette is dead, and I have given up mourning."

In occasional interviews, García Márquez spoke of the book he was writing: a phantasmagorical study of a dictator who has lived for two hundred

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years; an exploration of the solitude of power. The book was a long time in the writing, and was promised long before it arrived, but was eventually published in March of 1975 under the title of "El Otoño del Patriarca." It now appears, fairly speedily re-created, in Gregory Rabassa's English version ("The Autumn of the Patriarch," Harper & Row). The first Spanish reviews were tinged with disappointment, since the reviewers obviously wanted to be back in Macondo. It took time for the book to separate itself from the powerful shadow of "One Hundred Years of Solitude." Besides, it is a book requiring very attentive reading at first, until one grows more comfortably familiar with its extraordinary style, for it goes even further, along the lines of "The Last Voyage of the Ghost Ship," toward fusing all its sprawling elements into one single stream of prose.

The book is set in an unspecified Caribbean country under the sway of a dictator who has lived longer than anyone can remember; and it is no more specific of time and place than that. Its point of departure—and the starting point for each of its six chapters—is a mob breaking into the decaying palace to find the dictator dead. As they poke wonderingly among the ruins of the palace, with "the felt on the billiard tables cropped by cows," they begin to brood, in their collective consciousness, on incidents in the dictator's reign, and the narrative shifts to these events, then passes without pausing into the dictator's consciousness, back into events and other consciousnesses, in continuous change. Linear time is abandoned, and even deliberately confused; everyone has forgotten the sequence of events while vividly remembering and juxtaposing the events themselves. Each chapter encompasses two or three crucial episodes in the dictator's career—set pieces of the imagination, like separate García Márquez stories inserted in the flow—alongside the natural and unnatural disasters: the occasional massacres of plotting generals, the coming of a comet, the occupation of the country by marines of a foreign power, the eventual selling of the country's sea. The dictator himself is never named, and there are only a few fully rounded, fully identified characters: the dictator's mother, Benedición Alvarado, the simple woman who accompanies him anxiously into power, and in whose memory, when his attempts to canonize her have failed, he declares war against the Holy See; his crony General Rodrigo de Aguilar, who, when he is discovered to be a traitor, is served up

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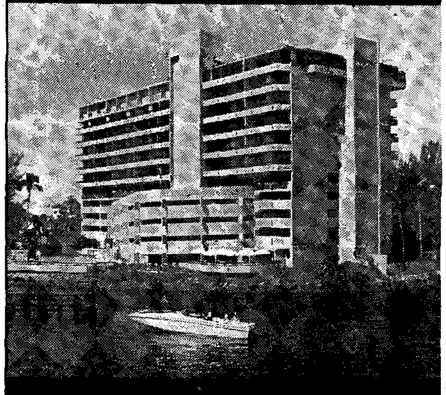

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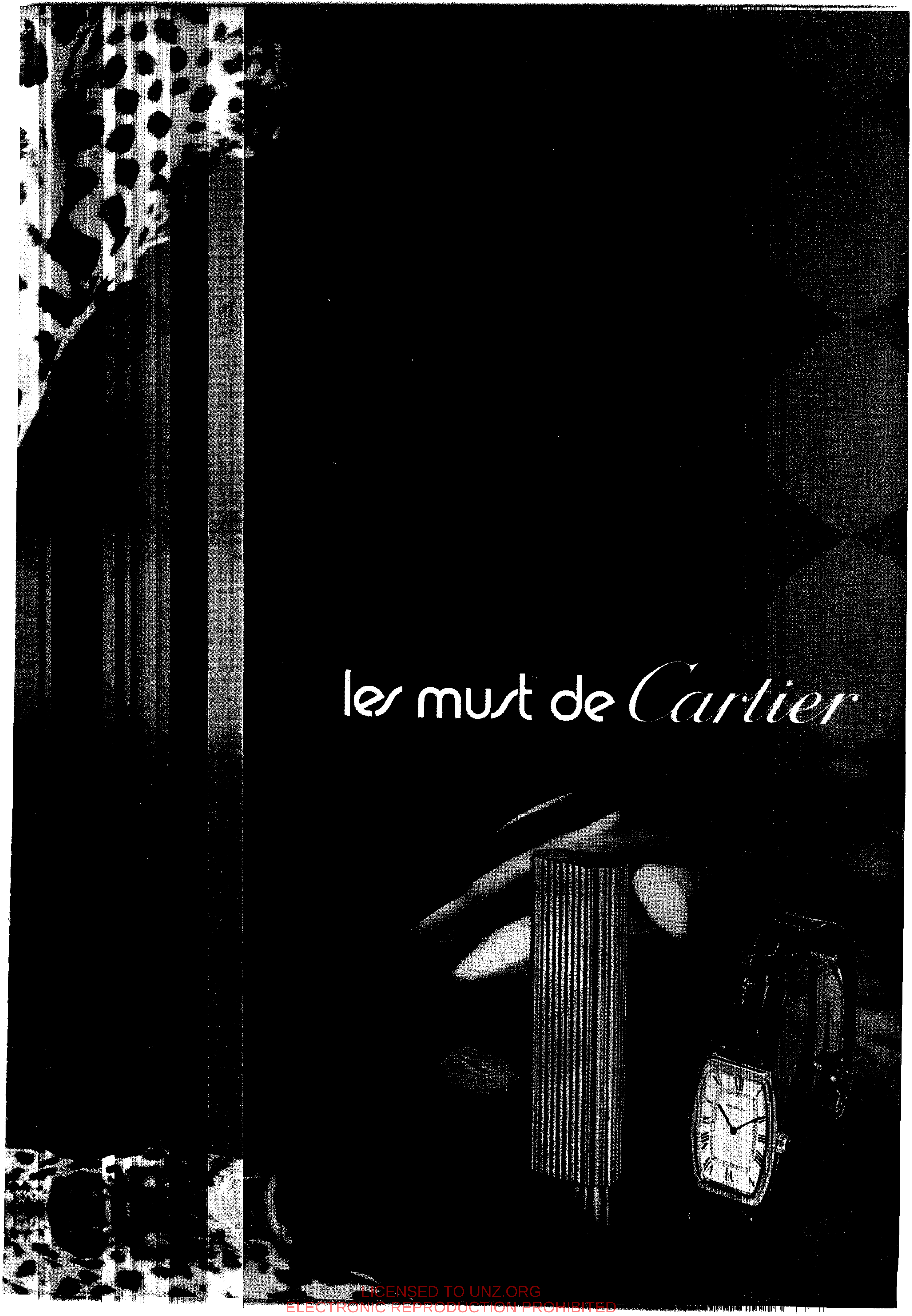

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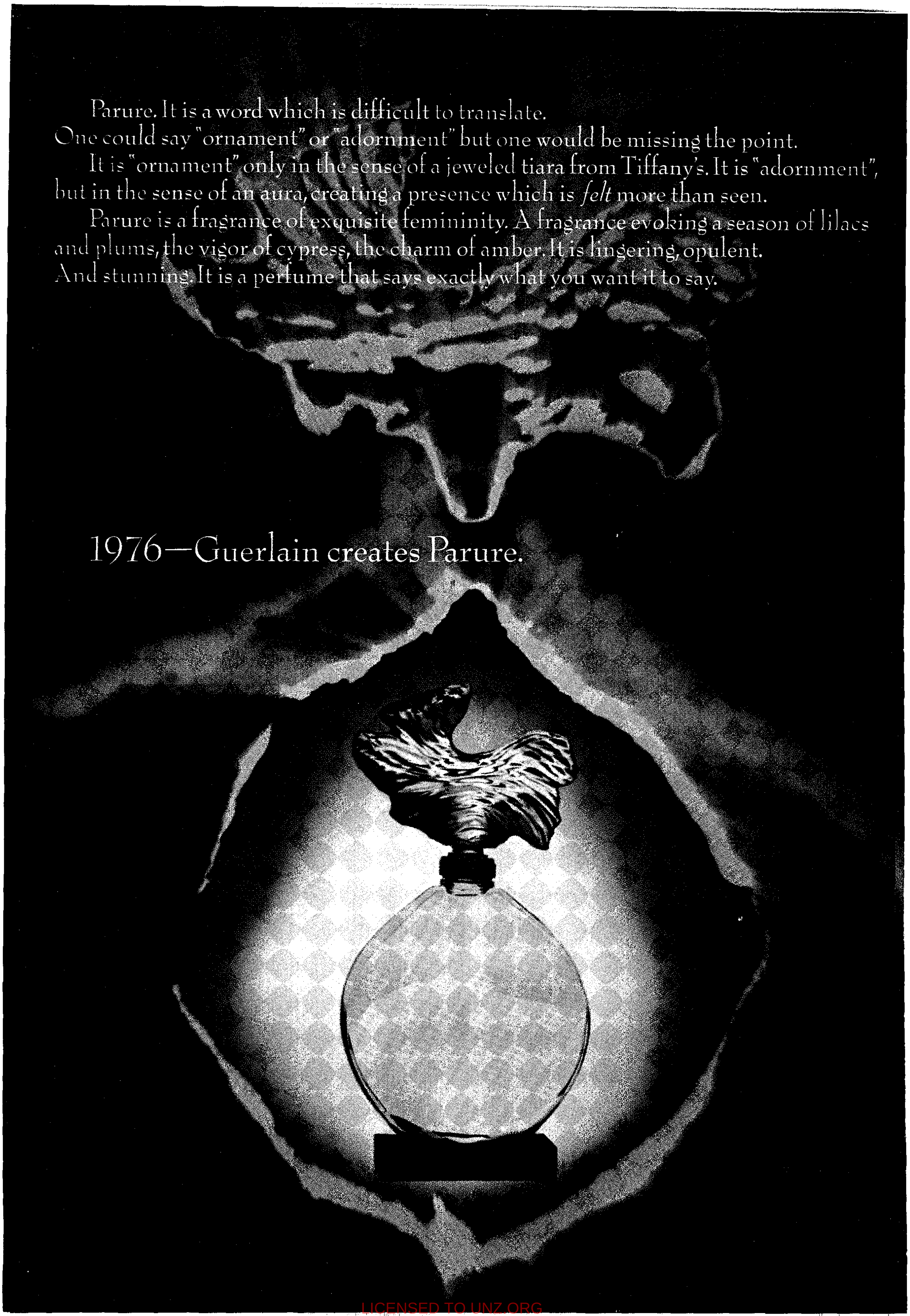

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by the dictator, roasted and garnished, at a feast of his brother officers; the novice nun Leticia Nazareno, whom he impulsively marries and is dominated by, and who, with her young son, already a general, is torn to pieces by specially trained wild dogs; Manuela Sánchez, the gypsy queen, who beguiles the dictator into transforming suburbs for her pleasure; José Ignacio Saenz de la Barra, his sleek and sinister favorite, who initiates a reign of terror the dictator can only survive, not control. The narrative keeps being picked up by other voices, other consciousnesses, always sharp in physical detail. There is a pervading domesticity to García Márquez' frame of reference; in one long passage we follow the dictator through the long and finicky ritual of going to bed, in the course of which he patrols the palace, dressing objects in asides of memory.

Technically, what García Márquez does in "The Autumn of the Patriarch" is to dispense with the sentence altogether as the unit of his prose, and substitute an intelligible flow that encompasses several shifts in vantage point. In one passage, the dictator is being besieged in his palace:

> I already told you not to pay them any heed, he said, dragging his graveyard feet along the corridors of ashes and scraps of carpets and singed tapestries, but they're going to keep it up, they told him, they had sent word that the flaming balls were just a warning, that the explosions will come after general sir, but he crossed the garden without paying attention to anyone, in the last shadows he breathed in the sound of the newborn roses, the disorders of the cocks in the sea wind, what shall we do general, I already told you not to pay any attention to them, God damn it, and as on every day at that hour he went to oversee the milking, so as on every day at that hour the insurrectionists in the Conde barracks saw the mule cart with the six barrels of milk from the presidential stable appear, and in the driver's seat there was the same lifetime carter with the oral message that the general sends you this milk even though you keep on spitting in the hand that feeds you, he shouted it out with such innocence that General Bonivento Barboza gave the order to accept it on the condition that the carter taste it first so that they could be sure it wasn't poisoned, and then they opened the iron gates and the fifteen hundred rebels looking down from the inside balconies saw the cart drive in to the center of the paved courtyard, they saw the orderly climb up onto the driver's seat with a pitcher and a ladle to give the carter the milk to taste, they saw him uncork the first barrel, they saw him floating in the ephemeral backwash of a dazzling explosion and they saw nothing else to the end of time in the volcanic heat of the mournful yellow mortar building in which no flower ever

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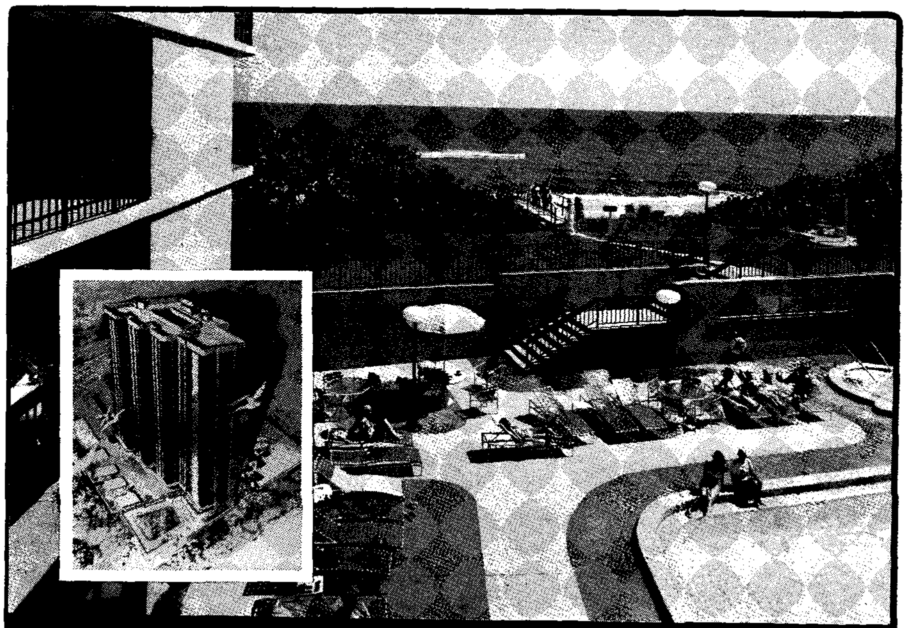

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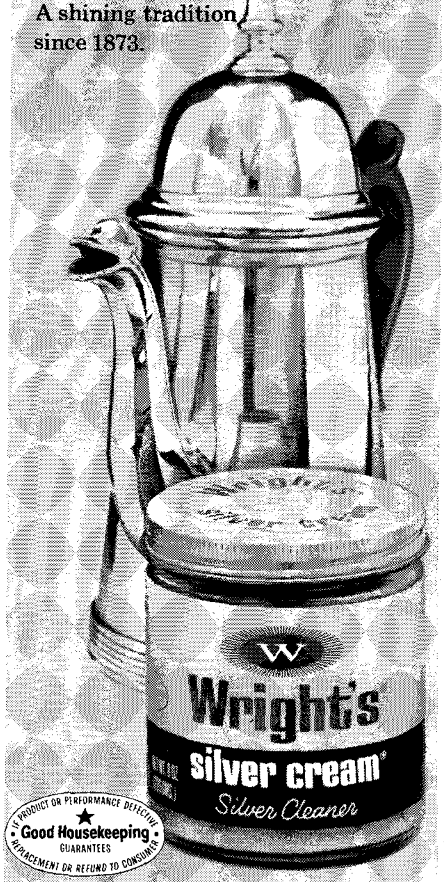
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> grew, whose ruins remained suspended for an instant in the air from the tremendous explosion of the six barrels of dynamite.

What García Márquez is after is a language that can contain individual consciousnesses but is not confined by any one, a language that can encompass a whole human condition, that can accommodate the contradictory illusions of which it is made up. Objective truth is only one illusion among a number of illusions, individual and tribal. Consciousness can be neither linear nor serial. The text, though still as sharp in physical particulars as ever, raises infinitely more problems for the translator than its predecessor did, for its sudden shifts in focus have to be handled in language in such a way as to take the reader's attention with them. Rabassa manages these beautifully. Again, his version is more than a translation: it is a matching in English of the original.

The book's preoccupation is with appearance, deception, and illusion, with lies transformed into illusions by the power of belief. Behind illusion there is only solitude—in this case, the solitude of power. The dictator, who can neither read nor write, governs "orally and physically." His power is beyond reason:

> you find him alive and bring him to me and if you find him dead bring him to me alive and if you don't find him bring him to me, an order so unmistakable and fearsome that before the time was up they came to him with the news general sir that they had found him.

The only person ever to tell him the truth is his double, Patricio Aragonés, as he is dying of poison meant for the dictator, but the dictator knows that truth is only his own whim, and language only another deception. Tuned in to the betrayals of others, he survives long beyond the point where his power has any meaning, a shambling old man-child trying to get a night's rest for his accompanying infirmities from his own grotesque and imperturbable image. Close to death (his second death, since he used the death of his double in order to claim rebirth), he broods:

> he learned to live with those and all the miseries of glory as he discovered in the course of his uncountable years that a lie is more comfortable than doubt, more useful than love, more lasting than truth, he had arrived without surprise at the ignominious fiction of commanding without power, of being exalted without glory and of being obeyed without authority

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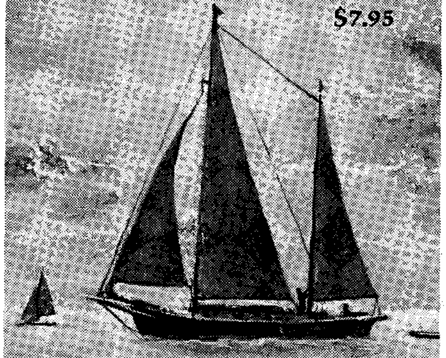

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him, so that he has no choice but to wear it. He keeps alive by his acute cunning, his nose for deception; at one point (after he has been taught to read by Leticia Nazareno), "the final oracles that governed his fate were the anonymous graffiti on the walls of the servants' toilets, in which he would decipher the hidden truths that no one would have dared reveal to him, not even you, Leticia, he would read them at dawn on his way back from the milking. . . . broadsides of hidden rancor which matured in the warm impunity of the toilets and ended up coming out onto the streets." Fictions outlive the need for them but refuse to die. The only refuge from deceptions is in solitude, yet it is out of solitude that we create the fictions to sustain us.

García Márquez may indeed leave behind some readers of "One Hundred Years of Solitude," for in "The Autumn of the Patriarch" he moves toward a complete mythifying of experience, into a total flow that cannot be checked by any reality. Realities of Colombian history occur as fact, legend, and lie, all three; rumor, gossip, fairy tale, dream, illusion, memory all tumble over one another in the book's perception. It has to be taken whole, for wholeness, again, is what it is after. The grossness of its cruelties and lecheries is told in an even, unwavering tone, grotesque in detail; they are part of the book's condition. "The Autumn of the Patriarch" is bound to be compared to Miguel Ángel Asturias' "El Señor Presidente," but Asturias' book is a study of dictatorship as evil and his ironies are savage. García Márquez is more concerned with dictatorship as myth in the popular mind (that fountain of invention to which he appears to have unlimited access). Like "One Hundred Years of Solitude," the book ought to be given three or four readings, for it deserves them, and rewards them. It is a formidable piece of invention, and it pushes the discoveries of "One Hundred Years of Solitude" further, closer to a contained whole. García Márquez' writing has always been illuminated by the transformations his imagination is capable of making, the humanity of his perception, his accurate astonishment, even on the small scale, in a phrase or a minor incident. Patricio Aragonés upbraids the dictator for "making me drink turpentine so I would forget how to read and write." The dictator, waking up suddenly in fear, "felt that the ship of the universe had reached some port while he was asleep." And, we are told, "on one national holiday she [the dictator's

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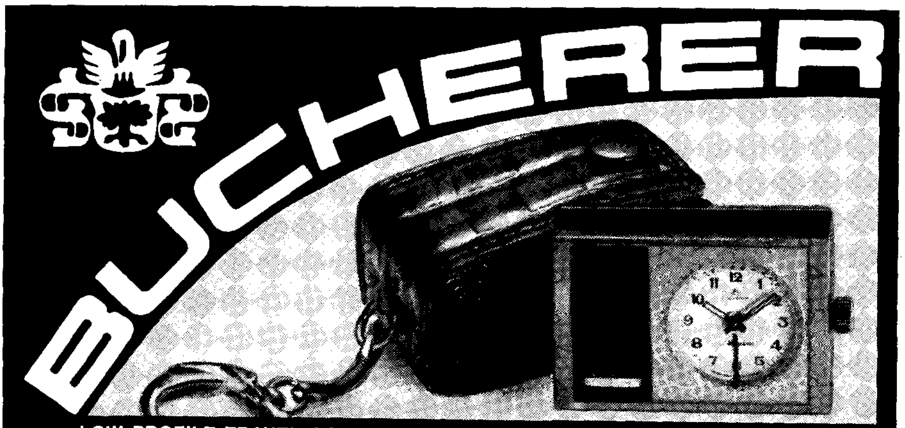

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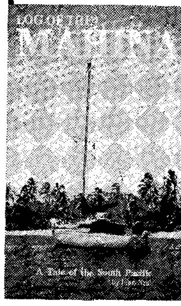

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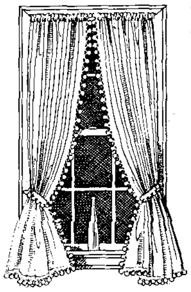

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mother] had made her way through the guard of honor with a basket of empty bottles and reached the presidential limousine that was leading the parade of celebration in an uproar of ovations and martial music and storms of flowers and she shoved the basket through the window and shouted to her son that since you'll be passing right by take advantage and return these bottles to the store on the corner, poor mother." The "stigma of solitude" can be made bearable only by the transforming imagination, as it was in the tales told García Márquez by his grandparents, as it is in his own inexhaustible capacity for containing these transformations in language. He abundantly outdoes his origins.

For García Márquez, the marvellous, which he equates with the human, contains the real, and can transform it at will. "They should take the hens out of their nests when there's thunder so they don't hatch basilisks," says Benedición Alvarado on her deathbed, and at once we know where we are. García Márquez talked to Vargas Llosa about an aunt who haunted the house of his childhood—the same aunt who sewed her own shroud. "Once, she was embroidering in the passage when a girl arrived with a strange-looking hen's egg, an egg with a protuberance," he said. "I don't know why our house served as a kind of consulting room for all the mysteries of the place. Every time anything out of the ordinary cropped up, which nobody understood, they went to the house and asked, and, in the main, this woman, this aunt, always had an answer. What enchanted me was the naturalness with which she settled these questions. To go back to the girl with the egg, she said, 'Look! Why does this egg have a protuberance?' Then my aunt looked at her and said, 'Ah, because it is a basilisk's egg. Light a bonfire on the patio.' They lit the fire and burned the egg as if it were the most natural thing in the world. I think that naturalness gave me the key to 'One Hundred Years of Solitude,' where the most terrifying and extraordinary things are recounted with the same straight face this aunt wore when she said that a basilisk's egg—I didn't know what it was—should be burned on the patio."—ALASTAIR REID

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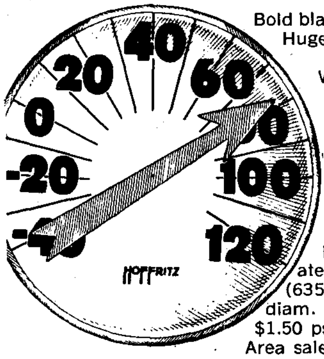

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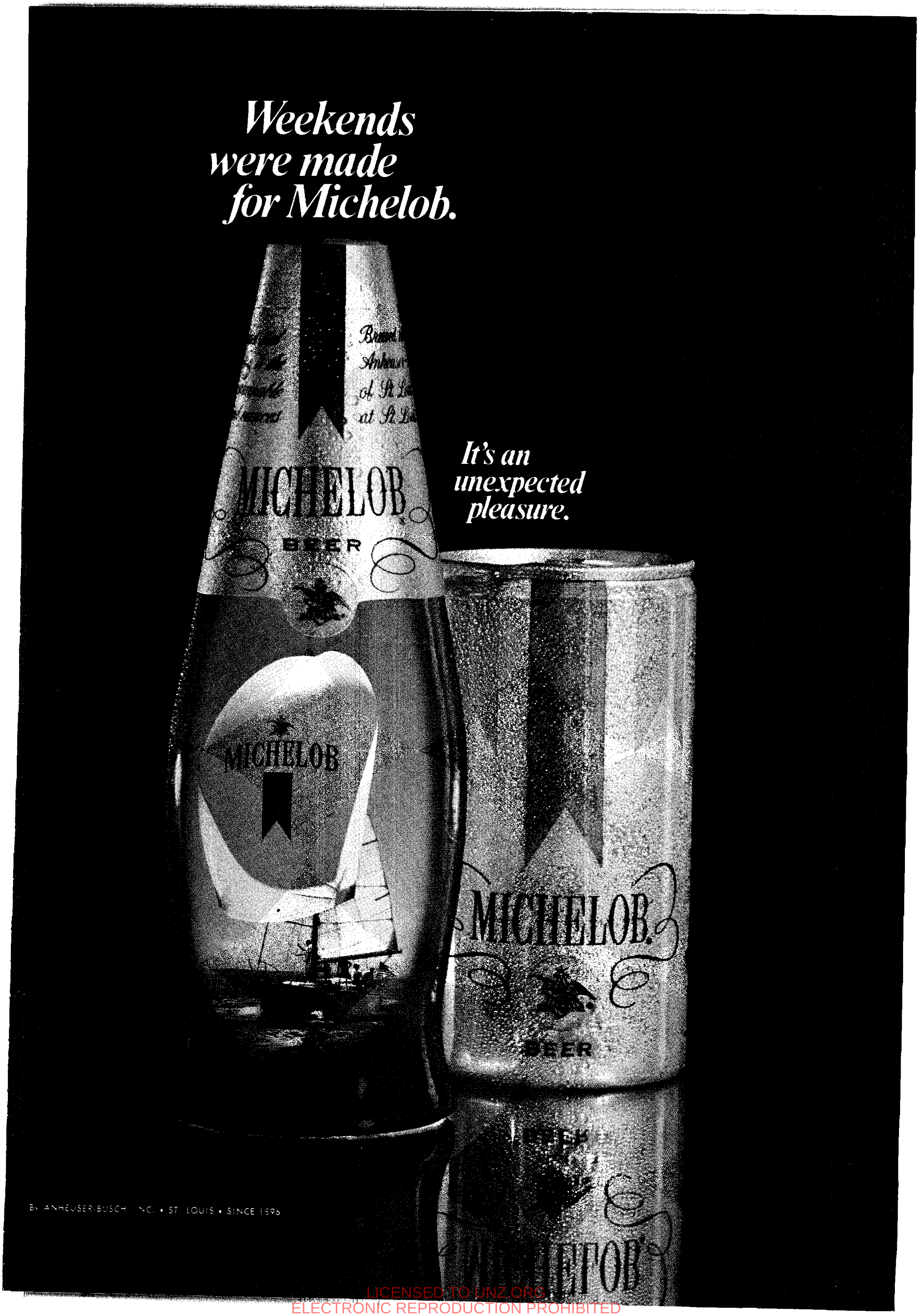
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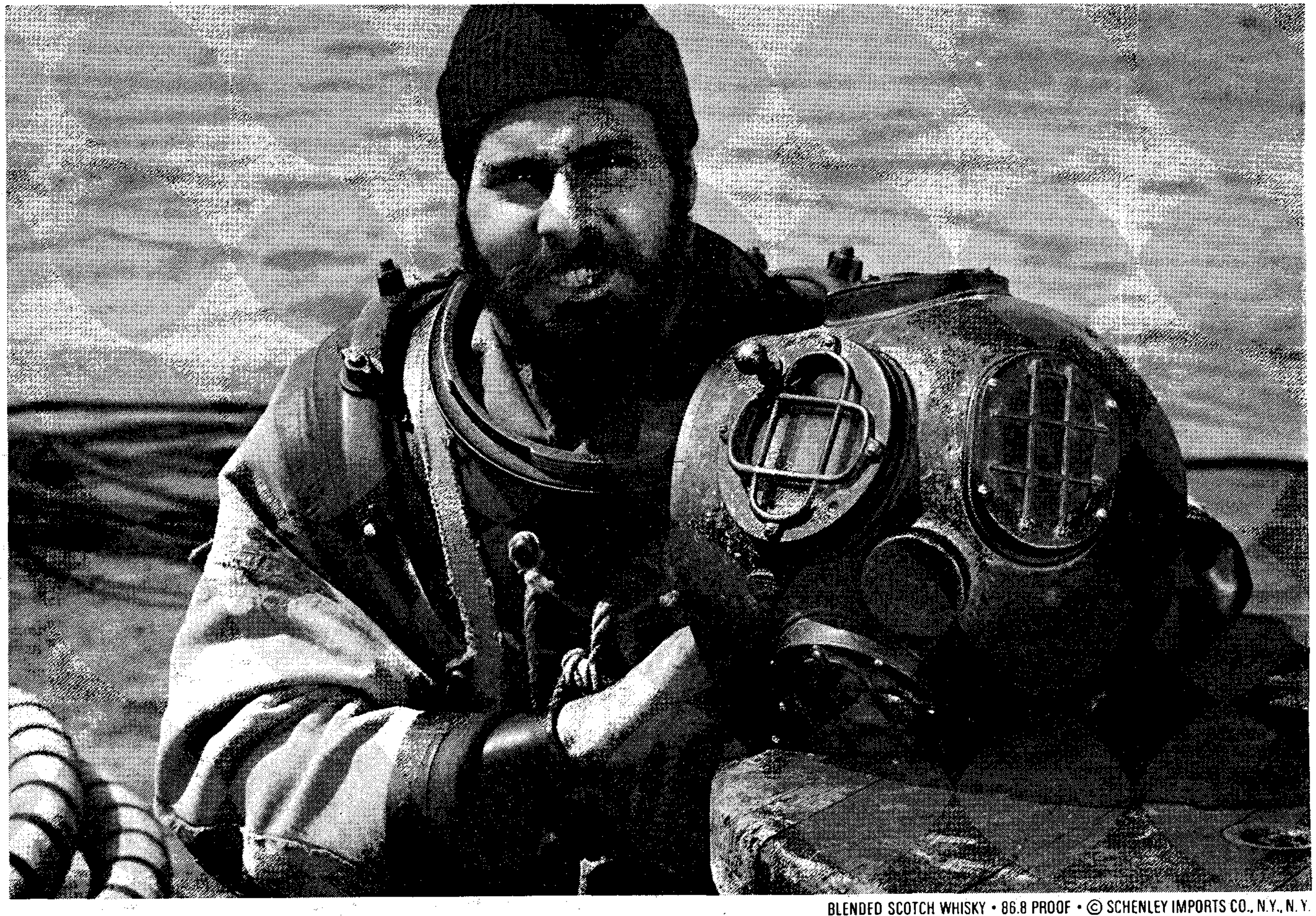

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MICHAEL SANDLOFER

HOME: Nyack, New York

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PROFESSION: Commercial deep-sea diver and lecturer in underwater life cycles

HOBBIES: Marine specimen collecting, skydiving.

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